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THE WORK OF J. Q. A. WARD

By Russell Sturgis

WHEN, in this Magazine (Field of Art, December, 1899), there was question of the associated sculpture of many living artists, it was asserted that the fault most noticeable in the groups and statues, taken all together, was their weakness in composition. That was in the case of the Naval Arch. It was remarked that while the hurried work, the headlong haste in which the modelling was done, might have been thought likely to show its evil effects more plainly in the modelling of parts, that is to say, in the smaller refinements of design, the event proved that our dozen of American sculptors could do as fine work in the way of modelling the limbs and the head when they were "working on time," in the strictest sense, as if more leisure had been granted them; while their shortcomings were, noticeably, in the larger make-up of the general design. The designer had no time to put his figure solidly upon its legs, or to give it at once a graceful and a dignified pose; but it appeared that he had time enough to make his details fine and even truthful and delicate beyond what could have been asked of him, with reason.

And there can be no doubt that, to the second thought of the experienced art-student, the reason for this was plain enough to be seen—for where had great decorative effects become familiar to modern sculptors, out of France, or even in France?

There was, however, an exception to this general dictum, for it was found that Ward's work, the group of sea-horses and Tritons associated with an adaptation of the Victory of Samothrace, which formed the crowning decoration of the Arch, could not be thought faulty in the way spoken of; and the very warmest praise had to be given to his general conception of his task.

At this writing, July, 1902, Ward has in hand his greatest task, and the most formidable piece of combined sculpture yet undertaken in America—the pediment for the Stock Exchange building, in Broad Street, New York. The building is rising rapidly, the tympanum, or triangular background of the pediment, is already in place, and before this can be put into type the raking cornice will be set, and the broad top of the level cornice prepared to receive the sculptures. The models are in hand; the small study having been completed for many months, and the three-foot models far advanced; though still not so far that the work could be reproduced here without injustice to the design. Paul Weyland Bartlett is engaged upon these models in connection with Ward, and there can be no doubt of the value in such a task of Bartlett's strong and refined way of handling the figure, a way of work which has been recorded in these columns (Field of Art, March, 1899), when his Michelangelo in the Library at Washington was illustrated

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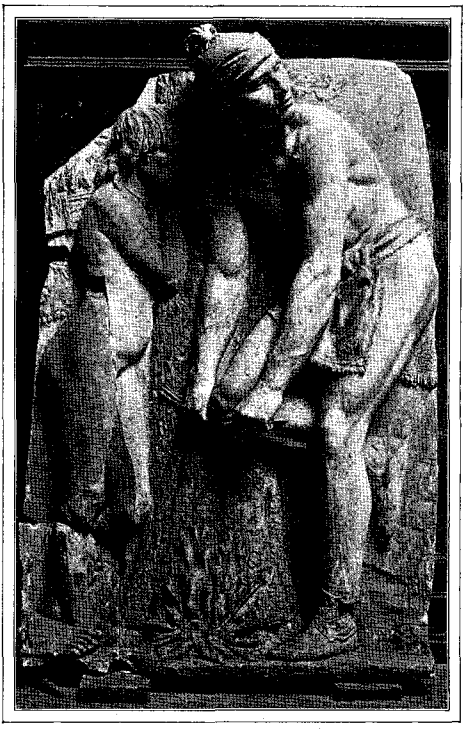
and criticised. The design for the great combination of five principal groups of colossal figures is Ward's, however, and in these sentences it is of the design—the general mass—the composition—of which there is question. The object of this paper is to show that in Ward we have the first of American sculptors in this important matter of constructional, expressional, and harmonized design in the placing and grouping of human figures. The group or statue may be connected with a great building, or with merely its own pedestal, a thing made expressly to support it and set it off; or it may be a movable object placed now in a niche and now upon a truncated pillar, the architectonic character of the design is still to be insisted upon. And yet it is not proposed here to use that term; instead of it, it may be better to speak of stateliness or of dignity or of sculpturesque character in design, or, again, of significance in the structure of head or limb or body; for it is of all these that one has to speak when he deals with Ward's sculpture in the mass. He is successful where some of our best men, and some of the ablest Frenchmen, too, are least fortunate; and it is a most interesting fact that he comes of a generation not strong in the artistic side of art. He grew up among men who were anything rather than able designers. Of painters whose names will live and whose work is lastingly precious, Martin, La Farge, and Homer are five and six years his juniors, Inness five years his senior; while it is hard to think of another greatly artistic painter of the time except the wholly exceptional La Farge. None of the older sculptors are to be compared with him in achievement. In the case of the few very able men of that early generation there is the immense advantage, the delight to the student, of finding work done without academic teaching and in surroundings extremely unfavorable. There is no art quite so pure and so instructive as that!



The Peace-pledge of the Hudson River.

(Original plaster.) An episode in Hendrik Hudson's voyage of discovery: Indian breaking and burning his arrows. Study for alto-relief for Capitol at Albany.

There are some of Ward's pieces to be mentioned which are of minor importance. Of statues in this city, that at the junction of Broadway and Sixth Avenue, facing southward, is not a work of art that anyone would care to have perpetuated, yet it is of this very work that the sculptors have recorded their respect for its technical quality. The Pilgrim, in Central Park, is without great significance; there is a strong body, indeed, but no individual, inside of those heavy and stiff garments; and in this connection the reader is asked to read what is said below concerning the statue of Beecher. Of the commemorative statue of the Seventh Regiment there is much the same thing to be said. It is not a human being who is within that well-known uniform, and the piece is almost wholly conventional, the kind of thing that has to be put up at a given time and in a given place. Ward is not at his best in these purely imaginary personages, because he is not a dramatist. Living sculptors with but little of his artistical gift have more power to invest such an impersonation with a sort of poetical life.

The Conkling statue in Madison Square

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Washington Statue, on Steps of Sub-Treasury Building, New York.

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Indian Hunter, Central Park, New York.
(Original plaster.)

is merely a faithful study of the familiar figure with a familiar gesture. The General Morgan statue, at Spartanburg, S. C., is more interesting because of the pains taken in reviving the costume and because of the more picturesque treatment which was possible. Of the Garfield monument, at Washington, the principal statue is to be qualified merely as is that of Conkling above, but the emblematic figures at the base require special consideration. The statue of Washington, at Newburyport, that of Commodore Matthew C. Perry, at Newport, that of General John F. Reynolds, at Gettysburg, that of Israel Putnam, at Hartford, that of William Gilmore Simms, at Charleston, that of Shakespeare, in Central Park, are all treated as portrait statues with reference to the material afforded the sculptor, and with care taken as to the costume, but so far as the present writer knows them by direct observation or by photographs no one of them is of singular, that is to say, of individual importance. Not of individual importance—but there is in them all a trait which, shown more plainly in one than in another, is yet the special characteristic of Ward's minor as well as of his greater work, a noble simplicity, avoiding on the one hand the domestic, or pious, or patriotic sentimentality which disfigures so very much modern sculpture; avoiding on the other hand the picturesque, or more accurately the painter-like, treatment which is very common in the work of even the ablest men of the time, and which aids greatly in the gaining of popular applause. And here is the place to speak of a singular grace and charm in Ward's work, and that is his gift at fitting the clothes to the person where clothes are absolutely necessary to the design. Like every sculptor who is worthy of the name, Ward cares primarily for the nude, that is to say, for the body itself, and will put that which should properly be called drapery, or that which is evidently to be called modern realistic clothing—will put it upon his figures in such a way as to insist upon the bodily structure which lies below. This is ex-

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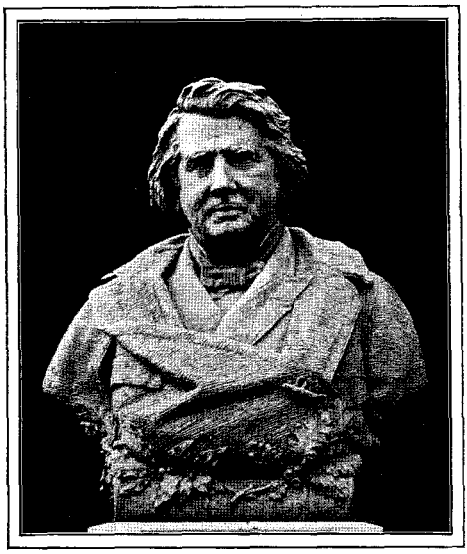

Colossal Bust of Abraham Coles, Newark, N. J.

tremely noticeable in his finest work—in the Lafayette statue at Burlington; in the Washington of Wall Street, in the figures on the pedestal of the Beecher statue; and it is also one of the two strongest characteristics of the pieces of inferior interest which have been named above. The instances of the contrary shortcoming, such as the Pilgrim and the Shakespeare, in Central Park, are those in which such failure was simply inevitable, or at least so natural that in the absence of examples one does not see how it could have been avoided. One who has studied costume would perhaps suggest for the Pilgrim statue that the long boots with their tops *en entonnoir* should be pulled up to cover the thighs, for one does not believe in the habitual going about of an active man with great flapping leather tops turned over in such a way as to make walking an extremely difficult process. One would like to see that change made, and thereby the wrinkles of the breeches where they button at least partly concealed; one would like to see the hat in the hand—in short, one would enjoy getting rid of the excessive call upon his attention made by the costume part of it, and getting at the man, with the hope of finding there the kind of human nature out of which the real Mayflower Pilgrim was made, to the almost complete exclusion of the clothes which invested that pilgrim. It is sculpture we are talking about, and not costume, nor archæology, nor decorative art in the more common sense of the word, nor book illustration, nor historic record in the sense of that being the thing of prime importance. It is sculpture that we have in hand, and sculpture has as little to do as the conditions may allow with creased leather and crumpled cloth. The more the clothes resolve themselves into thin clinging material which shows sinewy limb and muscular body, or rounded limb and plumper body, through and in spite of this artificial outer integument, the better it is for sculpture. And one of our great joys in the sculpture of this man is his power of reducing to an abstraction these investing materials, so perfectly and with so little apparent consciousness of the task. Drapery in the classic sense, or the pseudo-classic sense—drapery considered as an arrangement of folds in a chiton, a himation, a pallium however modified, has never been noticeable in Ward's work, nor can the colossal statue, Poetry, in the Library of Congress, be kept out of the list of the less important works: but when there is a Spanish cloak, or the skirt of a gown to treat, we have drapery of the most effective and even of a very noble and beautiful kind.

The other characteristic named above goes through all his work; simplicity

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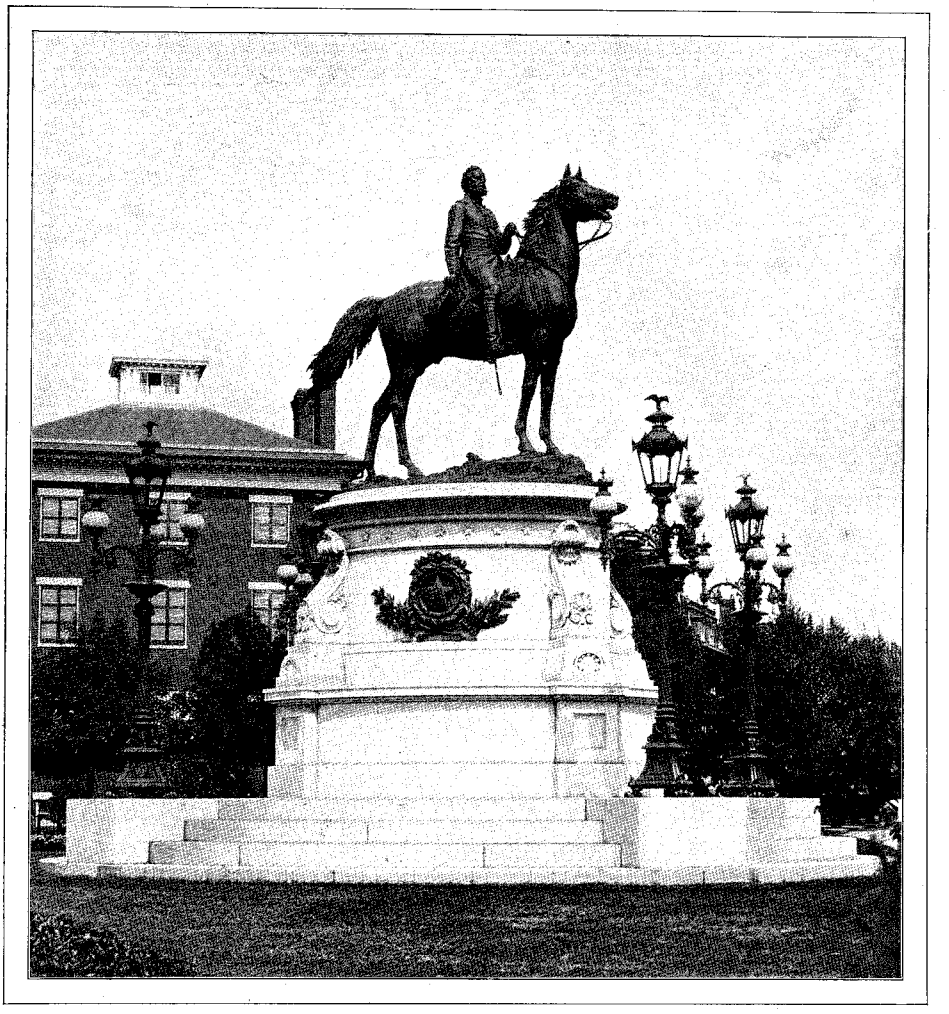

Monument to General George Henry Thomas, Washington, D. C.

of pose and quietness of gesture. He has never "played to the gallery." Beginning as a child, as a sculptor ought to begin, learning his own lessons with a little help in the workshop of an older sculptor, himself a man of merit and of native force, he worked his way up by making what he was ordered to make, and living by it. His first ideal work, the Freedman, a piece never produced larger than as a statuette, is curiously characteristic of the man and his whole future way of work; for while expressing the idea of the slave who has broken his fetters, it represents simply a negro in an entirely natural and every-day pose, a man who has just put forth his strength and is looking very quietly at the results; while at the same time the peculiar characteristics of the race, as distinguished from the white man or the red Indian, are made prominent, and form a chief subject of interest. In like manner the very slight dress which was called for is treated as mentioned above—is treated with reserve; it is a suggestion of covering and nothing more, although there is, of course, no doubt how the garment in question was shaped. Then came the Indian Hunter, Ward's earliest ideal statue of life size (p. 388). There is a lack of realistic treatment in it, for the Indian would hardly chase swift-footed game without discarding that loose and heavy pelt; but the interest is not in the doings of the man, it is in the man himself and his racial characteristics. Ward had studied his

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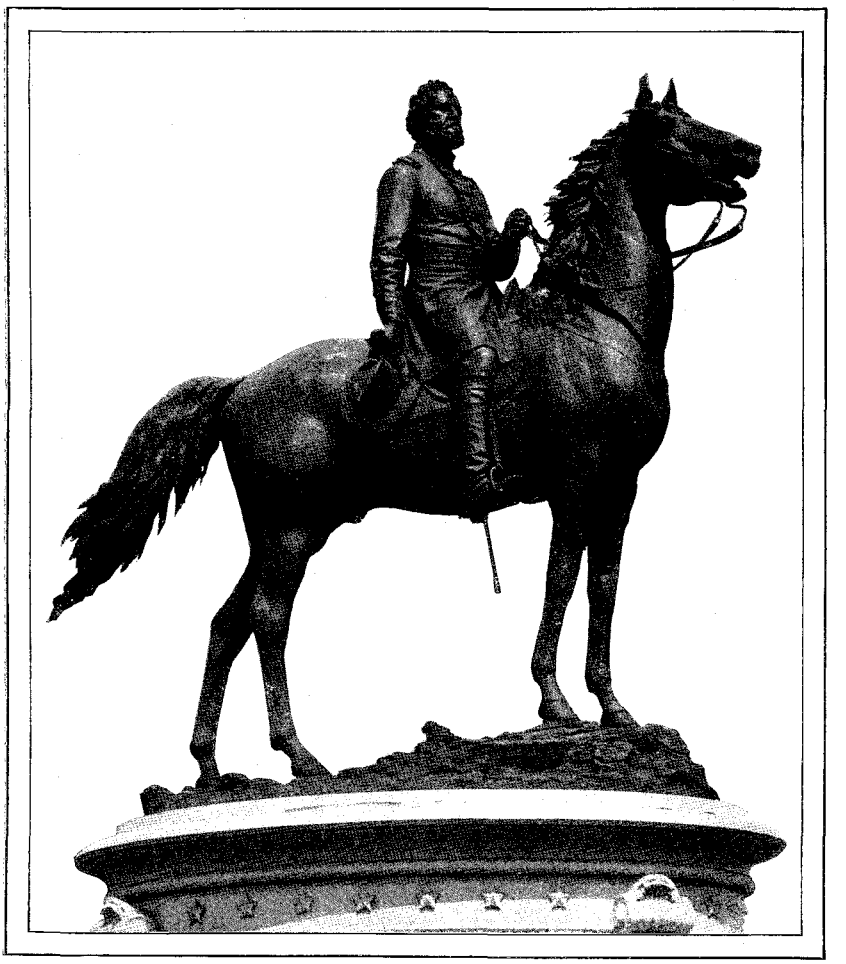
red man as he had studied his Southern negro, and knew his physical make-up.

This was student-work; and so was the very curious alto-relief shown in the Indian Breaking his Arrows, and burning them (p. 386). In this there is visible a certain hesitancy between the love of racial truth and the supposed necessity of large and rounded forms, as of tradition: the work was never completed.

But to come to the separate pieces of the sculptor's more important work; the statue of Greeley, in front of the Tribune office, is a very unusual composition (p. 398). The problem was, of course, to treat the odd-looking figure, the moon-like face with its loose fringe of white beard, the slovenly and queer exterior which attracted everyone's attention in the street, in such a way as to preserve some sculpturesque interest; and at the same time to place the figure beneath a very deep arch in a thick wall and backed up in the awkwardest possible way by a huge window. The disposition of the figure in a low armchair, leaning forward, holding a manuscript but looking out above it as if intently considering the subject contained in the written paper, with rounded back, with advanced head; and the whole of this low and broad mass raised upon a high pedestal so as to be well out of the way of passers-by on the neighboring sidewalk—all this is managed with perfect harmony of result, with entire



Statue from the Thomas Monument.

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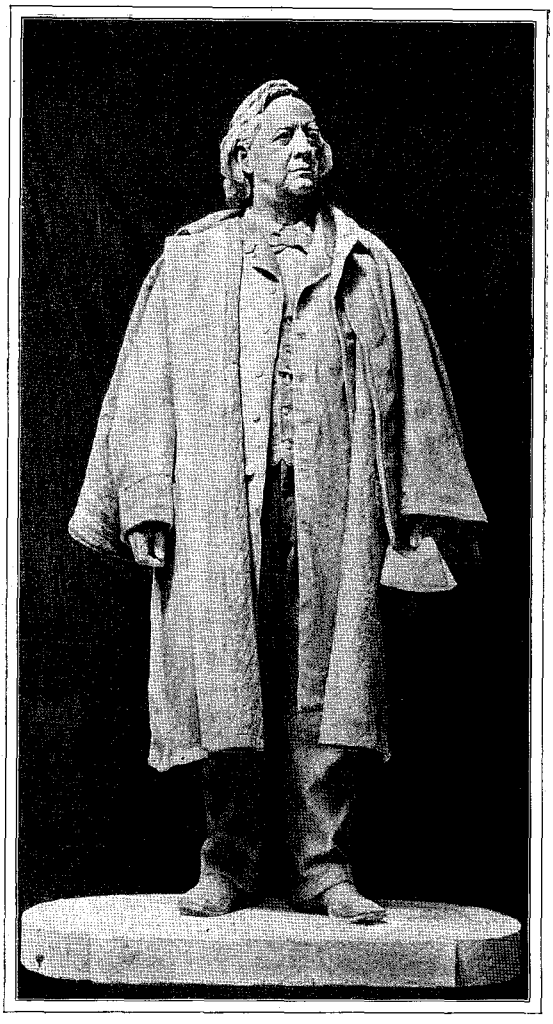

Statue from Beecher Monument.

(Original cast.)

correspondence of means to end: with a result as fortunate as the circumstances could possibly allow. The statue of Washington, in Wall Street (p. 387), is to be contrasted boldly with the Greeley in that it is largely "statuesque" by its very inception. The figure denotes and commemorates the act of taking the oath of office, on Washington's first introduction to the Presidency in 1789—an historical event which happened within a few feet of the spot where the statue now stands. There are no other figures, no accompaniments; the pose, with the slightly extended right hand, expresses merely what is known to be the subject, Washington's dedication of his closing years to the service of the country in its highest office. There was then nothing left for the sculptor to do but to pose, in a simple fashion, the well-known tall figure with traditional head; to make full use of the convenient and manly dress of that day, and to add to the simply posed and simply clothed figure a great Spanish cloak which, slipping from the right shoulder as the right arm advances, clings to the left shoulder and drapes the back of the figure with its very ample folds. Nothing was needed but perfect simplicity of treatment, and that it

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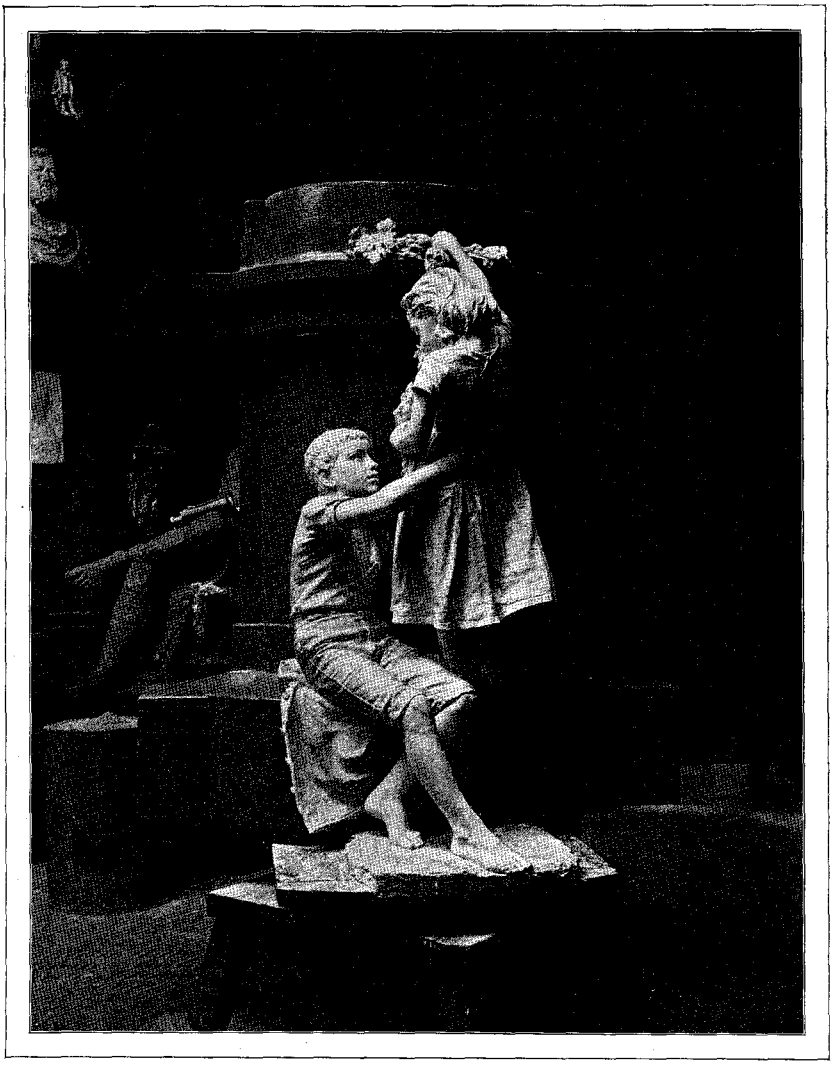
has received. The present writer would have welcomed a more realistic treatment: a study of Washington's head in other portraits than those of Stuart: a standing of the figure on both legs, with the resulting avoidance of that too careless, too little concentrated and significant action which perhaps we note in the Wall Street statue. Consider how the Beecher is treated! But this Washington is *not* treated realistically: it is fine as it is!

The statue of Lafayette, at Burlington, is more independent and novel: an ideal portrait-statue of the highest merit. In this, Lafayette is seen as he was when he revisited the United States in 1824–25; that is to say, at the age of sixty-seven (pp. 394 and 395). He is dressed in the close-fitting *pantalon* strapped under the boot and covering the instep; the buttoned, double-breasted dress-coat with broad lapels, the waistcoat without lapel, and with low, standing collar, and the large, loose cravat (white cambric—such an ample wrapper as those which were starched for the dandies) passing twice around the neck and knotted loosely in front, confining, but not closely, a stand-



Group from the Beecher Monument.

(Original plaster, in the studio; in the background the Warrior from the Garfield Monument.)

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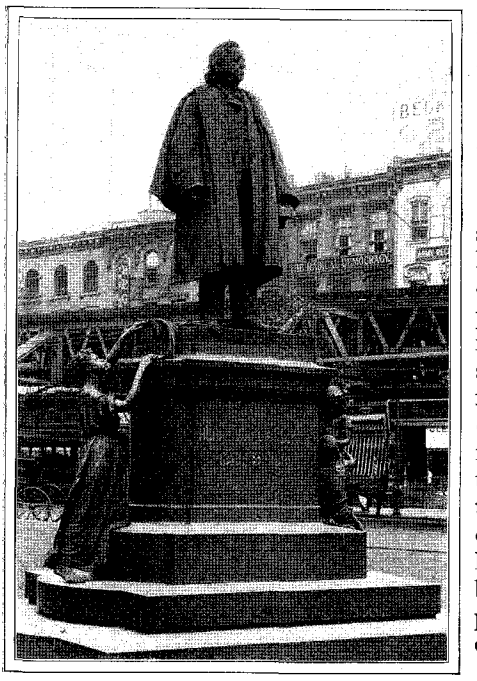
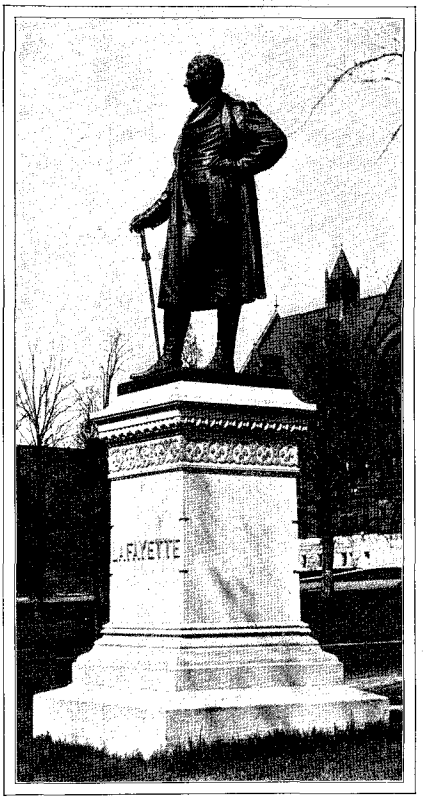


Beecher Monument, Brooklyn, N. Y., from the Southwest.

ing collar which is spread on either side by the cheeks. Over the buttoned dress-coat he wears a loose overcoat of rather modern look, but evidently modelled as a travelling coat of entirely practical nature, such a one as might be in use at any time by a man indifferent to temporary fashion. The head and face are noticeable as being probably an idealized treatment of the better known head of the young Lafayette. It has more intellectual power and more steady firmness in the expression than is usually given in realistic portraits of the statesman. This expression of power is helped by the treatment of the hair, which is shown as very abundant, thick enough for a much younger man, and heaped high upon the top of the head. The figure makes an impression as dignified and yet as naturalistic as possible, just the proper mingling of realism and abstraction, for an age of clothes.

Of all the portrait statues, however, the most striking is that of Henry Ward Beecher, forming part of a monument set up in Brooklyn in front of the Court House (pp. 392, 393, and above). This monument once turned its back to the building, from which it is removed about a hundred feet; but was revolved upon its base-block, not many years ago. It formerly faced out and toward a rather large open place. Now it looks toward a steep flight of steps and a pseudo-classical portico; and its background, the screen against which we see it, is a decently architectural skyscraper if we stand at the southwest angle; while the view given here has as bad a background as could be chosen for it. The change cannot be approved altogether; and yet there is one reason for accepting it. The statue is best seen from a height which can be easily reached by that flight of steps. It is one of the commonest faults in our public monuments that the portrait statue is set too high; too frequently perched upon a tall and rather slender pedestal. With an equestrian statue you see the belly of the horse, the soles of the boots, the whole of both horse and man in a very awkward perspective, and a foreshortening which defeats to a great extent the purpose of



Lafayette Monument, Burlington, Vt.

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the sculptor. With a standing figure the effect is less notably bad ; but still ruinous enough. It is portraiture which we are considering : purely decorative statues may be so modelled as to look well from below. To see the piece of sculpture at a favorable angle of vision it is necessary to go so far away that a person of normal sight must use a field-glass. The Beecher is no more awkwardly placed than is usual, and yet anyone who wishes to see the statue aright should mount the steps opposite to it until the eye is as high as the middle of the figure. It was with some such feeling as this that the sculptor has desired that the statue should be represented here, as on p. 392, by a photograph taken from the original plaster rather than from the monument in place.

In this important work there was considered one special event in the life of Henry Ward Beecher. He was sent to Europe in 1863 on a special mission from President Lincoln, but with instructions that were never perhaps exactly worded ; and the contemporary accounts of his services rendered in England to the national cause were so remarkable that only the reading of the addresses themselves can in any way explain them. The manner in which he endured and out-faced noisy opposition and compelled a hearing from what might almost be called a packed audience is recalled by the attitude and the expression of this very remarkable figure ; while the intellectual achievement of treating the same subject a dozen times in successive addresses, always new, always taking different points of departure, always powerful, well-reasoned and effective, is, in a way, explained by the intellectuality of the head. Even those of Beecher's contemporaries who had other than a completely sympathetic feeling for his life and teachings may join in the admiration which this extraordinary portrait-statue excites for the work of art itself and recalls for the man whom it represents.

There is one more portrait-statue which must be mentioned — that of General Thomas, at Washington (pp. 390 and 391). This is the only equestrian statue of Ward's which is yet in place, though two others are now, 1902, in the course of development. The predominant importance of the horse in every equestrian statue is something to reckon with always. In this case, Thomas's seat on horseback, the attitude and carriage of the body, are all of them vouched for as characteristic by those who knew the original ; and concerning this position of the man and the movement of the horse itself there is a remark to make which is of some artistic interest. The present writer, in speaking to Ward of a certain enjoyment found in the free movement of the horse, the vigorous action of the still-standing creature as it moves its head and neck, interested, excited, all but frightened by

Statue from the Lafayette Monument.

(Original plaster.)

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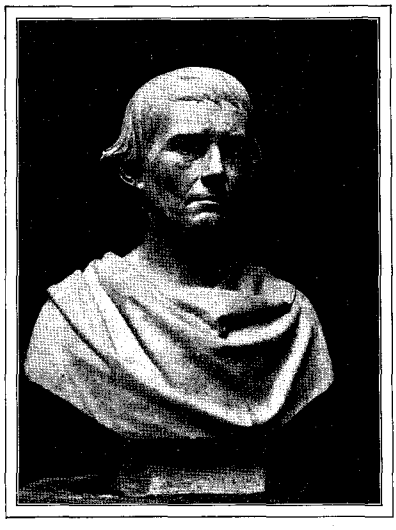
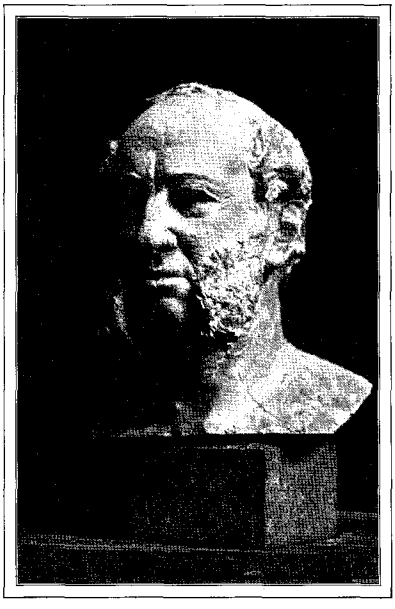
what it sees—was told plainly that that admired freedom of the beast was characteristic of the combination, Thomas on his horse, and would never have been permitted to another combination, such as a mounted General Sheridan. An equestrian statue of Sheridan is one of the two which are spoken of above as in course of preparation. Well, Sheridan was a horseman; so was Grant; neither of them would have ever so held his horse that the creature could have turned its head about. Either of those equestrians would instinctively and without the slightest effort or conscious control have so held his horse that the man and the beast would have been one, the horse under continuous and never-relaxed control. Thomas, on the other hand, a fair rider but not essentially what is poetically called a "centaur," is characteristically represented as allowing his horse to take care of himself, within certain limits. To the writer this seems a most interesting statement and one characteristic of Ward's way of doing his business as a portrait sculptor; and it is not to be forgotten that Ward himself cares for horses, studies their race and the resulting forms as he studies races of men, and has always been equestrian in his pleasures and his repose, even during years of city life. We find a similar kind of advanced and noble naturalism in other than portrait work by this artist.



Portrait Bust, Alexander H. Stephens.



Portrait Bust, William H. Vanderbilt.

Considering now the monumental effect of some, at least, of these important works, let it be said that the Thomas statue has been sufficiently explained already, except for the remark that the high pedestal is not of importance, and, if cut down by the removal of the whole upper story, with its bronze star and wreaths and its queer buttresses, would be all the better for the change, while the group of horse and man would be indefinitely finer in effect when seen placed in that lower position. Let anyone stand outside the railing of the circle in which the Thomas group is set up and note the remoteness of the bronze, coming as it does against the bright sky, impossible to distinguish in the refinements of outline, impossible to distinguish in the delicacies of the modelling on a brilliant day, almost lost as an effective work of art, and better to be seen in a photograph than with any precautions in its true place out-of-doors. But as regards the Beecher, there is something to be said. The picture, p. 394, shows the whole monument from the southwest, and in this picture is seen the negro girl who serves as the supporter on the western side, and is represented as placing palm-branches on the plinth at the orator's feet. On the opposite side are two children, shown on p. 393, the photograph being taken from the original plaster. They are engaged in

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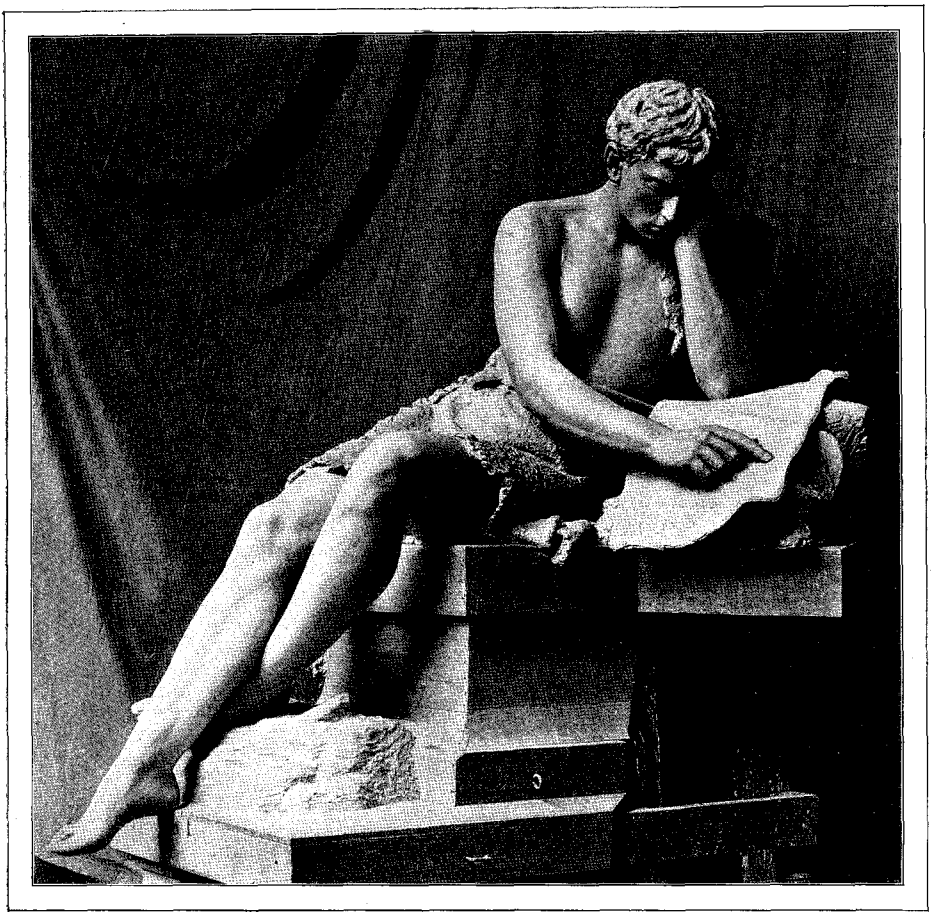

Statue of "The Student," from the Pedestal of the Garfield Monument, Washington, D. C.

hanging a garland of oak-leaves and other foliage, but cannot quite reach the desired height. And with both these flanking details there goes an appropriate and simple charm which most fortunately makes of this monument one of the achievements of modern combined sculpture. The woman has a single gown girded around the waist, leaving neck and arms and feet bare; and this gown is modelled with a noble simplicity and directness which allows the action of the figure within it to be perfectly understood. The children of the monument are treated in the same simple way. The delicacies of surface roundings are indeed concealed by other and far inferior roundings and flattenings, the stiffnesses and the creases of textile material; that has been inevitable, for the children must be represented as clothed; but the action of the body in each case and the position taken by the limbs express the muscular effort, slight in the one case, greater in the other, as completely as if this and nothing else were in hand. The picture on p. 394 shows the least fortunate aspect of this little group, which is better seen on p. 393.

Among the very few wholly ideal figures of this sculptor are the three at the foot of the Garfield monument at Washington; and of these the best is "The Student," shown above. The simple and refined treatment of the nude, here, and the significance of pose and of facial expression, give about all that sculpture can rightly give, in the way of dealing with the invisible and intangible.

There are a host of portrait busts which might be named, but only those of heroic

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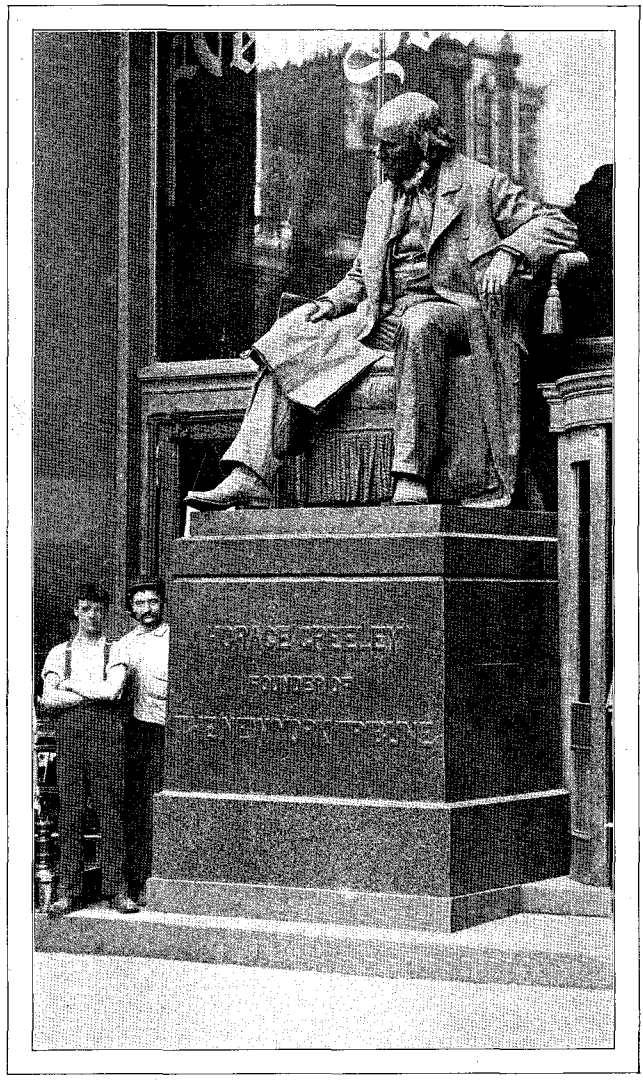
or colossal size and which are set up in public places need be considered. Such a one is that of the Engineer Alexander Lyman Holley, in Washington Square, New York. Such is the bust of Dr. Goodale, at Columbus, Ohio; and such is that of Dr. Abraham Coles, at Newark (p. 389). In less prominent places, but still of public interest, are the busts of Corcoran, the founder of the Art Gallery, in Washington; of Governor Fairbanks, belonging to the public library of St. Johnsbury, Vt.; of Hannibal Hamlin, of Maine; of Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia (p. 396); of Orville H. Dewey, the clergyman and orator; of Joshua R. Giddings; of William H. Vanderbilt, shown on p. 396. There are twenty other busts which are more entirely private in their nature.

In this way we record too briefly these works of sculpture, and we have to add some mention of those emblematic statues, five in number, which, duplicated so that the five make ten, are set up on the stunted pinnacles which surround the cupola of the State Capitol at Hartford. Large as they are, they are so high above the ground



Greeley Monument, in Front of Tribune Office, New York.

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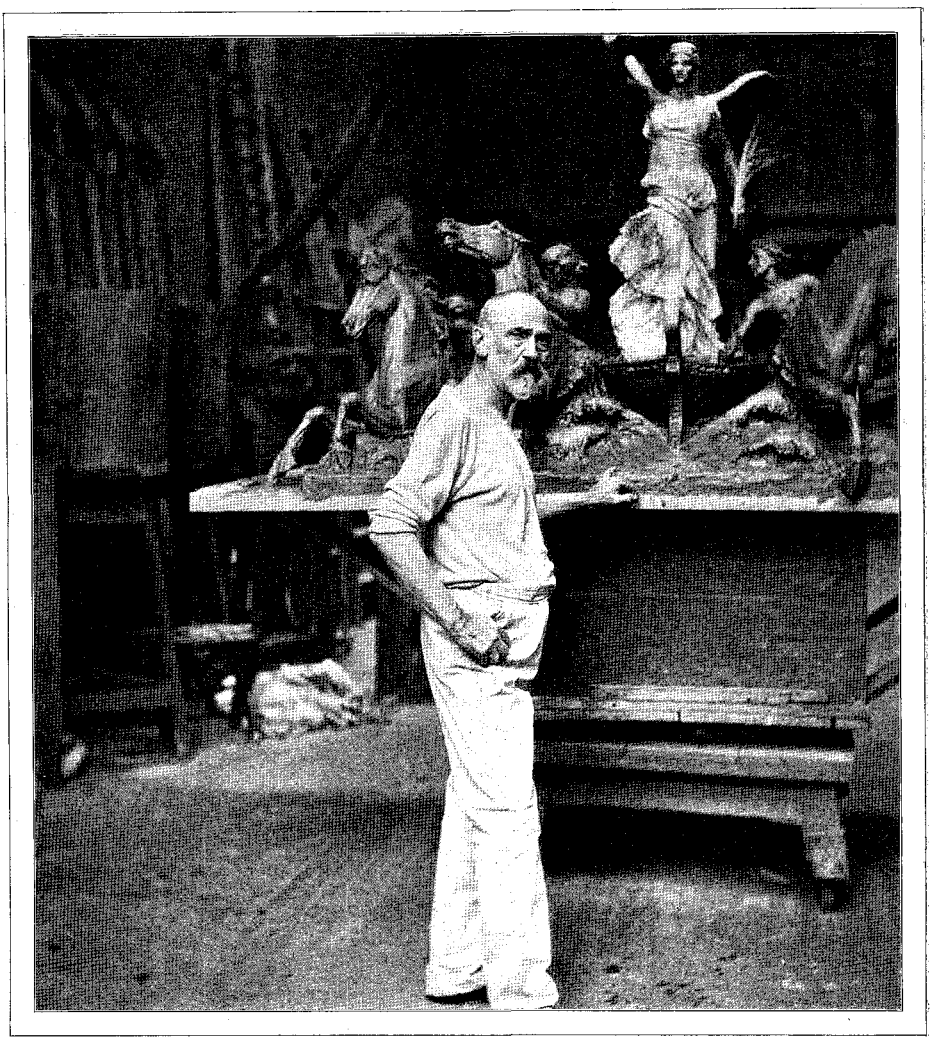

The Sculptor, with Original Model of Crowning Piece for Naval Arch, 1899.

that only a powerful glass serves to explain their full meaning; nor could they be given here except by tele-photographic lens. It was not a fortunate disposition to make of such works of art. One is reminded of the

> silent statues
> And statued pinnacles mute as they,

which are lost in the brilliancy of the sky at Milan. And Ward, most competent of modern men to work upon the sculptured adornment of a building, and so employ his powers in the worthiest way, had never had a chance to do anything at all with a reasonably fit architectural setting, when the Naval Arch of 1899 had to be built of wood and plaster, in a hurry; and was so planned as to need Ward's Sea-Piece of Victory to crown it. As the completed group was shown in connection with the Arch, December, 1899, so our picture above shows the model in the studio, with the sculptor at work; and that picture may well close this slight record.

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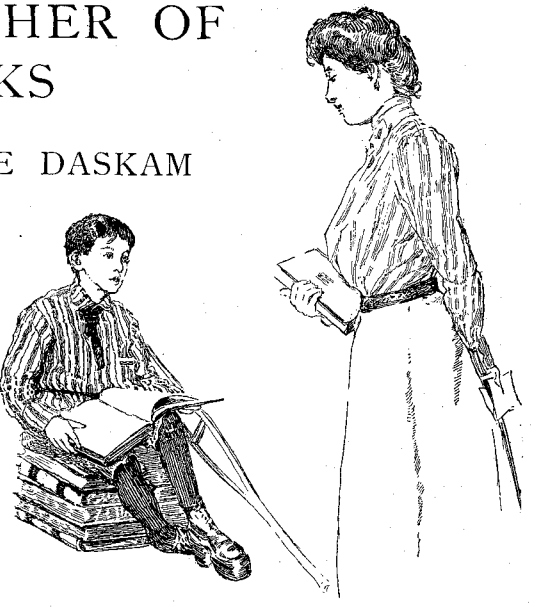
A LITTLE BROTHER OF THE BOOKS

BY JOSEPHINE DODGE DASKAM

ILLUSTRATIONS BY OTTO H. BACHER



"What are you doing in here, little boy?" she said, abruptly.

THE new librarian entered upon her duties bright and early Monday morning. She closed, with a quick snap, the little wicket-gate that separated the books from the outer vestibule, briskly arranged her paste-tube, her dated stamp, and her box of slips, and summoned her young assistant sharply. The assistant was reading "Molly Bawn" and eating caramels, and she shut book and bag quickly, wiping her mouth as she hurried to her superior.

"Now, Miss Mather, I expect to get fifty books properly labelled and shelved before noon," said the new librarian, "and there must be no time wasted. If anyone wants me, I shall be in Section K," and she turned to go.

Section K was only a few feet from the registering-table, but it pleased the new librarian to assume the existence of long corridors of volumes, with dumb-waiters and gongs and bustling, basket-laden attendants. So much majesty did she throw into her sentence, indeed, that the young assistant, who had always, under the old regime, privately referred to Section K as "those old, religious books," and advised the few persons interested in them to "go right in behind and see if the book you refer to is there," was staggered for a moment, and involuntarily glanced behind her, to see if there had been a recent addition to the building.

The new librarian strode down between the cases, glancing quickly from side to side to detect mislaid or hastily shoved-in volumes. Suddenly she stopped.

"What are you doing in here, little boy?" she said, abruptly.

In the angle of the case marked "Books of Travel, Adventure, etc.," seated upon a pile of encyclopædias, with his head leaning against "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," was a small boy. He was dark of eyes and hair, palely sallow, ten or eleven years old, to appearance. By his side leaned a crutch, and a clumsy wooden boot, built up several inches from the sole, explained the need of this. A heavy, much-worn book was spread across his little knees.

He looked up vaguely, hardly seeming to see the librarian.

"What are you doing here? How did you get in?" she repeated.

"I'm reading," he replied, not offering to rise, "I just came in."

"But this isn't the place to read. You must go in the reading-room," she admonished him.

"I always read here. I'd rather," he said, pleasantly enough, dropping his eyes to his book, as if the matter were closed.

Now the new librarian thoroughly disapproved of the ancient custom that penned the books away from all handling, and fully intended to throw them open to the public in a few months' time, when she should have them properly systematized; but she resented this anticipation of what she intended for a much-appreciated future privilege.

"But why should you read in here,

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when none of the other children can?" she demanded.

The boy raised his eyes again.

"Mr. Littlejohn lets me—I always do," he repeated.

The new librarian pressed her lips together with an air of highly creditable restraint.

"Mr. Littlejohn allowed a great many irregularities which have been stopped," she announced, "and as there is no reason why you should do what the other children cannot, you will have to go. So hurry up, for I am very busy this morning."

She did not speak unkindly, but there was an unmistakable decision in her tone, and the boy got up awkwardly, tucked his crutch under his arm, and laying the big book down with care, went out in silence, his heavy boot echoing unevenly on the hardwood floor. The librarian went on to Section K.

Presently the young assistant, who had been accustomed to keep her crocheted lace-work on the Philosophical shelf, directly behind the "Critique of Pure Reason," recollected that it would in all human probability be discovered, on the removal of that epoch-making treatise, and came hastily down to get it. Having concealed it safely in her pocket, she paused.

"That was Jimmy Reese you sent out—did you know it?" she asked.

"No, what of it?"

"Why, nothing, only he's always read in here ever since I came. Mr. Littlejohn was very fond of him. He helped pick out some of the books. He——"

"Picked out the books—that child? Great Heavens!"

"Well, he's read a good deal, Jimmy has," the assistant contended. "It's all he does. He can't play like the other children, he's so lame. He seems real old, anyhow. And he's always been here. He helps giving out the books, and helps the children pick out. He was very convenient when Mr. Littlejohn didn't like to be waked up."

"Great Heavens!" the librarian cried again.

"I think you'll find he'll be missed, you being so new," the assistant persevered.

"I think I can manage to carry on the library, Miss Mather," replied her superior coldly, "without any assistance from the children of the town. Will you begin on that Fiction, please?"

She walked on again, but paused to put away the brown book which lay where the intruder had left it, a mute witness to the untidiness of the laity. Opening it briskly, she glanced at the title.

The
AGE OF FABLE
or
BEAUTIES OF MYTHOLOGY
by
THOMAS BULFINCH

Below was a verse of poetry in very fine print; she read it mechanically.

O, ye delicious fables! where the wave
And woods were peopled, and the air, with things
So lovely! why, ah! why has science grave
Scattered afar your sweet imaginings?
Barry Cornwall.

It flashed into her mind that an absolutely shameless subscriber had retained Miss Procter's collected poems for three weeks now, and she made a hasty note of the fact on a small pad that hung from her belt. Then she set the "Age of Fable" in its place and went on about her work, the incident dismissed.

The next afternoon as she was sorting out from the department labelled, "Poetry, Miscellaneous Matter, etc.," such books as Mr. Littlejohn had found himself unable or unwilling to classify further, shaking down much dust on the farther side of the shelves in the process, she was startled by a faint sneeze. Her assistant was compiling a list of fines at the desk, and this sneeze came from her very elbow, it seemed, so she hastily dismounted from her little ladder and peered around the rack. There sat the little boy of yesterday, the same brown book spread across his knees. She looked severe.

"Is this Jimmy Reese?" she inquired, stiffly.

"Yes'm," he answered with a polite smile. He had an air of absolute unconsciousness of any offence.

"Well, don't you remember what I told

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you yesterday, Jimmy? This is not the reading-room. Why don't you go there?"

"I like it better here."

The librarian sighed despairingly.

"Perhaps you don't know who I am," she explained, not crossly, but with that air of detachment and finality that many people assume in talking with children.

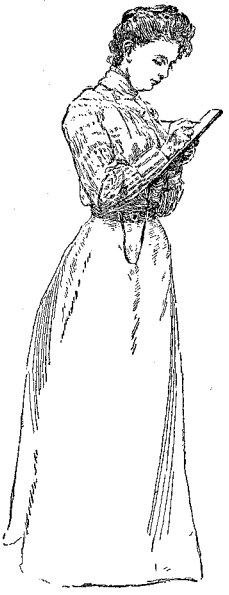
"I am Miss Watkins, the new librarian, and when I give an order here it must be obeyed. When I tell anyone to do anything, I expect them to do it, because —because they must," she concluded lamely, a little disconcerted by the placid stare of the brown eyes. "You see, if all the little boys came in here, there would be no room for us to work."

"But they don't — nobody comes but me," he reminded her.

"Suppose," she demanded, "that someone should call for that book you are reading. I shouldn't know where to look for it."

"Nobody ever wants it but me," he assured her again.

"I have no time to argue," she said, irritably, "you must do as I tell you. Put the book up and run away."



She made a hasty note of the fact on a small pad. —Page 401.

Without another word he laid the book on the broad base-shelf, picked up his crutch, and went out. As she watched his retreating figure, a little uneasy feeling troubled her usual calm. He seemed so small, so harmless a person.

A little later it occurred to her to see how he had entered the library, and stepping through the two smaller rooms at the back, choked and dusty with neglected piles of old magazines, she noticed a door ajar. Picking her way through the chaos, she pulled the knob, and saw that it gave on a tiny back porch. On the steps sat the janitor, as incompetent, from the librarian's point of view, as his late employer.

"I thought you were sweeping off the walks, Thomas," she suggested, coughing as the wreaths from his pipe reached her.

"Well, yes, Miss Watkins, so I was. I just stopped a minute to rest, you see," he explained, eying her distrustfully. Since her advent life had changed greatly for the janitor.

"I see. Thomas, does that little lame boy come in this way?"

"Jimmy? Yes, ma'am. Most always he does. In fact, that's why I keep the door unlocked."

"Well, after this I prefer that you should keep it locked. There is no reason why he should have a private entrance to the library, that I can see; and anyway, it's not safe. Someone might ——"

"Oh, Lord, Miss Watkins, don't you worry. Nobody ever came in here yet, and I've been here eight years. Jimmy's all right. He's careful and still's a mouse, and he won't do a mite of harm. He comes in regular after school's out, and it's just like a home to him, you may say. He's all right."

Miss Watkins frowned.

"I have no doubt that he is a very estimable little boy," she said, "but you will please see that no one enters the library by this door. I see no reason for favoritism. You understand me, I hope."

And she returned to her work. The assistant, weary of her unprecedented labor, had laid aside the list of fines, and was openly crocheting. No sound of broom or lawn-mower proclaimed Thomas worthy of his hire, and Miss Watkins, vexed beyond the necessity of the case, labelled Fiction angrily, wondering why such a town as this needed a library, anyway.

Two little old ladies, plump and deprecatory, entered in a swish of fresh, cambric morning-dresses. One of them fumbled in her black-silk bag for a book, and leaning on the little gate, coughed lightly, to attract the assistant's attention.

"Yes, indeed, Miss Mather, a lovely day. Sister and I enjoyed this very much. I don't know about what we'll take, exactly; it's so hard to tell. I always look and look, and the more I look the more anxious I get. It always seems as if everything was going to be too long, or

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else we've read it. You see we read a good deal. I wonder—do you know where the little boy is?"

Miss Mather smiled triumphantly. "You'll have to ask Miss Watkins," she said.

"The new librarian, my dear? Oh, I hardly like to disturb her. They say she's very strict. My cousin told me she charged her nine cents for a book that was out too long. You ask her, my dear!"

"Miss Watkins," said the assistant, meekly, "there is a lady here would like to see Jimmy. Do you know where he is?"

"I do not," the librarian returned briefly. "Anything I can do ——"

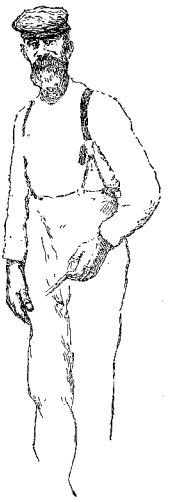
"Oh, no, not at all!" cried the flushed old lady, "not for the world! Don't disturb yourself, please—Miss—Miss—I'll just wait till he gets in. He picked this out for me. You see, he knows pretty well what we want. I always like something with a little travel in it, and sister won't hear of a book unless it ends well. And it spoils it so to look ahead. So the little fellow looks at the end, and sees if it's all right for sister, and then he assures me as to the travel—I like European travel best—and then we know it's all right. I'll just wait for him."

"I have no reason to suppose that he will be here," Miss Watkins said, crossly.

"Oh, yes, he'll be here," the old lady returned, comfortably. "He'll be here soon. We can wait."

The librarian pressed her lips together and retired into her work. The minutes passed. Presently, the outer door opened softly, and the irregular tap of a crutch was heard. Jimmy's head peered around the partition into the ante-room. The old ladies uttered a chirp of delight, and slipped out into the hall for a brief, whispered consultation, returning with a modest request for "'Griffith Gaunt,' by Charles Reade." The elder of the two shut it carefully into her bag, remarking, sociably, "I wanted to read 'The Cloister and the Hearth,' by the same author, I'd heard there was so much travel in it, but he said sister never could bear the ending."

Going into the reading-room later, on some errand, the librarian was surprised to find the magazines neatly laid out in piles, the chairs straightened, th shades pulled level, and a fresh bunch of lilacs in the jar under the window. She guessed who had done it, but Jimmy was not to be seen. Once, during the next afternoon, she thought she saw a small, gray jacket disappearing into the waste-room, but, much to her own surprise, forbore to make certain of it. During the next few days, when her time was entirely taken up with the catalogue in the front of the library, and the assistant transacted all business among the shelves, she was perfectly convinced that somewhere between Sections A and J a little boy, with a brown book, was concealed, but found herself too busy to rout him out.



"He's careful and still's a mouse, and he won't do a mite of harm."—Page 402.

Even when a red-faced, liveried coachman presented her with a note, directed in a sprawling, childish hand to "Mr. Jimmy Reese, Esq.," she only coughed and said, severely: "There is no such official in the library."

"It's just the little boy, ma'am, that's meant," the man explained, deferentially. "Master Clarence is back for the summer—Mrs. Clarence Vanderhoof, ma'am—and he always sends a note to the little fellow. There was some book he mentioned to him last year as likely that he would enjoy, and Master Clarence wants it, if it's in. I was to give him the note."

"I will send a list of our juveniles to Mrs. Vanderhoof," said the librarian, in her most business-like manner, "and I will give you, for Master Clarence, the new Henty book. He will probably like that."

"I beg pardon, ma am," persisted the coachman, "but Master Clarence says that there was a book that the little boy particularly recommended to him, and I was to be very special about it. He goes a good deal by the little fellow's judgment. I'll call in again when he's here, after my other errands."

Miss Watkins sighed, and gave way. "Will you see, Miss Mather, if Jimmy Reese is in the library?" she inquired, and Miss Mather, smiling, obeyed her.

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He was never formally enfranchised, but he took up his place in the department of Travel and Adventure, and held it unchallenged. All the long, spring afternoons he sat there, throned on the books, leaning against them, banked safely in from the tumult of the world outside, a quiet little shadow among the shadowy throngs that filled the covers.

Whatever he might read, for he turned to other books as one travels for the joy of coming home again, the old brown book lay open on his knees, and he patted the pages with one hand, absently, as his eyes travelled over the print. Sooner or later he came back to the yellowed leaves—perhaps to the story of Dryope.

"*Now there was nothing left of Dryope but her face. Her tears still flowed and fell on her leaves, and while she could, she spoke. 'I am not guilty. I deserve not this fate. I have injured no one. If I speak falsely, may my foliage perish with drought and my trunk be cut down and burned. Take this infant and give it to a nurse. Let it often be brought and nursed under my branches, and play in my shade; and when he is old enough to talk, let him be taught to call me mother, and to say with sadness, 'My mother lies hid under this bark.' But bid him be careful of river-banks, and beware how he plucks flowers, remembering that every bush he sees may be a goddess in disguise. Farewell, dear husband and sister and father. If you retain any love for me, let not the axe wound me nor the flocks bite and tear my branches. Since I cannot stoop to you, climb up hither and kiss me; and while my lips continue to feel, lift up my child, that I may kiss him. I can speak no more, for already the bark advances up my neck, and will soon shoot over me. You need not close my eyes; the bark will close them without your aid. Then the lips ceased to move, and life was extinct; but the branches retained, for some time longer, the vital heat.*"

In fancy he walked by that fatal stream. He saw the plant dripping blood—the flower that was the poor nymph Lotis. The terrible, beautiful revenge, the swift doom of those wonderful Greeks, that delights even while it horrifies, he felt to the fullest measure. He had no more need to read them than a priest his breviary, for he knew them all, but he followed the type in very delight of recognition.

Through the window came the strong scent of the purple lilacs, that grew all over the little New England town. Faint cries of children playing drifted in with the breeze. The organ in the church nearby crooned and droned a continual fugue. Someone was always practising there. The deep, bass notes jarred the air, even the little building trembled to them at times. And since it had been at this season of the year, when he had first found the book, the lovely broken myths, elusive sometimes, and as dim to his understanding as the marble fragments that still bewilder the enchanted artist, he always connected the tales with that throbbing, mournful melody, that haunting lilac odor. Sometimes the organ swelled triumphantly and cried out in a mighty chorus of tone: at those times Ulysses shot down the false suitors, or Perseus, hovering over the shrieking sea-beast, rescued the white Andromeda. Sometimes a minor plaintive strain troubled him vaguely, and then he listened to poor Venus, bending in tears above the slain Adonis.

"'*Yet theirs shall be but a partial triumph; memorials of my grief shall endure, and the spectacle of your death, my Adonis, and of my lamentation, shall be annually renewed. Your blood shall be turned into a flower; that consolation none shall envy me.' Thus speaking, she sprinkled nectar on the blood; and as they mingled, bubbles rose as in a pool, on which rain-drops fall, and in an hour's time there sprang up a flower of bloody hue, like that of the pomegranate. But it is short-lived.*"

The peculiar odor of much leather on pine shelves was confused, too, with the darling book. He had never read it elsewhere; he had not money enough for a library-ticket. Old Mr. Littlejohn, quickly recognizing the invaluable services that this little acolyte might be counted upon to render, had readily granted him the freedom of the shelves, and smoked his pipe in peace for hours together, thereafter, in the back room, sure of his monitor in front.

Miss Watkins needed no such assistance, but she found herself, to her amazement, not wholly ungrateful for the many

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steps saved her by Jimmy's tactful service to the children. At first she would have none of it, and groups of shy boys and girls waited awkwardly and in vain before the little gate, hoping for a glimpse of their kindly counsellor. She thrust lists of juveniles into their unwilling hands, led them cautiously into an inspection of Nature Lessons for Little Learners, displayed tempting rows of bound *St. Nicholas*—but to no purpose.

"Where's Jimmy?" they demanded, stubbornly.

"What on earth do they want of him?" she asked of her assistant one day. "That stupid Meadows child—is she going to ask his opinion of the Dotty Dimple Books?"

"Not at all," Miss Mather replied, tranquilly. "But he always gets her a Mary J. Holmes novel, and I stamp it and let it go. You always argue with her about it, and ask her if she wouldn't prefer something else—which she never would."

"It's just the little boy, ma'am, that's meant." —Page 403.

Little by little he grew to wait on the children as a matter of course. He was even allowed to keep the novels desired by the Meadows child in the juvenile shelf, where he insisted they belonged.

"Only the girls in Number Seven want 'em," he explained, when his superior complained of his audacity in removing them from adult fiction.

And so the little girl who had reached that period of little girlhood when every well-regulated young person is compelled by some inward power to ask the librarian, tremblingly, if she has a book in the libr'y called "St. Elmo," was spared all embarrassment, for Jimmy handed it out to her almost before she asked.

Not that he lacked the discrimination to exercise a proper authority on occasion. Miss Watkins remembered long a surprising scene which she witnessed from the top of a ladder in the Biography and Letters Section. A shambling, unwholesome boy had asked Miss Mather in a husky voice for the works of Edgar A. Poe, and as she blew off the dust from the top and extended two fat volumes toward him, a rapid tapping heralded the youngest official

"Don't you give 'em to him, don't you!" he cried, warningly. As she paused instinctively he shook his finger with a quaint, old-fashioned gesture at the boy.

"You ought to be ashamed, Sam Wheeler," he said, reprovingly. "You sha'n't take those books a step. Not a step. If you think you're going to scare Susy to death you're mistaken. If you want to read 'em, come here and do it. But you aren't a-going to read 'em to her nights, again. So you go right off, now!"

Without a word Sam turned and left the library, and Miss Watkins from her ladder remonstrated feebly.

"Why, Jimmy, if that boy has a ticket you haven't any right——"

"Do you know what he does with those books, Miss Watkins?" replied the dauntless squire of dames. "He reads 'em after supper to his little sister Susy. That one where the house all falls down and the one where the lady's teeth come out and she carries 'em in her hand! And she don't dare take her feet off the rungs, she sits so still. And she don't go to sleep hardly ever. Do you s'pose I'd let him take 'em?"

The librarian threshed the matter over, and finally thought to stagger him by the suggestion that it would be difficult for him to ascertain the precise intention of everyone drawing out books.

"How do you know," she asked, "that other people may not be frightening each other with various stories?"

"There aren't many fellows as mean as Sam Wheeler," he replied, promptly, "and then I was sure that he was going to. I happened to know."

She turned again to her work and he went back to his corner, the brown book under his arm.

The syringa was out now, and the mournful, sweet odor blew in from the bushes around the church. In the still June air he could hear the bees buzzing there. He turned the beloved pages

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idly. Should it be poor Psyche, so sweet and foolish, or Danaë, the lovely mother, hushing her baby in the sea-tossed chest? He found the place of Proverbial Expression at the back of the book, and read them with a never-failing interest. Around them he wove long stories to please himself.

"*Their faces were not all alike, nor yet unlike, but such as those of sisters ought to be.*"

This one always pleased him—he could not have said why.

"*Here lies Phaëton, the driver of his father's chariot, which if he failed to manage, yet he fell in a great under taking.*"

The simple grandeur of this one was like the trumpet tone of the organ. He thrilled to it delightedly.

The third he murmured to himself, entranced by the very sound of the words:

"*He falls, unhappy, by a wound intended for another; looks up to the skies, and dying remembers sweet Argos.*"

"Don't you give 'em to him, don't you!" he cried, warningly. —Page 405.

Ah, why would Thomas never consent to the witchery of these words:

"——*and dying remembers sweet Argos.*"

He sighed delightedly and dreamed into the dusk. Almost he thought he had known that man, almost he remembered sweet Argos . . .

In the middle of June the Vanderhoof's coachman brought bad news: Master Clarence was quite ill. No one knew what it was exactly, but if there was any exceptionally fine book that Jimmy could suggest, he'd be glad to be read to from it.

For the first time the little librarian parted from his darling.

"If you'll be especially careful of it, William, and I've put in slips of paper at the best ones. And as soon as he gets better, I'd be glad if he'd send it back—if he's through with it."

The days seemed long without it. The heat was intense, and when Miss Mather stayed at home a day or two, and all the summer people came in for books, he had a great deal to do. Miss Watkins was very glad of his help, now.

One hot Saturday afternoon he did not return to the library, but began a resolute journey to the Vanderhoof's big house on the hill. It was almost two miles, and he went slowly; now and then he stopped to rest on the stone horse-blocks. It took him an hour to get there, and at the door he had to stop to wipe his forehead and get his breath.

"I came to ask how Clarence was," he said to the maid.

"He's better, thank you, but it's dreadful sick he's been. 'Twas scarlet fever, dear," she answered, with a pitying glance at the crutch. "Not that you need be worried, for the half of the house is shut off, and we've not been near it," she added.

"I'm glad he's better, and —and is he through with the book?" he asked, eagerly.

"The book? What book is it, my dear? Sure the nurse does be reading a hundred books to him."

"A brown book: Stories of Gods and Heroes. I—I'd like it, if he's through with it. I stay at the libr'y, and I sent it to him—" he sank on the step, exhausted.

The kind-hearted girl dragged him into the hall. "Come out with me, dear, and get a glass of cold milk," she said. "You've walked too far."

Seated on a chair in the kitchen, his eyes closed, he heard, as in a dream, his friend's voice raised in dispute with some distant person.

"And I say he shall have it, then. Walking all this way! And him lame, too! Tell Emma to put it on the tray, and leave it in the hall. The child's well enough now, anyway. I'll go get it myself—I'm not afraid. The whole of us had the fever, and no such smelling sheets pinned up, and no fuss at all, at all. I'm as good as a paid nurse, any day, if you come to that. A book'll hurt no one."

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Later he found himself perched beside the coachman, who was going to meet a train, the beloved book tight in his arms. He fingered it lovingly; he smelled the leaves like a little dog. For the first time in his life he took it to his home, and clasped it in his arms as he lay in bed.

For days he did not appear, and it was Thomas, the janitor, who went finally to look him up, troubled by the children's reports of his illness. He returned grave-faced.

"It's the fever, Miss Watkins, and they say there's little chance for him, the poor little feller! He was worn out with the heat. They don't know how he got it. He's out of his mind. To think of Jimmy like that!"

The librarian's heart sank, and her assistant put her head on her arms and cried. Thomas sat sadly on his little porch, his unlighted pipe in his mouth. The library seemed strangely empty.

The little Meadows girl brought them the news the next morning.

"Jimmy's dead," she said, abruptly. "He got it from a book up at the Vanderhoof's. His aunt feels awful bad. It was a libr'y book. They say he held it all the time."

The librarian put away the book in her hand, envying the younger woman her facile tears. She was not imaginative, but she realized dimly for a moment that this little boy had known more of books, had got more from them, than she, with all her catalogues.

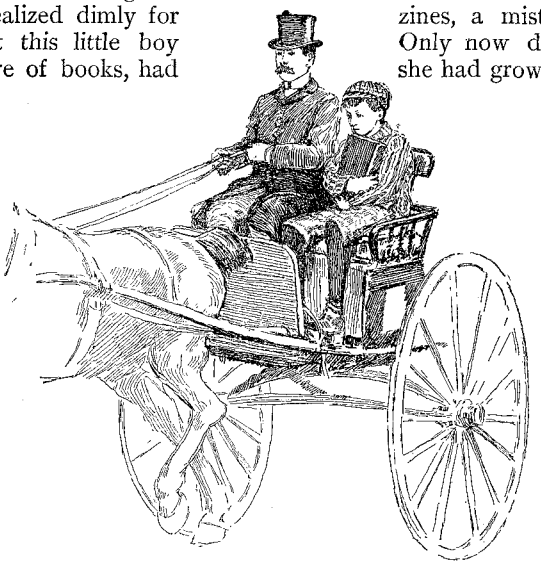
They sat together, she, Miss Mather, and Thomas, a strange trio, at the simple funeral service in the church nearby. So far as daily living went, they were as near to him as the aunt who cared for him.

Coming back to the library, they lingered awhile in the reading-room, trying to realize that it was all over, and that that little, quick tapping would never be heard again among the books. At last Thomas spoke:

"It don't seem right," he said, thickly, "it don't seem right nor fair. Here he was, doting on that book so, tugging it round, just living on it, you might say, and it turned on him and killed him. Gave it up, and a sacrifice it was, too—I know—and as a reward, it killed him. Went back to get it, brought it home, took it to bed—and it killed him. It's like those things he'd tell me out of it—they all died; seemingly without any reason, the gods would go back on 'em, and they'd die. He's often read it out to me."

"It will be lovely to have that Children's-room memorial," said Miss Mather, softly, "with all the books and pictures and the little chairs. It was beautiful in Mrs. Vanderhoof, I think. It wasn't her fault. I wish—I wish we'd had a little chair in there for Jimmy."

The librarian got up abruptly and moved around among the magazines, a mist before her eyes. Only now did she realize how she had grown to love him.



Perched beside the coachman . . . the beloved book tight in his arms.

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WESTERN TYPES

By Frederic Remington

Pen Decorations by Will Crawford

THE COW-BOY.

NO LONGER STRANGE, AND BECOMING CONVENTIONAL, THE COW-BOY IS MERELY TRYING TO GET MOUNTAIN-BRED PONIES TO GO WHERE HE WANTS THEM TO GO. KNOWING THE "IRISH PIG" OF THEIR NATURE, HE HAS TO BE FAST AND INSISTENT; ALL OF WHICH REPRESENTS A TYPE OF RIDING AND PONY "FOOTING" EASIER TO DELINEATE THAN TO PERFORM.

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THE COSSACK POST (CAVALRYMAN).

A PICKET OF THREE MEN IS TECHNICALLY CALLED A "COSSACK POST," AND THE MOONLIGHT OF THE PICTURE UNCOVERS A UNITED STATES CAVALRYMAN ON THE NORTHERN PLAINS IN THE ALMOST FIERCE AND CERTAINLY DEFINITE LIGHT OF A COUNTRY WHICH HAS "NO ATMOSPHERE," AS PAINTERS PHRASE IT. THE CAP AND OVERCOAT WERE ISSUED FOR WINTER CAMPAIGNS IN THAT SULLEN COLD.

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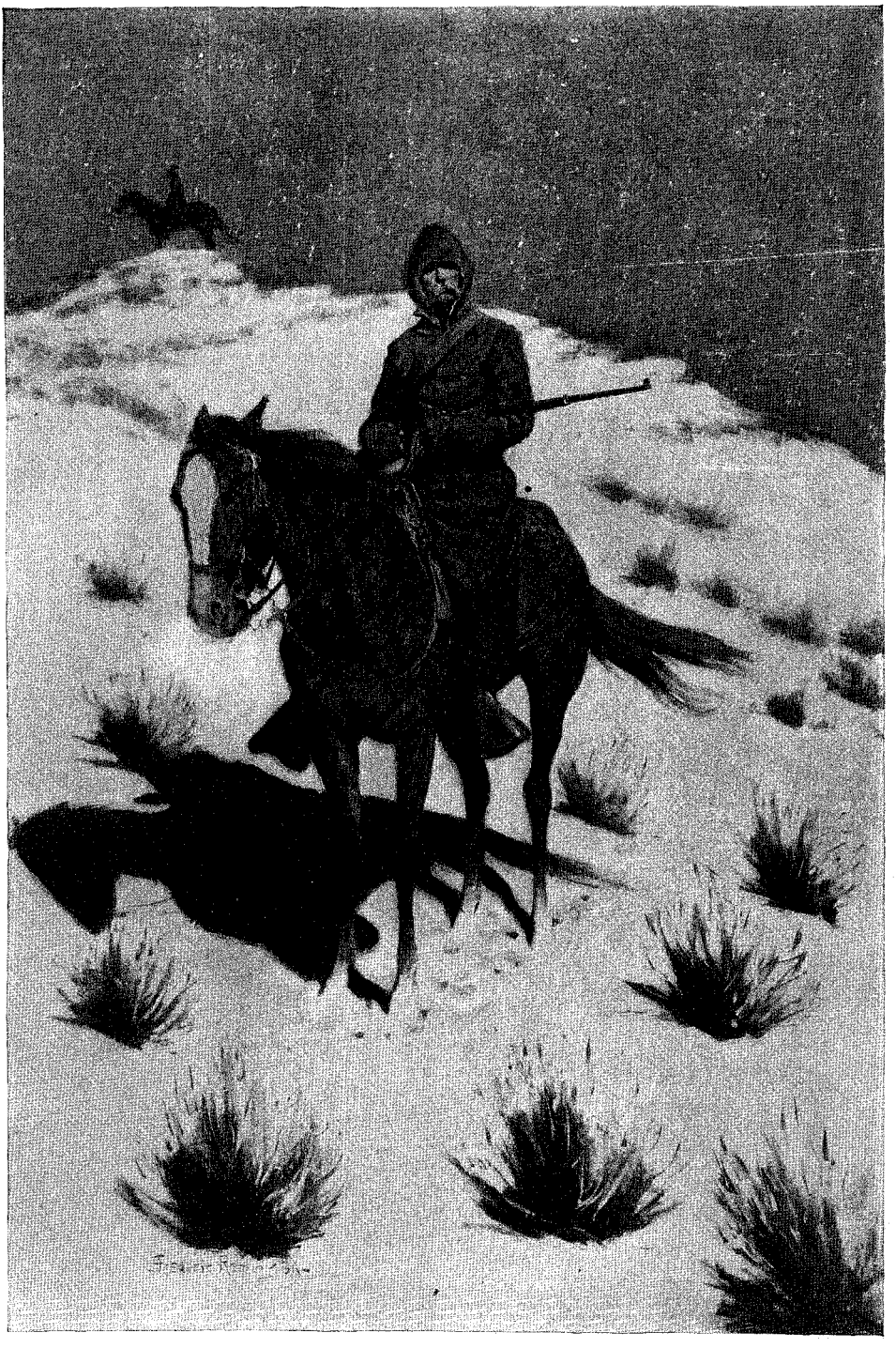

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THE SCOUT.

TOO WELL KNOWN TO NEED PARTICULAR COMMENT. HE WAS THE WHITE HUNTER WHO HAD GONE TO THE WILD COUNTRIES AND WAS EMPLOYED BY OUR TROOPS FOR LIGHT-HORSE WORK IN A COUNTRY AND AMONG A PEOPLE UNKNOWN TO THE ARMY.

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THE HALF-BREED.

ONE OF THE RELICS OF THE OLD FUR COMPANY DAYS—THE DESCENDANT OF WHITE EMPLOYEES AND INDIAN SQUAWS. IN GREAT NUMBERS THE HALF-BREEDS LED A NOMAD EXISTENCE ON THE PLAINS OF THE NORTHWEST, AND AT ONE TIME BID FAIR TO BECOME A SEPARATE AND PECULIAR PEOPLE. OUR GOVERNMENT THROUGH THE ARMY DEPORTED LARGE BANDS FROM THE THEN TERRITORY OF MONTANA TO CANADA, AND THEIR EXPIRING EFFORT WAS THE LOUIS RIEL REBELLION. THE PASSING OF THE BUFFALO LEFT THEM STRANDED, AND THEIR PREDATORY HABITS MADE THEIR SUPPRESSION NECESSARY; BUT THEY STILL EXIST, THOUGH ROBBED OF THEIR PICTURESQUE APPAREL AND CHARACTERISTIC TRAITS.

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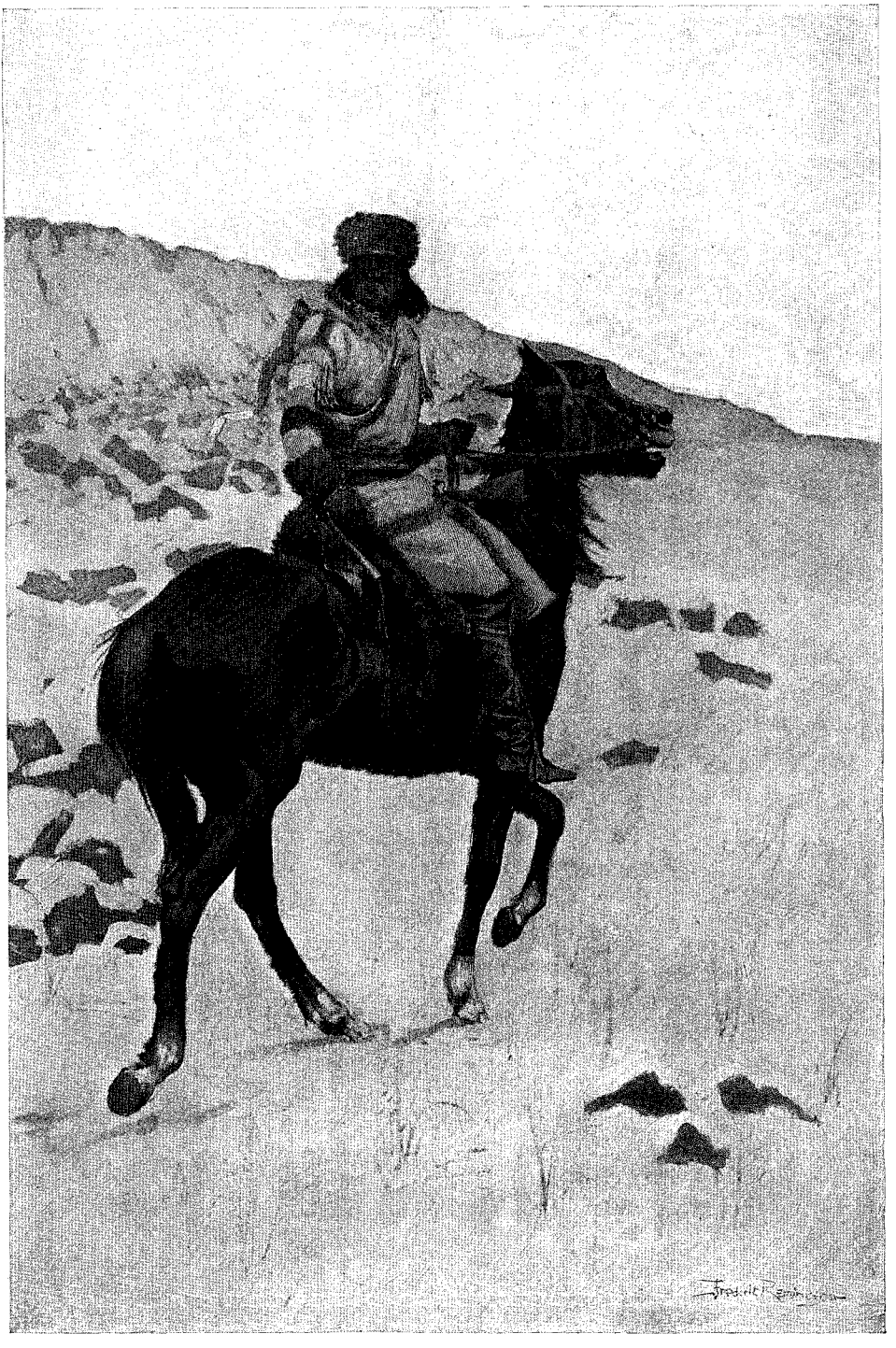

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A MEMORY

BY JULIA C·R·DORR

A GRAY sarcophagus beside a wall
Crumbling and ivy-grown and gray with age,
O'er which a yew-tree, on whose wrinkled page
Was writ the lesson that Time writes for all,
Whispered of years remote and past recall,
Whispered of man's resistless heritage—
Death and decay, Oblivion's stern gauge,
And the long silences that round him fall.
But lo! Kind earth and gentle winds had filled
The empty shrine with largess! Tall grass grew,
And gay flowers bloomed, where once the dead had lain;
Love built its nest there, and its rapture trilled;
A white lamb cropped the young leaves wet with dew,
And Life still lived where Life had once been slain!

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VIVE L'EMPEREUR

By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. YOHN

CHAPTER V

IT might have been minutes, or weeks, after—they neither of them knew for a certainty—when suddenly the forgotten world reappeared in the person of Dennis, fortunately blind and stupid and much irritated by not finding them at once, who bawled out, some six feet away: "Norah! Mr. Ney! Where the devil have you got to?" It appeared that the Prince and the Marshal had come, unexpectedly as before; that something had happened, Dennis was not clear what, but he thought the Pope was dead; that he didn't care what it was at all, anyway, only that he had been sent for Norah and Mr. Ney, and had had much bother to find them, and they were wanted immediately.

So back they went reluctantly, guiltily—though only Michael knew cause for guiltiness—with flushed cheeks and shining eyes, into the broad light of the great hall. There was a dramatic hush over the five men who rose as Dennis and his convoy entered, and Norah's greeting, gayer and more voluble because of embarrassment, was received with a reverent solemnity that astonished her.

"My little Norah," said Colonel Fitzgerald, "dear child of my heart, if not of my blood, I have very great news to tell you to-night."

Norah's glance swept the visitors, paused for a second at her sweetheart's eyes, and then back to the Colonel.

"Yes, father," was all she said.

Colonel Fitzgerald's big hands were trembling as he placed one on Norah's slender shoulder. "You know well that I've loved you all your life, darling—better even, I think, than I love—your brothers?"

"Yes, father." Norah's eyes were fixed on his face now as if she would never take them away.

"Then, Norah, my own little daughter, remember that I love you more than all your life before, when I tell you that—" his voice trembled—"that you are not my child at all."

Norah's eyes looked into his, wide-open, questioning, but she said not a word.

"These gentlemen are come, my darling, to bring you a great fortune—a great responsibility, and you must meet it and take it up like a brave lady, as you are. A nation needs my little girl, they tell me. France wants you, mavourneen, and France has the right, for you are the only child of Napoleon."

No gleam, no faintest suspicion, had ever come to Norah, of the truth. All her world seemed reeling about her. But she stood steady and self-reliant while the circle of men watched. The Prince smiled with satisfaction as he saw her face the shock. The old Marshal said aloud: "Behold the race! The world is not too large for that lion-bred to hold easily in the hand."

In a moment her clear mind sought to brush away the mist that was nearest. "The King of Rome—the Duke of Reichstadt? You said 'only child.'"

"The King of Rome, poor boy, was—is—my son," said the Colonel, slowly. "He was born a day earlier than you, Norah; and when the Emperor found you were a girl, while his whole heart was set on a boy heir to his throne, he sent for me, darling, and — and you and the boy changed places. My wife, as you know, died when the baby was two days old. The deception was easy. And I didn't know which was the greater honor, Norah, to have my son brought up to fill the throne of France, or to be given the great Captain's child—to be trusted with the daughter of Napoleon. I'd have given my life for the Emperor, gladly, and the lad was but a day old. And I got you—Norah."

The Colonel stopped short, his voice

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gone, shaken with feeling, far more sad than joyful over this glorious transformation of his changeling, and drew the girl close, while his lips quivered vainly for more speech.

Marshal Victor, warm-hearted and emotional, glorying like a Frenchman in the dramatic effect of the scene, touched with old memories, with sympathy for the Colonel, sobbed aloud. Talleyrand looked at him, considered a second, then shook out the fine folds of a cambric handkerchief, and touched his eyes gently with it. It was the correct effect. But the old statesman's heart was joyful within him. This last plot of his long career bid fair to crown that career with the most successful, the most picturesque of all *coups d'état* that he had known. The business end in France was going well, in hands that he controlled; the boy at Vienna was dying at just the right moment; as for the girl—the Empress—that secret smile of his broadened into real pleasure as he looked at her, standing among the tall men grouped about her. The Prince of Benevento was a connoisseur. Many women had loved him, and he, affectionate, sweet-tempered, magnetic, heartless, and self-centred, admired them all, believed in none of them.

"A woman loved me once truly," he said one day to the Baroness.

"Which one, M. le Prince?" laughed the Baroness.

Talleyrand turned eyes on her at once keen, mischievous, pathetic. "It was my great-grandmother," he said.

At all events, he had the readiest appreciation for a woman's qualities, and here—it seemed too good to be true, even for Talleyrand's almost unvarying good-fortune. The girl was everything that could be desired—she bore a likeness to the Emperor that would convince the nation at once, and she herself was perfect. She had spirit, charm, intelligence, beauty—she would carry the impressionable Frenchmen—all France—by storm! And then—a glow of satisfaction warmed his soul—then! A picturesque, charming, pliable young sovereign on the throne, who should lead her and guide her young footsteps in the right way? Who but he who had placed her so high, Charles Maurice de Talleyrand-Périgord? What a pleasant, a glorious work to occupy the last days of an eventful life—and not an impoverishing labor, he meditated with a cheerful thought of a golden flood that might be added to a fortune already immense. The tall old man stood half in the shadow of the heavy oak carvings of the fireplace, and watched and thought and smiled. But at the right second he took up the reins again. He limped forward toward the others. "My Colonel," he said, "but it is a great error to be sad on so joyful an occasion! No one feels more than I for the heart of a father—" his voice trembled just enough—"but while you do not lose your child, we—all France—we gain an Empress." He turned his quick, fascinating eyes on Norah. "Permit an old man, your Highness, an old servant of your illustrious father, the honor to be the first, on this great day of your young life, to offer my felicitations, my allegiance, my life, if need be, to your father's daughter," and taking the girl's hand he bowed low over it and kissed it.

Then, to the surprise of everyone, who but Alex—sober, well-balanced, responsible Alex—should spring forward and, falling on his knee by the Prince, should kiss the small hand passionately.

"Sister darling, many will have more to give, but I will give life and dare death for you, and guard you through danger as best I can."

Norah bent over quickly and her hands swept the thick blond hair and lifted the scarlet face.

"Alex," she said, and kissed him hard on his yellow head. Then as he rose she turned to the strangers and her eyes were full of tears. "There's much to hear," she said; "I must understand much more."

"Her Highness has reason," exclaimed the Marshal, nodding his head wisely. The Prince was silent, puzzled a little by her manner. There was an air of weighing them in the balance about this young Princess that disturbed him slightly. What if—but no, at twenty-one no woman has a will of her own.

"M. Ney," said the General, "I speak not well the English, and we are old, I and M. le Prince—we have not known so much the Princess. You, who speak, you who have the advantage to be young, to be her Highness's friend, there are

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three weeks—you will make part of this so great affair to her Highness. You will about to explain to her, how she, she—be Empress." Dignified and earnest, but exhausted with conversational effort, the General sank into a high-colored silence.

M. de Talleyrand turned to the young man. "Go on, *mon ami.* You will know how, as M. le Maréchal says. You have earned well your right to the pleasure."

Michael, the color rushing to his face, looked about like a hunted beast of the forest. He to explain to her, before this audience! Come, that was too much! He to point out carefully and with congratulations how she was as much out of his reach as the stars; the tragedy of his life—to turn the lights on it with his own hand here before them all! He had braced himself to endure this scene, and that he could just see his way to doing. But to lead the attack on his own happiness—how could he?

Suddenly Norah, who had enthroned herself—taken refuge—it was hard to say which, on the arm of Colonel Fitzgerald's chair, broke into laughter so infectious that all the men laughed with her, not knowing at all what it was about. Even the Prince of Benevento, watching her with pleased eyes, was laughing softly, too.

"It is you, Mr. Ney," she said, and nodded at Michael's despairing face.

"It is that it is the thought of the English, so impayable, him gives a *crise de nerfs*," said the General smiling, pleased to think how well he was doing the language himself.

The laughter cleared the air. Michael all at once found himself unreasonably happy again. She loved him, they understood each other—what was everything else? How could he help being happy? He looked straight into her eyes, which answered his honestly, sweetly, and began:

"Miss Norah—Mademoiselle — your Highness—" Norah almost laughed again — "what no one seems to have told you is that the death of the King of Rome, or the Duke of Reichstadt, as he is now called, is expected at any moment. That death will make you the undisputed, as you have always been the rightful, heir to the French throne. M. le Prince will explain to you far better than I, when the time comes for fuller explanation, why it is that France wishes once more to throw off the Bourbon yoke, to dethrone the present King, Louis Philippe. It is a fact, however, that the present government is causing deep and widespread discontent. Those with their hands on the nation's pulse say that the time is ripe for a change. The friends of your great father have been secretly organizing for a year with a view to being ready, when the right moment came, to place his child on the throne. The truth of that child's identity has been known, until within a few weeks, to only three persons besides your—Colonel Fitzgerald. To M. de Talleyrand, M. le Maréchal Victor—" Michael bowed with reverence as he spoke each of the great names— "and to my father, the Emperor intrusted, providing for such a crisis as this, duplicate proofs of your identity, signed by himself, by Baron Dubois, the court physician who was present at your birth, by the Archbishop of Paris, who baptized you at the Tuileries when you were twelve hours old. There can be no question of your parentage, my Princess, the proofs are complete."

"I should like to see them," Norah interrupted. Even Talleyrand stared. A young lady who needed to be convinced of her right to be an Empress — *sacre bleu!*

"Yes, your Highness," said Michael, a bit sadly. "But to-morrow will do."

Norah smiled at him radiantly. Michael stopped talking suddenly and gazed at her, oblivious of everything, longing again——

"What was I saying?" Then he went on quickly. "During the last month, in view of the condition of the Duke of Reichstadt, it has seemed necessary to tell the secret to the leaders of the great conspiracy. A *coup d'état* has been planned. Its accomplishment waits only for the death of the Duke at Vienna, which is a question of but a few days—we may hear at any hour. Our news will be in advance of all others. Then, at that moment, you will be brought forward, the only child of Napoleon, beyond any manner of doubt, and if our plans and our—" He hesitated a moment, bit his upper lip sharply and rested his

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hand, as he stood before them, on a table close by. Then the frank, sincere face cleared, and with head high and a look of unselfish devotion shining from his eyes, he went on: "If our hopes come true—and it is hardly possible they will not—you will then be, by the grace of God, Empress of France."

CHAPTER VI

THE fire crackled—there was always a fire in the hall of Castle Kilmorra—and a heavy log fell in the dead silence. Then Norah lifted the strong young face that bore so striking a likeness now, in its gravity, to the great Corsican.

"Gentlemen," she said, "it is not a long story for so much. But it is a thing I must think over, and talk over with—my father, before I can give you an answer."

"An answer? *Une résponse?*" repeated the Marshal, looking bewildered. He did not understand. But Talleyrand's smiling face became suddenly grave and he said nothing. His light eyes widened as if they would take in Norah's very soul.

"It is no light matter to decide," said Norah.

"To decide?" echoed Marshal Victor again, and then while all in the hall waited for Norah's next words to clear the uncertainty, with power of English the old soldier rushed into the breach.

"Her Highness responds us. Or her Highness do not understand we, or we does not understand her Gracious Highness's tongue. It is *nécessaire* to make part to her Highness what is *nécessaire*—more clear. Talleyrand, *mon garçon*—" the great diplomat started, then smiled—"speak more clear the English then. Why not? I think well, it must be to tell her Highness we have the honor to place her on the throne of La France"—the General came nigh to bursting in an effort to think up the words of a fuller explanation, and then ended in despair—"to-morrow night."

Norah started and glanced at Michael, who looked as if he had been struck.

"No, no," he said, "he cannot mean that," and he turned to the two with a rapid rush of French interrogation, which was met by a like earnest flood of answer from the Marshal, with a smiling, quiet word or two from the Prince. Michael's face did not lighten, and Colonel Fitzgerald's grew dark as he listened, following more clearly at each word the long unused language. Michael turned to Norah.

"It is almost as bad." He caught himself. "It is almost that," he said. "You must be in Paris when the news comes of the Duke's death. They wish to leave here at the latest to-morrow night."

"I will not," said Norah, calmly.

They all understood that and there was consternation in the camp. "*Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!*" The Marshal threw up his hands in horror.

"Norah alanna!" remonstrated Colonel Fitzgerald, looking up to the face above him and dropping into Irish in his excitement, "what the devil are you meaning, my darling?" But Alex and Patrick and Dennis came and stood behind the two, tall and strong and formidable, as if the guard had been called.

"And she sha'n't if she won't," growled Dennis, looking defiance across the room at the Prince.

The Ambassador to England, plotting against his King with the easiest conscience in the world, sat, smiling as always, in a great arm-chair by the fire. His head, its mass of thick, silvery hair parted in the middle and curling heavily in the neck, leaned back, as if pleasantly weary, against the dark carving. Folds of cobweb linen, fresh and white, lay high around his throat and against the soft, wrinkled cheek, and, below, a broad dark velvet collar threw out the noble and graceful head into sharp relief. One leg was crossed easily over the other, and the whole pose expressed a gentle benevolence. Dennis's soul raged within him as he met, helplessly, the cheerfully amused look in the old man's eyes.

"I will not have her Highness scolded," said Talleyrand. "What, am I to see all this army of great men attack our sovereign lady, and no champion to defend her but one lame old man? Eh, *bien*, so be it, then—it is not the first time I have fought against the world! And won! And won, your Highness!" He

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turned to her, and his eyes shone and his voice was like a sweet trumpet-call. He came limping across the floor and put his hand on Norah's, who stood to receive him. "We will fight the world together—and we will win the battle, my lady. I—I have never failed, and you have never tried yet, but—" his eyes glowed as he looked at her—"you cannot fail!" In a moment he had them wrought up to enthusiasm and fervor—over what they had no time to think. Then, having dazed them so, he went on quietly: "The compact is made between us. Never fear, nothing can stand against us two," and he bent over again and kissed Norah's little hand. But the girl, of all in the room, alone kept her thoughts steady.

"Prince, I think you must be the most fascinating man in all the world," she said, smiling up at him, and Talleyrand smiled back, well satisfied. He believed it was so. He was glad to have her realize it.

"It is right," he said, "it is like your father—*mon Dieu!* but it is a clear touch of the Emperor—to see with your own eyes, to make your own plans—to refuse to hurry blindly. And yet, we must hurry you—I am desolated to think we must hurry you, my child. But it is imperative. There will be but one moment when we can put you on the throne—we must be there to seize it. As for the journey, the preparations—" he smiled kindly—"all that will be looked after for you. You go to a throne, my Princess, and ladies-in-waiting will surround you, to foresee your least need. All that is my side of the compact, and I promise you years of leisure after this one forced march to your capitol."

"Monsieur," said Norah, looking at him with eyes as self-possessed, as gentle as his own, "you are very good to me, but there is no compact between us yet. Not till I understand. And it is not that I mind being hurried—it is if I go at all."

The poor Marshal had another nervous shock when he understood this, which took a moment's effort. Yet, astonished as were they all at the difficulties thrown unexpectedly in the path of glory by this reluctant heiress to a throne, even the Marshal, even the Prince was yet patient.

Talleyrand, glancing rapidly with his eagle's eye over the whole situation, formed quickly his theory, but to the kindly soldier it seemed that a simple young girl recoiled from the unknown greatness thus suddenly thrust upon her, and needed encouragement.

So while the Prince planned the battle, with scientific exactness, the Marshal gallantly charging with the heavy artillery, fairly fell over himself to take up the wondrous tale.

"But see, your Highness, *ça m'étonne.* It is that *ce garçon-là, si bête,* he does not made you to comprehend. Ah, if it were I who had the youth and the English, so impossible. Ah! how then would I show you the picture of the beautiful young girl to lead the armies of France, who acclaim for her. *À cheval*—how I say it? On backing-horse—in the costume—*en Amazone*—in the habit—of—riding, eh? The regiments cry, speak, squeal, shout—ah, yes, shout for the daughter of Napoleon! The old soldiers—the soldiers *de l'Empereur*—it is they who become mad of joy. It is what the French love much, a picture, *un effet.* It is the resemblance you have at the great Emperor that is *merveilleuse.* Your eyes then, they burn like the eyes of *le Grand Capitaine.* You might *bercer*—rock, do I say it?—the nation, with the *petite main-là.* It is to be the adored of La France, your country to you! A few days, if you wish it, of the anxiety and then—ah!" Words failed the Marshal, English words at all events, and he smiled ecstatically and closed his eyes, while he thumped his breast and raised open palms to heaven.

It seemed to Norah as if a friendly thunder-storm were roaring about her, to which the clear, quiet, incisive voice of the Prince came as a relief, with its claim, as before, of comradeship, of protection. "*Eh, bien,* then, my little Princess, I shall not have you bullied by these rough soldiers. I think I see where you stand, clear-headed young Bonaparte that you are. You will not risk your great claim, without knowing that the chances are good—no, not even if old Talleyrand-Périgord is risking with you. You are wise and right—though you do not know, perhaps, what they say of me, that so cautious an old fox I am, no prize is great enough to tempt me, if I burn even the tips of my claws. You see I have reputation for safety, at the least. Honor me now with

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your attention for a moment. I am a garrulous old fellow, but I will try not to be too long."

"You could not be, M. le Prince," said Norah, speaking as the Baroness had spoken in Paris, and looking at him with admiring eyes — women loved this man always.

"Your Highness is good to me." He flashed a smile at her. "I must tell you now as briefly as possible," and his words suddenly had the weight and gravity of a great statesman, "how my country and yours is situated. Not to mince matters, there is danger of anarchy. France, great France, is being made the private enterprise of a shopkeeper. Louis Philippe is King for Louis Philippe's benefit. The army, the public, the nation who have been treated as dry-goods, are in a most dangerous state of discontent. There will be a revolution, and if we, who have skill and patriotism and experience, do not steer well the ship of state, she will founder on the rocks. There is no other Napoleon to bring her safe through another storm. But there is one of his name, and with that name we, less great, but still old and wise, may yet conjure away the powers of evil, may yet save our dear land. Your Highness, you can have no conception of the power of the name you bear. To Frenchmen it stands for France regenerated, for the power to bring order out of chaos, good government out of bad. That is the general reason why our *coup d'état* will be successful. For specific reasons— I have lists of regiments, of civil officials, of influential citizens, of arsenals—what will you ?—I have all these and more, in writing, with exactness. The Colonel has seen them—I will show them to you when you will. My comrade that is, my Empress that will be—I will not flatter you, but I will tell you that with you on the throne, the future of our country will be assured. You have the Emperor's clear mind, the Emperor's strong will, the Emperor's charm—you have your own beauty and youth and sex that will hold every gallant Frenchman as iron holds a magnet. France demands you. Reverence for your great father must bring you. You bear your name in trust for France. We will marry you to a great Prince and a fortunate, and the country will be secure. Come then across the sea, and rule over us, and France shall see bright days, and I, and many another white-haired subject of yours shall die happy."

Back went the fine old head against the high, dark chair, as if exhausted, and Norah, looking at him with deep, grave, thoughtful eyes, felt to the full his fascination and his power. Honored beyond words she felt, because she knew he was giving her his best efforts. It was homage, not to an Empress, but to a person; not to her birth, but to herself. There was a long silence while all in the hall watched the two strong spirits gazing at each other, from the eyes of the girl of twenty-one, and the man of seventy-eight. Talleyrand was well pleased. This was no cheap school-girl personality, to forsake its position at a touch. She must weigh his words. She must sift the matter for herself — that was reasonable, that would prove he had not wasted his powder, that she was indeed Napoleon's daughter. But of the end he had no glimmer of doubt. He must triumph, of course, he— the great Talleyrand — over a girl — of course. So he waited, smiling, satisfied. So long was the silence that Colonel Fitzgerald looked up at the girl against his arm to see what she was doing, alarmed a little for fear her mischievous spirit might not rise to the dignity of this occasion, and some mad prank might give them a wrong idea of his darling.

But he need not have feared. She lifted herself from the arm of his chair and stood by him, slipping her hand as she rose around his big one, which she held with a strong grip. Her great gray eyes swept the little circle calmly, all alike—her lover, her brothers, and the two great Frenchmen—and at once the power of her personality, that definite, indefinable quality, was felt.

"Gentlemen," she said, "it is now for me to make a little speech." Though she spoke to all of them, it was the Prince whom she looked at. "You speak of France as my country and say it demands me and my name—which I never knew was my name till just now. You say reverence for my father should make me go. Listen, then. It is not France that has been a country to me—it is Ireland, gentlemen. And it is Ireland that I love,

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not France. It is Ireland that I would shed my heart's blood for. And the Emperor may be my father—you say you can prove that to me. But what sort of a father is it that turns over his helpless child to strangers?—the kindest hearts of the world, to be sure, but that was none of his doing. Why should I give up home and life and all I love, to do his pleasure, after I'm grown and worth the while, when he would have none of me when I was small and helpless? Here is my real father." She bent and kissed the Colonel's head. "The Emperor is nothing to me. I care nothing for France."

The girl had been giving her listeners a series of electrical shocks, more unpleasant for being quite unexpected, but this topped them. Even Fitzgerald groaned. "Ah! Norah, my darling," he said, which was severe to Norah, from the Colonel. The Prince, from smiling confidence, grew pale. He had made a great effort. Could it be for nothing? One could see that he was exhausted. He looked about to faint as he lay back in his chair, and Alex poured quickly a glass of whiskey and water, so ill and worn was his face. It was Colonel Fitzgerald who cut short the nervous strain for them all.

"Norah, go to bed," he said. "Empress, or my little Norah, you need sleep. Gentlemen, you will get little good from further talk this evening. The night brings counsel, they tell me, and to-morrow morning we'll all be better able to give it and take it."

And within five minutes the Colonel, the last man up, was climbing the high, bare stairway, and Tim the butler was sleepily blowing out candles in the great darkening hall.

CHAPTER VII

"Miss Norah! Miss Norah!"

The name was called into every room of Castle Kilmorra next morning, and Tim the butler, and Kathleen, Norah's own maid, and half the other servants put their heads cautiously in, after excited rapping, at door after door of the big straggling place. But no Miss Norah. Then Dennis, who was second to none in guessing, ran down to the stables, and when he found Whirlwind gone, and Shamus O'Shaughnessy not to be seen, and Shamrock's stall empty besides, he walked back to his father with a straight report.

"Norah's out on Whirlwind, with Shamus on the Shamrock."

The Prince smiled sarcastically, and looked just a touch bored.

The poor Marshal eyed Colonel Fitzgerald in despair. Were founders of a dynasty and saviours of their country ever before called on to chase a hoyden girl about the country, to put a crown on her head? Was it this way Irish gentlemen brought up their daughters? What might be the next move? Michael Ney came to the rescue.

"May I have a horse, Colonel?"

The Colonel, half apologetic, half chuckling, was regarding his visitors with the air of a benevolent mastiff who has caught a couple of birds of paradise and doesn't know just what to do with them.

"Take the Saint and welcome, but it's little use, lad. No power can say what part of the country she's in by now. We'll just have to wait till her wild broth of a Highness chooses to come back again."

"I may happen to find her," said Michael. "I'll try my luck." And in ten minutes he was cantering down the avenue, with the sea shimmering through the trees at his left. For a while the road led along high cliffs; and up against their base, and into the tiny harbors here and there, the broad Atlantic was rolling its deep blue tide. Absorbed though he was in one thought, he stopped his horse at the point where his way turned from the ocean, to look at the wonderful view. Six hundred feet below him, in a little bay, lay two or three fishing-smacks, their sails flapping lazily against the masts. He could see the figures of the men as they passed back and forth at work on the decks, and their voices floated up to him softened by distance. Five miles beyond, around the turn of the bay, spread the group of little haggarts, or cottages, that were Scattery village, gay in the morning sunshine. But the eyes were absent through which, for weeks, he had looked at the loveliness of nature, and he put his heel into the Saint, swung sharply to

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the left, and galloped on into the country like a man who knows where he is going and the way there. Four or five miles he rode and then turned down a "boreen," or little lane, with tall, ragged hedges on either side. Through the breaks one could see that a ploughed field lay on the right, but on the left a very carpet of soft green turf. And now he heard voices, and he caught his breath, for one of them was the dearest on earth. But the first distinct words were in poor Shamus's rich Irish.

"Blessed Mary, Miss Norah, dear, don't be goin' to make me take that. 'Tis not for mesilf, but the poor mither of me when I'm brought back to her crippled for life an' dead. Ochone! Plaze, Miss Norah."

"Shamus, I'm mortified at you. Didn't I take it? Shame on you! Over, then!"

Michael heard a groan as of a man in extremity, then a rush down the turf, and he came out through a gap in the hedge just in time to see Shamrock and Shamus rise lightly over a five-foot wall, while Norah, holding Whirlwind back, watched critically.

"Be-eautiful! Beautiful, Shamus O'Shaughnessy," she cried. "You're really improving." Then as Michael rode up close beside her, she started a little at seeing him, but went on: "Isn't he improving? It's the highest bit of wall he's done yet." At this point Shamus, looking rather miserable, came up, after trotting around through the lane.

"Shamus, you're doing better. He's a terrible coward by nature, poor soul," she explained to Michael, "but I'm training him for it, and he's improving under treatment. Shamus, wouldn't you like to take the wall again, just to show Mr. Ney how brave you're growing?"

"No, plaze God, Miss Norah," said Shamus, shaking.

"Send him home," pleaded Michael; "I want to talk to you."

"That's odd," said Norah. "It's the first time you ever did." But she turned to the groom: "Go home, Shamus O'Shaughnessy. You're a good boy, but chicken-hearted. I shall not need you any more." And the lad, glad to escape from his adored but dreaded mistress, was off like a shot.

Before Shamrock's hoofs were through the gap in the hedge, Michael's hand was on Norah's, and he was looking down at her eagerly, proudly, hopelessly—his eyes were full of a dozen meanings. For a moment there was one of those silences that are remembered like words, like events. Then Norah spoke, tremblingly.

"How did you know I was here?"

"I knew," said Michael. "I think I could go straight to you if you were in the middle of China. I had to see you alone, and this chance came like a god-send. And now I must tell you—oh, how *can* I tell you?" he groaned.

"What is it you want?" asked Norah, simply, and smiled up at him with such a look—happy, proud, shy, all in one—that he groaned and bent over impetuously and kissed her hand as if he could never tear his lips away.

"What do I want? Only one thing on earth. You, Norah. I can think of nothing else. There's nothing else I care for at all. If you knew how wretchedly unhappy I've been all night—I didn't sleep a moment. To have found you, to have won you even, and then to give you up. O Norah, Norah!" He put his face against her shoulder like a child and held her hand tight to his mouth. Norah trembled a little, but sat still as a statue, looking straight forward, holding Whirlwind steady with little turns of her wrist.

"Do you mean—because of what they said last night?"

"Yes—oh, yes."

"Only because of that?"

Michael straightened himself and looked at her, the hand still held against him.

"Only? Of course, only that — but, child, isn't that enough? You are as far out of my reach as the sun. They would never think of letting you marry me."

"Well then, sir." Whirlwind stirred at last, and the hand drew away and she faced around toward him defiantly. "I'll tell you this, though maybe you'll think me bold and forward. I—I—" The voice died down and her eyes fell before his burning ones.

"Tell me, Norah. Tell me quick. It's so hard to wait." He put his hand on her shoulder, and then she raised her eyes bravely and spoke fast:

"Do you think I'd let a little thing like

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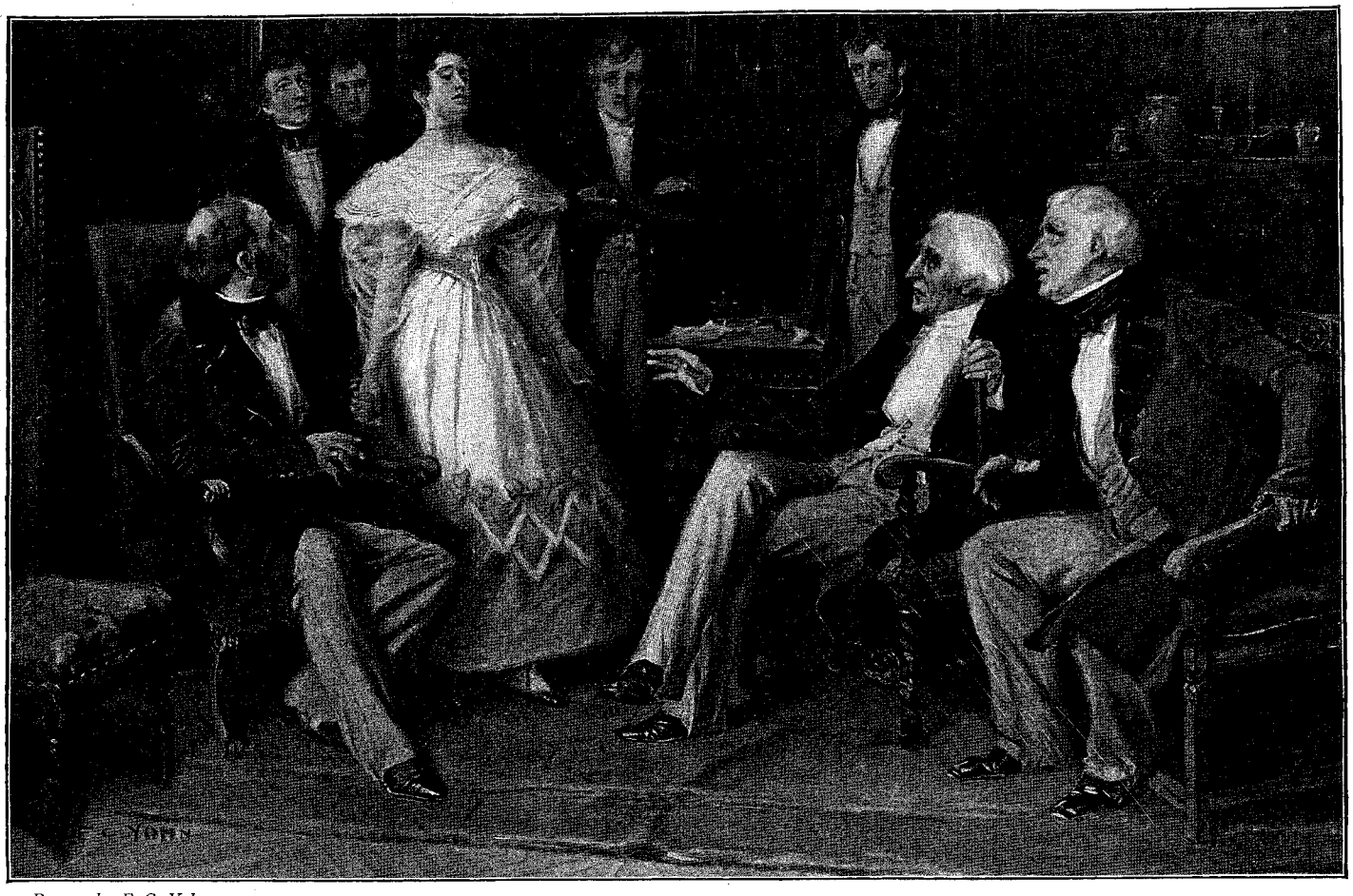

Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"The Emperor is nothing to me."—Page 423.

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that come between me and a great thing like—like—this?" She turned her head, and for a second her cheek lay on his hand.

It was a moment or two later that Michael said: "It's bitterly hard, but Norah, my Norah, I must give you up. I meant never to let you know this at all, that I—loved you. I shouldn't have loved you. I had no right."

"It would have been a poor sort of—love," said Norah, speaking the word softly, "that waited for leave to come."

"It is true," said Michael. "The love waited for no leave. It came before I knew it, and I couldn't have helped it if I had known. But I shouldn't have let you see it, Norah. The Prince and the Marshal trusted me. The leaders of the party in Paris trusted me. I was acting for France. It is necessary for my honor, as well as for my country, that I should give you up. Ah, if I had been strong enough not to let you see—if I had been the only one to be unhappy! It would have been far, far better. But now, poor child, you will suffer, too. Will you forgive me, Norah, for making you suffer? As soon as you are the Empress, dear, you will send me far away on some mission, and I shall serve you faithfully and love you always, but never come back to France until you have forgotten me, and I am strong enough to look at you calmly, and as I should look at my sovereign lady."

"Silly!" said Norah.

Michael laughed delightedly, through his grief. It enchanted him to have her bully him. But his face filled with sadness again at once. "It must be so," he said, "dearest, dearest."

"Listen a bit," said Norah, "you who do so much talking. Is it true that if I were Empress, they'd not let me—not let me—that I must marry someone of their choosing?"

"I'm afraid that's inevitably so with people as great as you will be, Norah."

"It would interest me to see them choose a man for me," said Norah, her soft lips compressed; and Michael laughed again. "And suppose I tell them there's only one man I'll have?" She looked up at him a little embarrassed, a little pale. "I mean old Lord Kilkenny," she added, with a quick, mischievous smile, and then gravely again, "But if I said that, what could they do?"

"They could make it impossible, Norah, absolutely impossible. It is so now. In our wildest dreams we can't think of belonging to each other, dear."

"It means this, then. If I'm Empress of France, I can't—I can't belong to you?"

"No—my dearest."

"Up, Whirlwind!" And before Michael could speak again, his Princess was vanishing down the road at such a rate that he and the Saint had much trouble to keep her in sight, and couldn't begin to catch her till Whirlwind saw fit to shorten his stride and let the poor, white Saint within parleying distance of his dancing black feet and his tossing black head.

"Those papers," said Norah, turning in the saddle and pulling Whirlwind in short as Michael came up, "the papers they were to show me — they'll do that to-day?"

"I suppose so."

"Don't let them," she said, "I can't have it. I won't talk about it to-day. I must think. If they try to make me talk, Whirlwind and I'll be off again, and you—" she flashed a smile up at him—"even you won't find us. To-night I'll talk to them, and I'll tell them what I've decided."

"But, Norah, my darling," said Michael, trembling but conscientious yet, "it is to-night you must start for Paris."

"Tell them, if I'm going, I will go to-night. And they're to have the papers to show me then. Remember."

"They are all here," said Michael. "I will tell them. I will see that they don't trouble you before to-night. You shall not need to run away again, Whirlwind." He put his hand on the horse's neck and looked down at the two, the spirited, alert, brilliant animal, and the girl who sat him, lightly, easily, perfectly, herself a poem of spirit, alertness, animation. It was there her beauty lay, more than in line or color. It was a fresh, young face, but uncommon only in the depth and power of the look from her dark gray eyes, and the charm, every moment changing, of her quick and eager responsiveness. Michael looked at her and was satisfied.

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CHAPTER VIII

THE fire burned unobtrusively in the great hall of Castle Kilmorra. "To-night is not our time," the logs seemed to say to each other in a crackling, comfortable undertone. "To-night it is summer, and the soft air comes in from the window just by us; but we stay here always at our post, waiting for a word from the lord of the castle; and when the winds begin to howl about the rock and the old walls, then, at his word, we leap into cheerful roars of red laughter, and go rushing up the chimney to defy the winter."

That seemed to be what the logs were saying, softly, steadily talking to each other. But nobody listened. Colonel Fitzgerald stood by the huge chimney, his tall sons standing near him, while, of his three guests, the Prince and the Marshal, the latter looking nervous and the former old and worn, sat near a table on which lay papers, and Michael Ney walked restlessly up and down, watching the door. No one tried to talk—all seemed absorbed in staring at the twilight sky and in listening to the waves that dashed up against the rock—Castle Rock—a hundred feet below. It was a broad, high window, and below, as you looked down, you saw nothing but water, for this part of the old house of the Fitzgeralds had been built two hundred years before, on the very edge of the great rock wall beneath it, that ran a quarter of a mile along the shore. From window to ocean was one sheer, plumb line. Only at the very base were a few ragged, big bowlders, and these the waves licked and dashed over so incessantly that they seemed but a part of the rough Atlantic Ocean, caught, petrified by the stone spirit of the castle some wild night long ago as they leaped in foam against the defiant walls.

Michael strode up and down; the Marshal drummed on the table; the Colonel gazed through the deep, open window. Talleyrand, throned in the large chair that had come to be called his, thought. His air was tranquil, disengaged. Yet his soul was not quite tranquil. His keen mind appreciated that, for all the apparent slightness of the obstacle to this affair that had seemed to them all so simple, their enterprise was in no small danger. He considered himself equal to it—oh, yes, he could yet control a girl, even Napoleon's daughter! but the effort was more than he expected, and he was old and a little tired. As nearly as might be, with his even temper and his life of careful training, he was irritated. He had posted all the way from London twice within a month; he had been at some pains to arrange the affairs of the embassy that nothing might suggest such a business as this before the time. He had exerted himself in several ways quite beyond his plans, and now, when his ship should be sailing in smooth waters and under balmy breezes, he found himself obliged to make further exertions. Carefully he considered the manner of them. On the whole, he concluded, it would be best to try sharpness, acidity, to cut into the steel of this young character so remarkably hard to influence. Sugar, it seemed, did not tempt her. One must then try wholesome medicine. He had seen wonders worked with a touch or two of his sarcastic tongue. But the trouble was, it must be done quickly. That boy at Schönbrunn, he might be dead now—the girl must be in Paris. Talleyrand would not see his plans fail for the vacillations of a child. Yes! He must be decided, he must even be—alas!—rough. So planned the old diplomat, with a look of gentle friendliness on his face. No one spoke. The fire gathered courage and snapped a loud sentence or two in the silence.

The door opened and Norah came in. At once the dead place was in life. The old Prince rose a little wearily and stood leaning on his cane, watching the young girl intently, not smiling as usual. Marshal Victor sprung to his feet, soldierly, stiff; Michael's restless step stopped short, his broad shoulders looming high and dark against the light as he faced toward her, breathless. Norah walked straight across the long room and stood by him, between him and the table; father and brothers, her old life, on one side, the men who would put her on a throne, the new, unknown life, on the other. Between the two her lover and herself.

There was a moment's grave stillness, and Norah placed her hand on the table, on the papers that were the only proofs of her strange history.

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"There is little to say," she began, and her tones, though clear and even, were low, "but it is hard to say it. Gentlemen, I have to tell you that I cannot go with you to-night. No, nor later. My decision is quite made. It would spare pain to us all could you believe at once that I shall not change."

Then the Marshal stood and thundered in his big voice that had the note of tragedy heard in most French voices.

"It is not that it can be thus, this. The nation, La France, it demands you. The armies of La France for their leader, for the blood of the great Emperor, wait; it must that you come. Rise, rise to the so great time! I, I, your soldier, your general, I, your army, will protect you. There is not of danger. Child of Napoleon, advance! Seize your right! Fear not the danger! Look to the *gloire!* Have not of fear—I—I—" The English language ran dry.

Norah looked at him, her eyes burning dark. "You do not understand me, Marshal," she said, gently. "I am not afraid of anything." And they all felt, looking at her with a thrill of admiration, that it was the bare truth.

"One sees, then, it is the spirit of her father, that which one hoped for, the same is the rock we split," groaned the Marshal.

"Mademoiselle, your Highness," said Talleyrand, from the great arm-chair, his head thrown back carelessly, his eyes, half-closed, gleaming at her. And at once every face, every eye was drawn toward that wonderful presence. Stronger than ever before Norah felt the power of his magnetism, though there was a new feeling of repulsion as she looked. She had never noticed before, she thought, with astonishment, how bitter his mouth was, how cold and hard his eyes. But the voice that had a certain sparkling quality, most uncommon, though it carried to-night fire and hail, ice and snow, was as low and restrained as always. "It is not often that high heaven forgets its dignity so far," the Prince was saying, and Norah felt the old eyes burning hers, "as to put a nation's safety into the hands of a young girl, and when it does, I should think that even high heaven," with a sneer, "must see the error. At this time it happens by an accident of birth that you have the power to do an enormous amount of harm. It is only natural, I suppose, considering your age and your sex, that your first instinct should be to do that harm. It is most unfortunate that you should happen to be of an importance quite out of proportion to your personal attributes, which are no doubt charming. It seems difficult to make you understand that it is not your inclinations that concern us, interesting as those may be. Whether or not you care to be an Empress of France is immaterial. You are, with all respect, a figure-head — understand that. I," he glanced at Victor, "I, and others who know how, will rule France. But the figure-head is absolutely necessary. We will have it — you. Understand me, Mademoiselle. We will have you. You may delay us a day—two days, but the end will be the same. You belong to us, and we will have you. Appreciate at once, and spare us further trouble, that France and Talleyrand are stronger than you."

The Marshal had this day been marked by fate to be a bull in a china-shop.

"Have the courage, Mademoiselle, *votre Majesté*," shouted he in thunder tones, still convinced that all Norah needed was large quantities of encouragement. "Have the courage of your illustrious *père!* Show now the will of Napoleon at us! Let not obstacles de-de-deflect. But let one see now that the power of the will of the mighty Emperor is—is to you!"

Norah's clear, full tones fell like a sharp line of sunlight through a storm-cloud. "I will show it, M. le Maréchal—M. le Prince. If I have the will of Napoleon, it is this way I will show it, that I will not be forced into doing what I choose not to do. I will not give up my life and my home and the man I love for a country, a cause that is nothing to me. I will not be an empress. I care nothing at all for glory and ambition. My life is my own. I will keep both—or give them to whom I choose. I do not believe that I am necessary to France. France will do very well without poor Norah Fitzgerald. I have decided."

Talleyrand, pale with exhaustion, stirred to a deeper anger than he had, perhaps,

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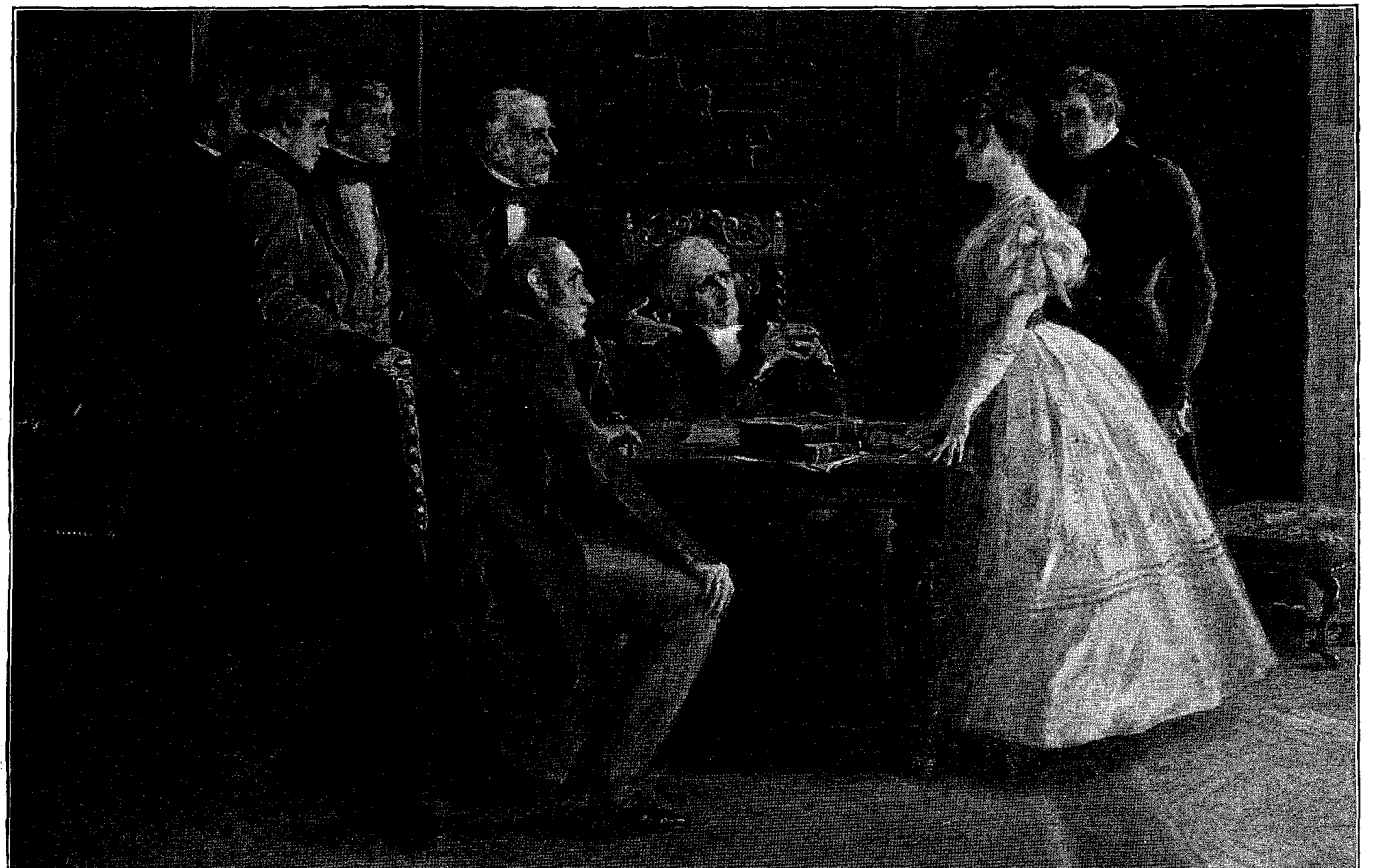

Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"Child of Napoleon, advance! Seize your right!"—Page 428.

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ever known before, but still unable to believe his ears, to accept defeat, still gallantly using his brain, his force, his every power to arrest this frightful landslide of failure, caught at one of the quick sentences that fell so rapidly upon each other.

"'The man you love,'" he quoted, with a smile that was not sweet. "I might have guessed so much. *Cherchez l'homme* is true at times also, then. I gather the interesting news that there is then a man whom you love, Mademoiselle, better than an empire?" He asked it, for all his polished bearing and his smooth tones, with a scarcely concealed sneer.

Michael started with anger at the biting tone, but, standing close by her in the deepening twilight, he felt her sway a bit toward him and a touch of her shoulder against his. It was almost more than he could do to keep his arms from folding around her when he heard her say, with an effort, tremblingly, courageously, "There is a man—whom I love better—than an empire."

Then she seemed suddenly to feel the packet of papers under her fingers.

"It is these that are the proofs of my identity?"

The Prince, his blood chilling, thinking, planning fast, his philosophy trembling in face of this maddening threatening of defeat, paid little attention to the question. "It is these, Mademoiselle," he answered curtly, not looking at her.

"Without these you would be powerless to put me on the throne?" She asked it of the Marshal this time.

"But yes, your Highness," the Marshal said, seeing no object in this side issue, but concluding that the mysterious feminine mind, all-wonderful, all-difficult to follow, was approaching negotiations again from another point of the compass. "But yes, your Highness. Those papers there, so little, it is they that without what one could not make your Highness the Emper—Impératrice. It is impossible. It is that it is your throne you hold at the hand."

Norah turned, the eyes of all seven men following her with masculine deliberateness. The window-sill was low. In the stillness one could hear the waves dashing high, for the wind had risen, against the Rock. In a second she stood in the deep embrasure, and with one toss of her hand the priceless papers were flying far out through the air into the ocean.

The throne of Louis Philippe that had swayed in the balance was saved to the bourgeois monarch; a new line of sovereigns had ended before its beginning; a woman had dared to put aside the schemes, the plots, the feverish desires of hundreds of men, "with their triumphs and their glories and the rest," and with clear eye and steady hand had placed love above ambition and power.

Then she turned back again quietly and faced them, her head high, her look calm.

"The throne of France is no longer held in my hand or in yours," she said.

And as she stood in the breathless silence, dark against the dark sky, Michael's towering head close by hers, the door opened at the farther end of the great hall and Tim the butler brought in the lights.

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TO THOSE WHO HAVE GONE BEFORE

By Margaret Crosby

Decorations by James Preston

Before a hundred shrines I incense burn;
With living love my lot seems to abound.
I smile, work, sleep and live the daily round
Of present life with seeming unconcern.
Yet closelier seek the truth and thou shalt learn,
Beside this life another life is found,
Whose vast and trackless depths I may not sound,
Whose heights I may not scale and here return.
Where soft wind blows that bears upon its air
Presage of Love Supreme, that woundeth not.
And Holy Ones once worshipped here are there.
And turning from my present earthly lot,
I cry—"I love you! you are real, are fair!
O think not that I ever have forgot."

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TOMMIE OHLSEN'S WESTERN PASSAGE

By James B. Connolly

ALONG the rocky shores of old Cape Ann an easterly gale was stirring. In from the sea by way of the Point, across the harbor, and through the streets of Gloucester it moved boisterously. Up on the hill it sent unfastened blinds aswirling, jarred bricks from unstable chimneys, and eventually forced all the old ladies with the shawls to draw in their heads, slam down the window-sashes, and protest with tight lips and shaking heads that not for some time yet would it be safe for a body to venture out—no indeed, not even if the glass was arisin'. Down along the wharf-front it whistled through halyards, stays, and the unclewed tops'ls of vessels in the docks, and from the more lofty roofs picked up and skied to the clouds everything that was not made fast with at least a double hitch. The most heavenward structure down that way, the observation-tower of the fish-syndicate, shook and bent as if it were no more than a church-steeple, and the very top of the tower, the "Crow's Nest," swayed in a way to suggest to one imaginative inmate the snapping of a whip, and to another, this one even more imaginative possibly, the evolutions, as he put it, of a burgee to the main truck. It was a northeast gale from Newfoundland to Cape Cod, the Weather Bureau said, with some minor wrecks along the coast.

Up in Crow's Nest they read all the weather reports, but it took more than weather reports to disturb their peace of mind. They knew that a fleet of distressed coasters had come bumping into the harbor over night for refuge, and that a string of storm-flags was still flying from the roof of the Custom-house—they could see all that and a lot more from their aerie, but they were not worrying particularly up in Crow's Nest. It was too bad, of course, about the coasters, but coasters and fishermen weren't the same—not by a blame sight, not by a ding-blame sight—not meaning any disrespect to the coasters. And as for the storm-flags, a lot of wind out to sea was no reason that there'd be lives lost on the Banks. Wind, just plain wind, never hurt anybody. And this was only a summer gale anyway, and it was able vessels and able seamen sailing out of Gloucester. This breeze might give the passengers on ocean-liners something to talk about on winter-nights for a few years after they got back to the prairies again, but good Lord! there were skippers out of Gloucester who, if they happened to be in a hurry home, wouldn't bother to reef for this—no, sir, wouldn't stop to reef, but keep her coming all the way. Lord, yes, keep her coming all the way.

They were doing very well up in Crow's Nest this tempestuous morning. With a fine drying fire in the stove, and under the stove a new level of fresh, inviting sawdust, with what looked like a sufficiency of tobacco in sight and what appeared to be a disposition to pass it around, with hatches drawn and a new tin-patch on the roof—with all tight and dry and snug, why shouldn't they be doing well? The storm without seemed only to better the humor of those within. They hearkened to the roaring of the gale outside, and they all began to feel as if they had just come off watch—a hard watch in the thick o' fog, with sheets straining and seas breaking over her quarter—and bathed in the glow that comes of that kind of thinking and wrapped twice around in the belief, on this particular morning, that in all Gloucester their quarters were not to be improved upon, could they be feeling otherwise than comfortable up in Crow's Nest?

The helpers, who clung to the locker-seats like barnacles, felt to the full the measure of all this comfort. Blissfully they sat and smoked and spat toward the outlying parts of the box of sawdust. To be sure, they did have their little troubles. Every little while, in obedience to "Old Peter's" voice of authority, somebody or other would have to detach himself from his position on the locker and stand his

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watch. With a lingering motion that suggested something of the tenacious love of a periwinkle for a low-water rock, the commanded one would tear himself off, make his way to the port-hole, take a look out, and report to old Peter, the one man there who drew pay, and who, sitting in his easy-chair with his feet on the edge of the sawdust-box in the centre of the room and his back to the seaward-side should have been enjoying the greatest comfort of all. He should have been, it would seem, but for an hour now the volunteers had reported nothing but mist and whitecaps out to sea, and Peter was getting nervous. The picture of the catastrophe, if one of the firm's vessels should steal in unreported, photographed itself on his mind so frequently that he felt impelled at length to ease his nerves, even at the risk of slightly wounding the feelings of an aide-de-camp or two of his staff. "With this gale behind 'em," said Peter, by way of breaking more gently to them his very low estimate of their worth as look-outs —"with this gale behind 'em, it seems to me there ought to be some of the fleet comin' along soon. In a breeze of this kind, the fairest kind of a wind to the east'ard, and enough of it to suit the most desp'rate sail-carriers out of Gloucester, they oughter be comin' along like a drove of wild horses pretty soon, don't you think? Anyway, maybe I'd better take a look for myself. No offence meant; but you lads brought up ashore, you haven't the eyes for it quite—not quite. And you're gettin' to love your comfort too well. Anyway, I callate I'd better take a look for myself."

He rose regretfully, stuffed his pipe into his pocket, and had a look for himself.

What he saw, off-shore, was a tumble of long seas and a field of scud flying before the gale in many patches; and, inshore, the swift advance of many lines of bold-marked ridges piling high in a green-white tumult above the rocks of the Cape. He viewed them calmly, as a man who has fought them views them—to sea, the crested, sweeping waves and the flick-lashing of the wind whipping over them; and along the rocky shore, the bold rollers tumbling over, piling up, and crashing high, and the wake of the fierce under-tow swirling back again. He watched it for a while, this play of the sea, not alone that little part of the sea almost beneath him, but also that greater part far out from him, and then took note of the sky above; not near so thick massed now were the clouds, as when he had last looked out, an hour ago, nor driving so turbulently, and yet they were still flying with great speed. "They'll be gone by noon," thought Peter, "and we'll walk home to dinner with the sun shining through again, or I don't know."

Musing thoughtfully over that, he drew his pipe from his pocket and struck a match. The match sputtered and went out. He lit a second, and then—then it was he saw her. Waiting for the second match to blaze, and looking unpreparedly out through the port-hole, but with an habitual watchfulness withal, his keen old eyes saw her. A shaft of sunlight breaking prematurely through the thinning clouds struck her and lit her up, just as his eyes happened to rest on the right spot, and he saw her—a flash of a handsome fisherman, long and narrow—black hull that shone and gold stripe that glittered. Jumbo, jib, fore, main, and both topsails—in his admiration he noted every sail of her, as might any landsman who had never learned to take in hull and rig entire, the whole thing at a glance. "By the Lord, but she's an able vessel!" breathed Peter, "and her skipper, whoever he is, is a-sockin' it to her. Drive her, drive her, God bless you, drive her. Two tops'ls! By the Lord, but you're the lad to get her home—drive her!"

Unconsciously he had spoken the last few words aloud, and now the whole room was at his shoulder. It took such an announcement to wake them up. "Two tops'ls did you say? In this breeze? Where?—where?"

"Look," answered Peter, with an indicating arm. "Look. See her now? Where's the glasses? Maybe I c'n make her out." He looked, and knew her. "It's the Nannie O, by the Lord! See her now?" They looked and saw her. They did not know her from any other vessel, but they saw the low, black hull with all the white sail. Tearing around the Point she was then, with her lee catheads just showing out of water.

"Are you sure that's the Nannie,

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Peter?" inquired a doubting one at his shoulder. "Are you sure? Wasn't it only yesterday some skipper reported leaving her seven or eight hundred miles to the east'ard only a few days ago and she not ready to leave for two or three days. Somewhere up on the Grand Banks she was then—last Thursday, I think it was—and not goin' to leave for two or three days—and now only Tuesday. That skipper got in only yesterday afternoon, Peter, and he made a pretty fair passage himself, they said."

"Hush," chided Peter, "there's passages and passages. It's Tommie Ohlsen himself. Ain't he a dog though? Four lowers and two tops'ls, his deck awash to the hatches, two men to the wheel and the rest of the crew huggin' up under the weather-rail—yes, and glad they're so near home, I'll bet. Only yesterday afternoon, Wallie Manning—the Cleopatra—in from a shackin' trip—it's him what one o' you meant, I s'pose—Wallie reports the Nannie seven hundred and fifty mile to the east'ard and not goin' to leave afore Saturday night. 'Any message?' says Wallie to Tommie—'any message?' 'Nothin' particular,' says Tommie. 'Might tell the old man, when you get in, he might be gettin' a new fore-gaff ready for the Nannie. This one we got now went to hell on the way out—fixed it up as well as we could, but if we has to jibe her over again all standin' something's liable to happen to the Nannie if it comes thick and there's rocks under our lee goin' home. Main topm'st a little sprung, but we c'n make that go a while longer, I callate.' 'And when will you be leavin' for home?' asks Wallie. 'Not afore Saturday night at dark, anyway,' says Tommie. 'We'll fish the week out, anyway. If we have good luck we'll swing her off Saturday night. If the wind's fair and we have any luck fishin'—Saturday night, but not before,' says Tommie. 'Good-by. Report me to the wife, if you happen to go by the house,' and he waves his hand to Wallie as the Cleopatra goes shootin' by.

"So Saturday night he must've sailed and here it's only Tuesday morning. Two days and three nights, and seven hundred and fifty miles, I s'pose we c'n say, he's come. I'll bet there was some draggin' of sail on the Nannie comin' home. Two men to the wheel to hold her, the deck jumpin', if I know Tommie, and life-lines out maybe and himself with his arm hooked into the main-riggin' all the way home. Maybe I that's sailed with him don't know."

"The wind must've been fair all the way," hazarded somebody over by the stairs, "when she made such good time."

"Fair enough if it's the same way to the east'ard as it's been here at Cape Ann the last three or four days. Tommie wouldn't want it any fairer than this. It oughter suited Tommie like a fish on every hook—abaft the beam and plenty of it. That's what pleases Tommie, wind anywhere along there—abaft the beam—over the quarter. Man, I mind how pleased he was that time we put into that Norwegian port up to the no'the-'ard just afore we left for home that summer, after Tommie 'd made that long cruise for new halibut-grounds. Went clear up to Spitzbergen afore he stopped that trip. The Lord knows how many thousand miles we sailed the Nannie that trip. I know we got about's far as some of them North Pole hunters ever gets. At eighty north I know we was ketchin' halibut, but the ice chased us south again. The Nannie O warn't no polar-boat, you see, full of solid beams inside and with grub for about four hundred men and dogs for four hundred year, and so Tommie flew before the ice, and that's the time he put into this Norwegian port. What was the name of it now?—ha? Christiansund? No, not Christiansund — I mind Christiansund, where you shoot in the harbor at one end and out the other. 'Twas away farther north than that. Stamsund? No, I mind that, too. No, not Ellingsund, but some name like that. Anyway, up that way it was—some sund port up there to the no'the-'ard. Tommie, you know, was born somewhere up in Norway in one of them sort of bays—fjords they calls 'em—up near them cod-fishing islands, the Lofodens. But he came away from there so early that it didn't leave any bad effects. You know what I mean. There's some able fishermen up there, let me tell you, but they don't have the vessels nor the gear we have. There's where they go out in open boats no bigger than one of our seine-boats—not so big sometimes—with

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just one square sail in the middle and they can't hug no nearer than six points to the wind, though in their national pride, as you might say, they'll tell you they c'n get within five points and sometimes four points, which is fool-talk on the face of it. For with one square sail in the middle of her and no keel to amount to anything and loose rock in the bottom for ballast, how could they? Anyway, out they go, and in the winter, too, fifty or sixty miles off shore, and of course they sometimes get caught, a lot of 'em, and don't come back. I see by the paper the other day where a hundred of 'em was lost lately in one gale.

"Now Tommie was brought up to that when he was a little boy, and when he comes over this side, why he was just ripe for Gloucester. He learned fast. You c'n just imagine how a big fast able Gloucester schooner would hit a Norwegian boy who'd been having to go out and ketch fish in open boats. Anyway, he warn't fishing out o' Gloucester many years afore he begins to get ideas about things, being a husky, intelligent lad and not scared of anything that ever came out the sea. He got chances with the best skippers out o' Gloucester. He got a lot of ideas about carryin' sail 'specially. One thing he got good and hard into his head was that a real skipper never takes in his mains'l while anybody else in sight's got one standing. And when he did get that into his head—an' you know how the right kind of a boy'll go the limit to be as good as somebody he admires—well when Tommie after fishin' with half a dozen of the craziest sail-carriers out of here, when he'd been with them a while and then gets a vessel of his own, why it got so that men with families used to talk it over on the corner afore they shipped with Tommie. Of course, Tommie had sort of soaked in the atmosphere, as you might say, by that time.

"Well, this time I'm telling about he was in what I call the proper temper to try some sail-carryin'. The few years he'd been skipper up to a while afore this he'd been in old plugs, but, beginnin' to do pretty well, the firm built him the Nannie O, and Tommie cert'nly thought he was fixed then. And he had a right to think he was, for if ever an able vessel sailed past Eastern Point it was the Nannie O in her young days. And he did love that vessel! Man, but I mind how his eyes used to shine every time he took a look at her. 'Ain't she able-lookin'?' he'd say, and look around to see that everybody else thought so, too. Even now, looking at her coming in the harbor, you don't have to look twice to see she's an able vessel. And if she's able now, think what she must've been afore she was druv to death. She's got iron hoops around under now from chain-plates to chain-plates, fore and aft, to hold her together, and the signs are on her where she spits out her oakum reg'larly. But this time I'm telling you she was only two year old, and able!—able, I'm telling you, able as Tommie himself, and Tommie is able. I've seen him, when I was on the Nannie O, take a buoy-line and throw the bight of it around the main-boom—the best manila line, mind—thick as a clothes-line, I'm telling you shore-people, if there's any here—and pull on that with one finger—the long finger of his right hand—a steady pull, mind, and no trick-work, just a steady pull, and break it. I call that an able man, and that's what Tommie did and c'n do to this day—and he's getting old now, too."

"How old, Peter?" asked one of the kind that must always have the details of things.

"O Lord, I dunno. I mean old for his age. Lord, he's got just as much fire now as ever he had. You just try to cross his bows once and see. But, anyway, he had the fire in him this time. He was the right age, I call it, for a man to like to take chances—in the middle thirties—not too long married, and restless as a cat if he was so much as a week away from home. He cert'nly was restless that trip—kept things jumping! If you'd only seen the way he drove into that port in Norway—a heavy no'therly gale. We threw her into the wind just long enough to pick up the pilot—I remember him just as well—a big lad all oiled up, and I mind how we gaffed him over the rail like a big, broad-backed halibut, with the salt water runnin' off him. He could talk pretty good English, this lad, like a lot of them Norwegian pilots, and he begins to talk as soon's he found the

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deck under his feet. First he sings out to take in tops'ls and reef the mains'l. It'd done you good to seen him wave his hands and give his orders. 'You will drown,' says he.

"Drown a dog-fish!" says Tommie. "The Nannie O's carried her tops'ls to here, and I callate she'll carry 'em a few miles farther."

"But she cannot."

"But she can," says Tommie.

"Then I will not—will not—take the responsibility," says the pilot.

"Then you needn't. Who in the name of creation asked you to?" says Tommie. "All you got to do is to stand by and pick out the buoys, an' bime-by collect your fees, and I'll tend to the handlin' of her."

It was blowing a livin' gale, mind, in from the no'the-'ard, and Tommie druv her in for this queer-named port with four lowers and two tops'ls like you see him comin' past the whistlin' buoy now if you look out the port-hole. There was one of them tourist steamers we passed on the way—one of them big steamers that'd been up to see the midnight sun, I s'pose, and the passengers was huddled up on deck and watchin' us. I mind how some of 'em pulled out their handkerchiefs and waved 'em at us. Oh, but Tommie liked that!

"We oughter have our flag to the main peak," he says, "to show 'em what she is." He looks aloft to see in his mind how the flag'd look, and the more he looks aloft the more ideas he gets. "Yes, and the balloon and stays'l to her—she'd stand it. I know she'd stand it. She's able for it, I know," he says, and he looks up at her top-sticks—they was bending then like to whips and some of us was having a cold chill to think he'd try it. But he shakes his head at last. "'Twouldn't be seamanlike, would it? It'd be like putting on airs, bein' so close to port. Wouldn't it, Peter?" he says, turnin' to me, though he didn't gen'rally ask for advice, and I said it cert'nly would.

We was getting into the harbor then, which was the other side of an opening about forty feet wide, where the ends of the two quays didn't quite come together. It was a nice little harbor inside, but crowded this time with all kind of craft, all in from the gale.

"Is there room, do you think, Skipper?" I says when we began to get pretty near.

"Oh, we oughter be able to squeeze in," says Tommie.

"You must not, you must not," says the pilot. He'd been a sort of a passenger since we'd got the channel fixed in our minds, but now he was comin' to life again—assertin' his authority like. "You must not, you must not," he says, speakin' up to Tommie.

"Hush," says Tommie.

"But I won't take the responsibility," says he.

"I'll take it off you," says Tommie.

"But I'm pilot," says he.

"But I'm skipper," says Tommie.

"But you must not," says he.

"Mustn't hell!" says Tommie, gettin' mad. "Let her swing," he says to me at the wheel. "Give the Nannie O a full and let her roll!" And through the passage she went flyin' and the waves from under her bows went up against the quays like she was an ocean-liner hooked up.

And when she got in! On the deck of every vessel in the harbor they crowded to see who was the strange schooner comin' in carryin' her tops'ls when everything under sail that day had come in with what they had in the way of lower sails reefed down. Tommie went to the wheel himself and, man, you ought've seen him shoot her! Up she came, and whing! My soul, I thought she'd go another quarter-mile the way he slammed her into the wind! And she would have, only just in time he sings out and cl-i-i-nk! over goes the anchor, and whr-r-r— down comes jibs and fores'l, and there we was all standin'. Our mains'l was shakin' in the wind wild as could be and the reef-points on it crackin' like a hundred whips, but there we was sure enough right in the middle of them all, with their eyes poppin' out at us. "Break out her flag to the main peak and let 'em know what country this one's from," says Tommie. And we flies our big, new ensign, and in a second, from half a dozen steamers 'round us and four or five steam-yachts—if there was one I'll bet there was a hundred people, men and women, flashed out little American flags on sticks and waves 'em up and down like crazy people. Warn't we surprised though?

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There was a big steam-yacht almost alongside us, and "from what port do you hail?" sings out a fellow from the bridge of her.

"Gloucester," sings out Tommie, with his face flushin' and his eyes shinin' out through the rain and salt water drippin' from his face.

"By God!" sings out the steam-yacht fellow, "I knew it, I knew it—only a Gloucester fisherman would do it or could do it. Come aboard, won't you, Captain, and have dinner with me?"

"There's twenty-two of us all told," says Tommie, kind of remindin' him like.

"All right," says the steam-yacht lad—he was game all right, "come aboard, the twenty-two of you," and we went aboard half an hour later, all but the cook, who'd been sent ashore for grub and the letters, and we had dinner in the cabin of the millionnaire's yacht.

Well, we was at that dinner, when the talk of yachts and fishermen came up. Tommie'd been telling of some sailin' done by Gloucester fishermen—some fast passages from the Banks mostly. Of course, he didn't forget to tell a few things about his own Nannie O, while he was about it. One of them Valkyries—some of you here that's always talkin' yachtin'll remember—one of 'em was just then comin' over to race for the America's cup off Sandy Hook.

"Now, how do you think you'd make out with her?" asks this millionnaire—a sugar-millionnaire he was, I think. "How would your vessel and the Valkyrie make out in a race?"

"An ocean-race?" asked Tommie.

"Yes," he answers.

"We wouldn't have to wet our rail," says Tommie.

"How do you make that out?" asks the yachting fellow.

"How else could it be in an ocean-race?" says Tommie. "We're built for heavy weather and yachts ain't. They're aloominum, or some other queer metal, that's about as thick as a coat o' spar-varnish, and we're three-inch oak. They race a vessel about four times and then have to break her up for old junk, while with us, it's eight or ten years afore a vessel gets real loose—loose so the men have to wear rubber-boots in the fore-hold. No, sir, aloominum and three-inch oak ain't the same thing. No, sir, the Nannie was built to stay to sea in North Atlantic winters, and in the worst part of the North Atlantic—the shoals where the fish feeds; but these yachts, so far's I c'n see—they're built 'bout as stiff as window-sashes, and they do most of their cruisin' in sight o' land. Of course they do sometimes cross the ocean—I know that—but Lord, the care they take when they do! And at home, if it looks bad, they're forever runnin' to a harbor. Now," says Tommie, "imagine what they'd say of a fisherman in Gloucester if he was to up anchor and come home every time he saw a breeze making. S'pose he could get in every time, though of course he couldn't, for he'd be caught away offshore, two or three or four hundred miles or more sometimes. But s'pose he did spend his time dodgin' gales? He'd do a lot of fishin', wouldn't he? And he'd get a lot of men to ship with him, wouldn't he? So our vessels must be built strong. And in an ocean-race now"—Tommie shook his head, sad-like, to think what Gloucester fishermen misses for not gettin' chances in ocean-races.

"Do you mean to say that you would race your vessel against the Valkyrie—say across the ocean?" asks the yachting sharp, after studyin' Tommie awhile.

"Race the Nannie against the Valkyrie across the ocean?" Tommie looks at the steam-yacht lad like he was somethin' queer came up in the trawls. "Why, if I thought the Nannie O couldn't beat any blessed yacht of her length afloat across the Western Ocean, I'd sell her for a wood-carrier to some Nova Scotia trader—on my life I would. Race her against the Valkyrie across the ocean? Why 'twould be a sin and a shame—why, don't you know these cup-challengers goes over under storm-sail and we've got everything in God's world to put on the Nannie?"

"But if it is light weather, wouldn't she have sail enough to creep along as fast as a fisherman and——"

"Would she creep along?" says Tommie. "And do you callate the Nannie can't waltz along in moderate weather, a nine or ten knot breeze now—what?"

"And if it comes heavy weather," goes

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on the yachting chap, to finish up his argument, "she'll have sail enough, anyway."

Tommie brought his fist down on the table at that, the dishes rattlin' against each other like ten-pins. "The Lord forgive you, but can you, a man that knows enough about the sea to be runnin' a big steam-yacht like this—can you imagine a breeze when I'd be keepin' only storm-sail on the Nannie if I was racin' her? This vessel of mine is a Gloucester fisherman that was built to go halibutin'—to go halibutin', man. Look here, now, when does this Valkyrie leave for America?" Tommie was ready to explode.

"Oh, but you couldn't start with her on even terms," says the yachting lad, "because she's due to leave England to-day. That's what put me in mind of her. She's to leave Plymouth to-day, and that's a thousand, yes twelve hundred miles, nearer America than this place is."

"To-day?" says Tommie. "That's too early. I want to go ashore and send a letter or two home—maybe telegraph the owners. But to-morrow, now—we'll sail to-morrow. We're bound home, anyway. We only put in here to get grub and ice and water and send letters home. What time to-day will this yacht sail?"

"I don't know exactly. Along in the middle of the day some time."

"Well, let's average it up and call it twelve o'clock," says Tommie. "Now, to-morrow at noon I swings the Nannie O off for Gloucester. I'll give that Valkyrie her ten or twelve hundred mile start, and if I don't beat her across the Western Ocean—ten or twelve hundred mile and all—then you c'n call my vessel any kind of a name you want. Put the Nannie's whole sail to her storm-sail to offset the thousand-mile start. We'll sail the Nannie to Gloucester and they'll sail the Valkyrie to New York. Gloucester may be a couple of hundred mile nearer than New York. But she'll have a thousand miles on us then—which don't matter. Good-by," says Tommie. "I'm goin' aboard to see what the cook's got for the passage, but to-morrow at twelve you give us your whistle and we'll up jibs and off for Gloucester—and bime-by we'll see."

"If you beat her," says the millionnaire, "I'll give you something handsome for the sport of it."

"Never mind the something handsome," says Tommie. "But I'll reach the other side before that bloody English yacht, or sink the Nannie O."

"Hooray!" says the steam-yacht lad, "and here's to"—he fills the glasses all around—"What will we drink to now? Come now, Captain, a toast—what'll we drink to?"

"Plenty wind," says Tommie.

And we got plenty wind. We never waited till next day. We goes aboard, Tommie gets a letter from the cook, reads it two or three times, jumps on deck all at once, says, "Break her out," and we turned to. It was blowin' then worse than when we came in. The steam-yacht lad was there on the bridge in his rain-coat. "I say, Captain, but you're not going to start to-day?" he hollers out to Tommie.

"Why not—ain't this the day?" Tommie hollers back. We were heaving on the anchor then, and Tommie looks around. We all looks around. We thought maybe that word had come that the Valkyrie'd been delayed.

"Think of the risk, the needless risk," says the yachting-sharp.

"Risk?" says Tommie, "risk with the Nannie O? The Lord forgive you, you don't know her."

She was beginning to pay off then, with Tommie at the wheel, and the millionnaire lad walking aft to keep up the talk. He sings out, "Can I cable any message to the other side for you—to the owners, say, to let them know you are coming?"

"The owners—no," says Tommie. "But hold on—I nigh forgot—you might telegraph my wife and tell her I'm on the way home."

"All right. What'll I say?"

"Just say," says Tommie, "'Comin' home,' and sign it 'Tommie.' Just 'Comin' home, Tommie,'—just like that. And send it to Mrs. Captain Tommie Ohlsen, Gloucester."

"Nothing more, Captain?"

"Nothing more," says Tommie.

"But won't I say you're going to hurry? Maybe she'd like to know you're hurrying."

"Good Lord!" says Tommie. "She'll know that without writing it down," and he puts the wheel down and swings the Nannie off, and bangs her out the harbor.

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So out we goes and from then on we had it. None of you here have been through it—that I know—one of them crazy drivers of skippers making a passage. Some of you, maybe, have heard how they come from the Banks that way, six or eight hundred or a thousand miles, nothin' but a high sea to the lee quarter and a roarin' wake all the way. Well, cert'nly we had it across the Western Ocean that time—four thousand miles, or forty-two hundred I think they said it was from that Norwegian port to Gloucester. Well, we had it—four thousand and odd mile o' sea rushin' by, with two men lashed to the wheel, life-lines out, and hatches battened most of the time, everybody on deck hangin' on to something, the lee rail buried gen'rally and once in a while her sheer-poles going under. Day in and day out we had it, the wind singin' through her rigging, boom-jaws creaking, the planks in her deck quiverin', and her mast-heads strainin'. Four thousand and odd mile o' that—it was enough to drive a man crazy. There was some of the gang took to their bunks that passage just to get away from the strain of it—hauled the blankets over their heads so's they wouldn't have to listen to the everlastin' singin' up on deck. Yes, sir, from her trucks to her keel she was groanin'. But Tommie !—Lord, he enjoyed every foot of that passage. He'd stand on the quarter over by the main rigging, or maybe sometimes aft by the corner of the house for a change. He'd be lookin' for'ard the length of her or over the rail and then up. "Lord," he'd say, "but ain't she able, the Nannie ! And ain't she beau-ti-ful ?—she's cert'nly an able dog, this one !" And he'd shake his head and smile at whoever was to the wheel, and if whoever was to the wheel didn't say she was beautiful and able—if he didn't speak right up and say she was the ablest vessel he ever stood on—and the most beautiful—if he didn't speak right up, he'd get nothing but black looks from Tommie for the rest of his watch, for Tommie cert'nly loved the Nannie. All he studied that passage was how to keep more sail on her—he did most of his sleeping in the daytime so he could watch her better at night. "It's at night a fisherman gains," he'd say. "Any vessel at all c'n sail in the daytime, but it takes a fisherman to do her best sailin' at night." And of course that's so. Everybody knows if you leave sail on your vessel all night she'll make great gains afore mornin'—that is, if the other fellow is careful and takes some of his off. The way the Nannie'd come along in the dark—ten, eleven, and twelve knots—it warn't nothin'. Thirteen, fourteen—yes, and fifteen knots it was sometimes. The Nannie just eat 'em up, and Tommie walking the deck all night keepin' the sail to her and watchin' her. Whenever he was ready to turn in—he slept about three hours in twenty-four all the way across—the last thing he'd say afore his head went down the cabin steps'd be, "Keep the sail on her and call me if it moderates." Most skippers I sailed with used to say afore they turned in to call 'em if it breezed up, but Tommie used to say to call him if it moderated. Though we wouldn't need to call him even then. If ever she stopped her leapin' for two minutes he could feel the change in his sleep. Her gettin' back on a more even keel used to roll him away from the lee corner of his bunk, I s'pose, and in another minute he'd be on deck.

There was an ungodly big stays'l Tommie was forever wantin' to see on the Nannie, and I mind we must've been half-way across one day, when he took it into his head that the Nannie'd look perfectly beautiful with that stays'l up there between the topm'sts. That was the day he put her under the nose of the big liner. Wait till I tell you about the liner. "Here's one of them English liners comin', and I know they'll be watching us," Tommie said when he first sighted her, "and we might's well show 'em how an American vessel c'n sail." So up goes the stays'l. From her trucks half-way to the deck it came, and it about filled all the space fore and aft between the masts. The whole crew had to bear on the after sheet to get it flat enough to suit Tommie, and then, when we couldn't do any more with it by straight fore-and-aft haulin', he has us run a piece of line up and down from a ring bolt under her rail to across the sheet, and we all swayed on that again. You wouldn't think a man in mid-ocean would bother with the fine points o' sailin', especially when there was plenty wind as it was. But Tommie did,

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and you'd better believe that sheet was some flat when we got through with it. Tommie looks for'ard—the Nannie was most buryin' herself afore he put the stays'l on her at all,—but with the stays'l on her, why, she was sailin' pretty much on her side. "My soul, Skipper!" says Albert Frazer to the wheel with me—both of us fast to the wheel, me to the wind'ard and with a line to the starboard bitt, and him to looard with a line to the port bitt—"My soul, Skipper! if that don't take the spars out of her it'll cert'nly throw her down," says Albert. "Hush, boy," says Tommie, "hush, boy—not the Nannie." And he looks aloft. "But she do look beau-ti-ful with that stays'l, don't she?" And he looks aloft again, and then ahead to the liner. "And here's the liner comin'. I'll bet they're sayin' aboard her now, 'By the Lord, but there's an able vessel!' and pointing their glasses at us, I'll bet, and wonderin' who we are." He'd hardly got that out, standin' back by the corner of the house just the other side of me, when qu-r-r—and the Nannie shivered. Qu-r-r—it came again, and she takes a lurch, and over on her side she went. The three of us aft, the Skipper, Albert, and myself, was taken off our feet. Me and Albert bein' lashed, was all right—we stayed aboard. I was slammed over the wheel-box, and Albert into the lee scuppers, but the Skipper, not bein' lashed to anything, he goes over the rail. I didn't see him goin', bein' almost drowned myself, but when I looked up he was gone. I hollers, and in a second Albert hollers back. "All right," he says, and there he was with just a hold of the Skipper's wrist, and the Skipper ahold of the rail, but bein' dragged under the Nannie's overhang. 'Twas nothing but his awful grip saved him. The fingers of one hand hung onto the rail all the time. That awful strength in them wrists and fingers of his saved him. Did I tell you how he could part a buoy-line pulling by one finger? Yes? Well, he climbs aboard. "By the Lord," says he, "but there's the devil's own suction under that overhang." And that's all the thought he gives it. We was worryin' then about the Nannie—afraid she was goin' to roll clean over, and stay over maybe—but no. Just as the Skipper climbs back over the rail she stops rollin' down, and the Skipper, grabbin' the wheel quick, she begins to come up fine. She was all right again in about two minutes, but her rails was hardly beginnin' to show signs of raisin' again afore the Skipper begins to talk again. "Quite a squall that, Skipper," I says. "Squall? 'Twarn't a squall did that, Peter. An unlucky sea, an unlucky sea, Peter." He wouldn't give in, d'y'see, that them sails was too much for the Nannie. "If 'twas any other vessel," he goes on, "she'd been hove down altogether. Shoot her under the bow of that liner—give her a full now!" he says, "and let's see what she'll do. Let her swing now!" he says, "and let's see what she'll do. By the Lord, but she's an able dog—any other vessel and her spars'd been floating out on the water now—maybe her keel up. Yes, sir, any other vessel. Do you and Albert let her have it now, Peter."

Well, we let her have it again, and Lord! but the wind roared into her. Wh-sh—it went, and wh-sh—it went—and then wh-sh-sh and wh-r-r-up it went all at once, and away went that ungodly stays'l. "Thank the Lord!" says Albert. "Amen," says I—but behind the Skipper's back both of us, you better believe. The Skipper looks up after the stays'l floatin' half way up to the sky and eyes it sad-like. "By the Lord," he says, "but the firm ought to change their sail-maker. Ain't it a shame?" he says, "and we were goin' along so fine, too—and strangers lookin' at her." And turning to us at the wheel, "Well, we got to make the best of it, I s'pose; watch this fellow ahead now, and when I sing out, put the wheel up and shoot the Nannie under her nose." And under the very nose of her we sent the Nannie flyin'. Not much closer could we get without us or her gettin' in trouble—most likely us.

They crowds for'ard on the liner to get a look at us. I know we must 've been a sight for what few passengers was peekin' down on us over the rail. Albert and me to the wheel was buried to our waists, and the skipper hangin' on to the main riggin'—on the lee riggin' so's to be nearer the liner—standin' to his knees in the wash comin' over the rail. On the bridge

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of the liner one of the officers holds up a megaphone and points it down on Tommie. "Lucky for you that sail blew out, Captain," he hollers. "Lucky hell," hollers back Tommie—Tommie didn't need any megaphone. "That stays'l never blew out. 'Twas the halyards slipped and we turned it loose. That stays'l!—Good Lord! this one'd carry four stays'ls if there was spars enough to hang 'em on to." And you oughter seen the lads on the bridge poke their eyes at him. "Yes," says Tommie, lookin' back—we was leapin' past her quarter then—"yes," says Tommie, "look at us. Look, you fish-eyed son of a rock-lobster, look. You're 600 and odd feet long, and eight times 'round your house is a mile, and you think you're the only thing that sails the sea. Three stacks and two screws, and you're thinkin' you could take us aboard and not so much as crowd the saloon-passengers on the promenade-deck. And so you could, and your bridge is as high as our mast-head, but by the Lord! the Nannie don't need any steam-gear to get her home, and she'll carry her four lowers when you're rollin' funnels under." And he shook his fist back at the liner. "Lucky we lost our stays'l, is it?" And for an hour afterward you could hear him sputterin', "Lucky for the Nannie the stays'l blew out, was it? Lucky for this one, was it?" The sparks kept comin' out of him for an hour after the lad on the bridge of the liner had spoke his piece about the Nannie and her stays'l.

And that's the way we came drivin' across the Western Ocean that passage. Never less than four lowers, no matter how it blowed, but more gen'rally with both tops'ls and sometimes with the big balloon. The skipper, he'd be standin' on the quarter or aft, as I said, with one eye aloft like a gimlet all the time, to see how the Nannie's spars was standin' it. The other eye'd be ahead watchin' for I don't know what, unless it was a sight of the Valkyrie, though if ever he really expected to get a sight of her I can't say, for once we was clear of that Norwegian port, from one end of the passage to the other, I never heard him say one word about her. There was something else on his mind, I don't know what. All it was 'd be a look to the chart every noon after he 'd take a sight—that's whenever the sun'd be out, which it warn't more'n half the time—a look at the log and the compass to check up, and then, "So many days out and we're so far. A fair average now, and we'll be home in so many days"—him figuring it up on the slate that he'd bring up out the cabin and lay on top the house, when it warn't too wet on the house.

When he started out he didn't expect to make the passage in less than three weeks. I heard him say that myself. He never looked at that time of the year for a better chance than that. And three weeks is good sailin', let me tell you, for that distance with everyday luck in the way o' wind. If it had been in winter now he'd nat'rally count on plenty of wind all the way over, but it was too much luck to expect it this time. But we did get it, and the Nannie kept a-goin' and the average kept a-raisin.' When we started out I remembered he said 200 miles a day wouldn't be bad, but toward the end of it, seein' himself goin' along so fine, he begins to get nervous. "This fine breeze'll die out," he began to say when we was beginnin' to near this side, "this fine breeze'll die out and maybe we won't make such a fine passage after all."

He comes up on deck one day with a book of all kinds of sporting-records along with his sextant, and says, "Ever since my first trip on the Nannie O, and I found she was a devil to sail, it's been deep in my heart to break all the best of those Atlantic records if ever I got a chance and now I've got a chance—and a reason. Yes, by the Lord, a reason." None of us knew what he meant by a reason, unless it was beatin' the Valkyrie, which he seemed to've forgotten all about, or beatin' the clipper-ship record, which he'd only seemed to just bring up. However, he goes on to read from the sporting-almanac. "From New York to Queenstown the sailin'-record for yachts is twelve days and nine hours. How much would that be from Norway to Gloucester. Figure it out some of you." So we brings the chart up on deck and spreads it out on the house, a man to each corner to hold it down, and logged it off with a pair of dividers. "Call it 2,850 miles from New York to Queenstown," we says, "and 4,200 miles from Norway to Gloucester. That'd be

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over eighteen days for our passage," we says.

"If this breeze holds out I'm sure we'll beat that," says Tommie, "but here's a better one," and he reads out of the book of records again. "Here's a dog of a record. Here's a sailin'-record—an old clipper-ship record I callate that must be—from Liverpool to Boston—the western passage—twelve days and six hours. That's sailin' for you, that's sailin'. Some of those old clippers were dogs, warn't they? They cert'nly was. Now twelve days and six hours from Liverpool to Boston—chart the distance—that'll be how long for our passage?" We figures it out on the slate and tells him—seventeen days as near as we could figure it. "Seventeen days is it?" he says. "By the Lord, we'll beat that a day and that'll be sailin'—sixteen days. Let's see now. We're fourteen days to here this noon. Call it noon, anyway—only a few minutes now to twelve o'clock. I'll take a sight and see where we are. And d'y' know, but I wouldn't be surprised, but if this breeze holds out, we'll give that clipper-ship record a good beatin'?"

"But, Skipper, she was a 1,500-ton square-rigger," speaks up somebody; "a big brute of a square-rigger."

"What's the odds if she was 15,000-ton, and rigged triangular, so long's we beat her," says Tommie.

"In this little one—a 120-ton?" says the growlin' lad again.

"Yes, in this little one, if she was but twenty ton without the hundred, what difference does it make so she sails, and let me tell you she ain't too little to dare," says Tommie, beginnin' to get mad, and nobody said any more about that.

He takes a sight then, and finds that we was in 44:30 latitude and 56 longitude then. That put us half way between the Grand Banks and Quero, somewheres to the southerly edge of Saint Peer Bank—and our soundings showed it, too. About 650 miles—that's sea-miles—from home then, and fifteen days out.

"Six hundred and fifty miles and forty-eight hours to go. She'll make it," says Tommie, "the Nannie'll make it. Let this breeze hold out and we'll make her make it. All hands come aft now and listen to me. Split yourselves into two gangs and stand by from now on to trim sheets night and day. No more card-playin' for'ard, no more poker, nor forty-fives, nor whist, nor no more takin' it easy in your bunks when you're not on watch. From this out no more sleep for anybody aboard this one,—not until we get into Gloucester. And if there's anybody ain't in oilskins he'd better get into them, for it's wet decks and everybody standin' by from now on. No more sail comes down unless it blows down. There's your orders if I'm not on deck any time," he says, and looks around to make sure everybody heard him. "Sway up," he says, and we begins to sway up. Everybody heaves away on the halyards, and when we couldn't pull in another inch, when everything was flat as boards, he goes around deck and takes an extra half-hitch to every halyard. "Now they won't slip," he says, and there was the divil in his eye.

That night in a thick o' fog we ran by Sable Island. We must've gone pretty close to the no'the-east bar because one time we found ourselves in twenty fathom of water. That soundin' worried some of us, but not the Skipper. "Will we hold her up," we says. "Blessed Lord, no," he says; "keep her goin'. Straight courses makes short passages. If we go seesawing all over the ocean, there's no tellin' when we'll get home. Twenty fathom," he says. "And we drawin' only fifteen feet three or four. Keep her goin'." And we kept her goin', listenin' for the surf because we knew we'd never see the light in that fog. Straight to the west'ard we druv her, and some time afore mornin' it must've been we went by the no'the-west bar, because at daybreak we could make out a surf under our lee quarter, and that couldn't be anything but the no'the-west bar.

From there—the no'the-west bar—we got the fairest kind of a slant. "Wing her out for Cape Sable," says Tommie. And we wung her out, and down the Cape shore she flew, with the ten dories in her waist as good's a stuns'l to her. It came thick o' fog again and all the way along the Nannie was goin' it blind. Drivin' by the no'therly edge of Le Have we thought we might fall foul o' somebody, but not a smell of a sail did we get till we almost ran into a three-masted schooner layin' to anchor just to the east'ard of Cape Sable. Layin'

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to an anchor she was, mind you, and we swingin' both tops'ls. We was comin' along, all foam and smoke then, and couldn't see the length of the vessel, when all at once we heard voices and then almost under our bowsprit was this big three-master. We whipped the Nannie clear just in time to save her—or maybe to save both of us, I don't know how. I only know we was close enough to brush her paint as we went wingin' by—and then we heard the voice sayin'—you know, some of you, how you c'n hear a voice sometimes in the fog when you can't see anybody—the voice said, "I'll be dinged if I didn't just thought I saw a little two-masted schooner goin' by with everything on."

"Everything on?" said another voice—"in this breeze?" and we could hear him laugh—"saw a ghost, I guess."

Tommie was listening to it. "A ghost?" he says. "By the Lord, if this one'd go into you, head on, you wouldn't think it was any ghost—if ever she hit you, head on. A ghost? Huh, if that ain't a coasterman all over. 'Cause they can't carry sail themselves they don't think anybody else can. Have an ear out for the whistle now, boys, for we're pretty close in-shore, I think."

It was the Cape Sable whistling-buoy he meant, but we didn't have to listen for the whistle because the fog lifted not long after we passed the coaster to an anchor, and the light-house itself stood out clear enough. At five o'clock, or maybe a little later in the afternoon, we came tearin' up abreast of it and then we straightened her out for home. "The home-leg, boys," says Tommie, "west, half no'the, and drive her—drive her, drive—by the Lord, DRIVE HER!" He snaps his big arm across his body like he was tryin' to snap a whip. Man, man, but she went along! That was a run that one, from Cape Sable to Gloucester on the Nannie that time. Two hundred and twenty-five mile, sea-mile of course, they call it, and the Nannie made it in something over fourteen hours. 'Twas nothin' but the air full o' mist from the foam under her rail. Man, but she did lay down to it. She fair smoked. "The Nannie always could sail on her side," said Tommie, watchin' her—"always could." There was a big coaster runnin' out from the Bay of Fundy just afore dark. She was under two jibs and reefed fores'l—just wallerin' she was. "What you doin' out in a day like this?" hollers Tommie. The nearer Tommie was gettin' to home the more playful he was gettin'. They looks over the rail at us again and one of 'em hollers as we went swingin' by. "Go it, you crazy Gloucester fishermen. Keep on and you'll find bottom some day," but Tommy only laughed at him. That was just afore dark.

Early in the morning, when we could almost smell Cape Ann, we overhauled a tramp-steamer. She was pluggin' along about nine or ten knots an hour, I should say. There was a grouchy-lookin', bushy-whiskered fellow on her bridge, duckin' his head to the breeze and the rain. We went by him like he was goin' the other way. "Any message?" says Tommie, and he leaned back interested-like to get the answer. "Any message?" says Tommie—"we're goin' home."

"Goin' to hell, more likely," says the fellow on the bridge.

"Not in the Nannie O," laughs Tommie, "but if we was we'd report you comin'," and he laughs again.

He was all jokes on that home-stretch, but it was desp'rate, just the same, the way he druv her. "We'll make it, we'll make it—sixteen days," he kept sayin' all the way along. He'd never so much as winked an eye, mind you, from the time he first took the extra half-hitches the other side of Quero, and he was watchin' out now like two men. He was the first man to raise the lights on Thatcher's. There was two others to the mast-head with him, but the others said afterward that he made out the lights ten minutes afore they did, and, leanin' against the back-stay, he looked his fill. For five minutes he didn't look away, and, comin' slidin' down to deck, he said, "We're most home, most home," he said; that was all, but oh, his eyes, and the way he said it!

The rocks of old Cape Ann hove in sight, and then, rounding Eastern Point, Tommie took the wheel himself. "We'll surprise 'em," he says, and druv her into the harbor as if she had another 4,000 miles to go and not a minute to lose. It was whing—bang—past the whistling-buoy, a leg across and a leg back. Even in the inner harbor the way he held her nose to it was a scandal. "Might's well keep her goin'," he says, and he lashes her

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like a race-horse clear up to her berth off the owner's dock—the same berth you c'n see him to now if you look. But the way he came in just now ain't nothin' to it. Whing—bang—it was—in with tops'ls, down with jibs, let go anchor, down with fores'l, let the mains'l stand—"And there she is," says Tommie, "the able Nannie O, with the fastest 4,000 and a couple o' hundred mile ever charged to a vessel across the Western Ocean. What time by the Gloucester clock for'ard?" The clock in the fo'c's'le 'd been set to Gloucester time and never changed since we left home, and that's what he meant when he asked the time by the Gloucester clock.

"Half-past seven," came the answer.

"Half-past seven—nigh five hours yet to sixteen days—and that's sailin'!"

Man, but his eyes were shinin'. "We'll go ashore now," he says, "and get the news." And we goes ashore. He was for hurryin' off himself, but we asked him to inquire about the Valkyrie—seein' we made such a drive of it we wanted a little satisfaction, and so he inquires, "Any word of that English yacht, that Valkyrie that's comin' over to race for the America's cup," he asks.

Not in yet, they told him, but she'd been reported by one or two Cunarders and some other fast liners. And they tells him how this steamer and that steamer reported her. Accordin' to one of 'em she was hove-to—in longitude so-and-so and latitude so-and-so, they said—I forget now just what.

"What day was that," asks Tommie, and they reckons it up and tells him.

"Hove-to that day!" says Tommie. "Why, man, that Nannie carried both tops'ls that day. What else?"

And they tells him on such-and-such a day she was reported by another steamer in longitude so-and-so and latitude so-and-so, and makin' heavy weather of it.

Tommie reckons that up. "Why," says he, "that must 've been the day afore we blew out that rotten stays'l. That day! why, that day we had the stays'l and balloon both on her. That day! why, that day the gang was playin' draw down for'ard, and I mind some of 'em sayin', when we was eatin' dinner, how it was the first day in a week they didn't have to put weights on the silver pieces to keep them from hoppin' off the table. Good Lord!" says Tommie, "but there's none of 'em fit to carry ice for the Nannie—she's cert'nly an able vessel. But I must be gettin' along home," and he goes up the street at a fourteen-knot clip.

That was all well and good. The Valkyrie got in a week later, though Tommie warn't payin' any more attention to her, by that time, than if he'd never heard of her. There was a new baby up to his house, and he was taken up with that. But the millionnaire lad, when he heard of it, was tickled to death, they say, and soon's he got over on this side, in the fall, he comes into Gloucester to see Tommie, and he gave him the finest——

"Peter, Peter," interrupted the one volunteer look-out who had not abandoned his post, "isn't this the Nannie's captain comin' up the dock? Isn't this Tommie Ohlsen himself?" The inquirer's voice was suppressed with excitement.

"Ha?" exclaimed Peter, hopping for the port-hole—"a stout, round man, but not fat—an able-looking man—lemme see. Yes, that's him. That's Tommie himself. Wait a minute till I hail him. Maybe he'll come up, and then you c'n get a good look at an able seaman. And maybe he'll tell us about this last trip—I'll bet he druv her. Hi——" Peter threw back the hatches on the seaward side of Crow's Nest. "Hi-i—Captain Ohl-sen—Good Lord, but what a breeze—he'll never hear me—hi-i—Cap-tain Ohl-sen—"

"Hi—" came back from the man below. "Hi, Peter—that you?"

"Yes. What kind of a trip did you have?"

"Ha?" called back the voice.

"What—kind—of—a—trip—did—you—have?"

"What?"

"What—kind—of—a—trip—oh, I can't make you hear in this gale. Won't you come up, Captain?" Peter motioned with his arm, the man below waved back, and Peter drew in his head and hauled the hatches to again. "He'll be here now in a minute. Get off the locker two or three of you loafers in case Tommie'd like to sit down for a minute. Maybe he'll stop long enough to tell us about his last passage—he must've come home flyin'.'

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Here he comes. Hear him comin' up the stairs? Climbs to the mast-head like that. Can't you imagine him puttin' his feet down, every step a ratline and a swing from one side to the other. Hush."

From below the level of the top step of the flight of stairs leading into the room, he came gradually into view—head, shoulders, body, and legs successively appeared. When he was all up and inside he fitted admirably the picture drawn of him by Peter—round head, round neck, round body, round legs, round all over, but not a pound of fat, eyes deep-set and very blue, jaw salient, skin red-tanned. Master mariner he was, master mariner he looked, and once he stepped within the room the loungers of Crow's Nest paid him that which was their rarest homage—a deferential silence.

In two glances he took in the room. One swept the walls—the charts, glasses, sporting-prints, and models of vessels hung or tacked thereto; the second—a return glance—measured up the crowd.

"I don't see that last T Wharf flyer here, Peter—the one they tell me's been raisin' the devil with the Georges fleet. And some of the old faces gone, too, Peter. Gone to work? Which? No? Lord, Lord, but queer things happens. Well, forty thousand halibut, ten thousand cod, and five thousand or so mixed—haddock, hake, and one thing and another. No, boy, no, keep your seat—I'll be goin' along in a minute. What's new, Peter?"

"Nothing much. Forty thousand halibut, ten thousand—let me put that down afore I forget it. There. What kind of weather'd you have, Captain?"

"Oh, moderate. A beat out most the way, but a fair wind back."

"Must've been fair comin' home, Captain, an' plenty of it. Wallie Manning reported you not goin' to leave till Saturday night, and only Tuesday mornin' now."

"That's right—fair as a man could ask comin' home. Seven hundred an' eighty mile to the east'ard when we swung her off an' raised Thatcher's in fifty-nine hours—not bad that now, was it?"

"Lord, but that's great goin', Captain. And they say she ain't in her best trim now, Captain? But she must've come right along?"

"Y'oughter seen her, Peter. Lord, Peter, there's no stoppin' the Nannie once she starts to come. She's a credit to the people that built her—that vessel."

"Blowin' much?"

"Well, not real heavy. She carried both tops'ls all the way."

"Is that so?—thought I saw you comin' in with 'em—swung up both clear past the Point."

"Till we threw her into the wind and let go our anchor."

"But Wallie said he most got hove-down comin' across the Bay of Fundy."

"Did, eh? But what can you expect in a breeze with that one he's got. She c'n drift 'bout's fast as any vessel I know—she ain't half bad in a light breeze—no, I don't callate there's too many of 'em c'n get away with her in one of them palm-leaf zephyrs. But what'd Willie have to say?—he gen'rally carries home a bit of gossip."

"Oh, nothin' much, except to report you and two or three others. He says he did ketch the divil comin' across the Bay o' Fundy, though."

"Did he?—comin' across the Bay of Fundy, eh? That'd be—when'd you say he got in? Yesterday noon? That'd be about the night before last when he most got hove down, wouldn't it? Let me see now—where was the Nannie then? Night before last—Sunday—. Comin' across Western Bank we was then—yes. Somewhere's to the south'ard of Sable Island we was. Blowin' hard where he was, did he say? Well, where we was there was just wind enough to wet the Nannie's rail. Well, to be fair, maybe we was takin' a bucket or two on deck now and again. Of course the vessels makes a difference. When the Nannie'd be just dippin' her rail the Cleopatra'd be about hove-down, wouldn't she? Yes. But any word of George Hawley, Peter? No? Well, I didn't think there would be. Another good old wagon that one he's got—the Sea-Horse. Where d'y's'pose he ever got the name? It must've been about three o'clock Saturday afternoon that he came wallerin' along bound to the west'ard. He said somethin' about the Nannie an' the Sea-Horse, and I asked him wouldn't he wait an' I'd put the dories right out an' haul the trawls. 'I can't leave them ten skates o' gear out there, you know,

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George—can't you wait a little while ?' I says. 'No,' says George, 'this one's got the bit in his teeth'—talks like that on account of the name, I s'pose.' 'Got the bit between his teeth,' says George, 'but I'll report you.' 'Will you?' says I. 'You're good-natured as hell, but I callate the Nannie'll do her own reportin' this trip.' 'Yes?' he says—like that—'yes–s ?' like that. 'Yes,' I says, 'the Nannie'll report herself this trip, and if there's one vessel the Nannie beats home this passage, that vessel'll be the Sea-Horse.' It was beginning to breeze up then and when we swung off that night it was a fine fresh no'the-easter. The Nannie hopped along pretty lively, and, knowin' the Nannie was comin' along behind, don't y'know, George was sockin' it to the Sea-Horse. He's hobblin' along the road somewhere now, I s'pose, with the bit still between his teeth. Puts her under a reefed tops'l, some of 'em, in a fresh breeze and calls it drivin.' Any word of the Lalla Rookh?"

"Not a word."

"No ? I thought it'd be that way. Another good old chariot, the Lalla Rookh. I s'pose if we had a magic glass an' could get a look, we'd see her rollin' along somewhere between here and Cape Sable. Just afore dark, Saturday night, we made her out 'bout 's far to the south-'ard's we c'd see—goin' about as straight west as she c'd go with her four lowers—about all she c'd stand up under. Well, I must be goin'. Forty thousand halibut, ten thousand cod, and five thousand mixed, and tell the old man, Peter, to get a place for the Nannie on the railway to-morrow mornin'. I told Wallie about the fore gaff, and I expect he's spoke of that. I wonder did he tell 'em up to the house that I'd be home pretty soon after him—I expect he has."

"I expect he has, Captain. I saw your wife this mornin' when I was comin' by the house. She was out in the yard, with a boy to each side of her, and the baby aloft. She said she'd word o' you from Captain Manning, but she'll hardly be expectin' you to-day, will she ?"

"Will she ? Won't she ? You don't know her, Peter. She's always expectin' me if there's any reason. There's a couple of the children fresh-washed and out on the front steps now, I'll bet—out where they c'n see me soon 's I turn the corner—a pair of 'em peekin' over the rail, and the littlest fellow inside with his nose flattened against the pane—all keepin' watch. To the mast-head of a seiner they won't be lookin' any harder for mackerel than them children for me, once they hear I'm on the way. And one of 'em has a birthday to-day, Peter. Don't you know I didn't drive the Nannie for nothing this time, Peter. He's just that odd he knows there oughter be somethin' comin' to him on his birthday. He's been askin' his mother, I know, and his mother's been tellin' him whether to expect me home or not. And he'll have the chart out and marked off the Nannie's passage on it, and showing it to the next younger—yes. His mother put 'em up to that. She pitches into me, though, for carryin' sail. 'Tommie,' she'll say, 'Tommie, why do you ?' She gets reports from other skippers's wives, d' y' see. 'You must not, Tommie.' She says that, Peter, but good Lord, Peter, you know women. If she thought for a second that I wouldn't pull the spars out the Nannie to get home a night sooner, why she'd—well you know women, Peter. At your age, you know——"

"I expect I know as much as the next, Captain, though that ain't too much, but I know more about the other thing—sail-carryin'—Captain. I was only just now tellin' about that passage you made from Norway that time. That was a passage !"

"Warn't it ?" The sudden smile made him look a most genial man.

"And you cert'nly did give the Valkyrie the divil that time, Skipper."

"The Valkyrie—the Valkyrie, Peter ?"

"Why, yes, the cup-challenger."

"Oh, the yacht ! Oh, her. But that warn't no fair race. We was bound to beat her, we carryin' everything and they soakin' along so's not to wrack her for the cup-races. And we not carin' how we got home so long 's we got home. Lord, Peter, but I just had to make a passage that time—I just had to. It's tough, I tell you, to think of your wife havin' all the trouble alone—you not there to stand by. 'By the Lord !' I said to myself, 'but here's somethin' to race for. The yacht ? I'll lose her !' It was worth sinkin' the Nannie—and the Nannie's a

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good vessel—just to see her face when I stepped in the room. Yes, sir, she thought I was a thousand miles away, and still a-comin'. And do you mind the christenin', Peter? Warn't it a christenin', though? Tom O'Donnell said it made him think of bein' back in Galway. But I must be goin', Peter. The wife, d'y' see, will be half-expectin', maybe, to see me turn the corner any minute to-day, knowin' I left for home Saturday night, as Wallie told her. And to-day is the little lad's birthday, too—the same little lad that was born the day I got home from Norway. The same lad, and he'll have the chart out and be helpin' the Nannie along." His smile was now a transfiguration. "And that's why I'll have to hurry along. Of course, a man with as many children's I've got now couldn't run home so's to hit every birthday comes along, but when there's a chance—when you're filled up and a little drivin' 'll get you home in time—why, a man might's well carry a bit, mightn't he? 'You oughter be more careful,' the wife says—she says, but Lord, Peter, if she thought for a minute that I'd let any vessel that sails the sea out-carry the Nannie—named after herself, too, and she Irish—d'y' think she'd think half so much of me ever again? No, sir, and I always callate, so long's a spar'll stay in her, the Nannie, to keep her goin', if it's on a home passage. Well, I must be goin'. When I get started, I want to talk all day. Good-by, Peter—report me to the office. Good-by, all," and down the stairs he went.

With the disappearance of the sturdy physique—the round legs, round body, round neck, and round head, with the last sight of the wavy hair below the rim of the hat, the entire gang in Crow's Nest relaxed and took full breaths again.

Peter first broke the silence. He took an extra long puff on his pipe, before taking it from his lips to speak. "Did you see the jaws and eyes of him? And now do you b'lieve me when I tell you that no skipper out o' Gloucester ever made him take his mains'l in? I mind now the time, in my fishin' days on the Nannie, when I said to myself, 'Peter, if ever you see home again you're the lucky man. If ever you walk Main Street again you c'n bet somebody's been prayin' for you.' The times I said that, and b'lieved it, yes—b'lieved it like my old mother b'lieves in prayers, and I b'lieved each time till I turned 'round and looked at Tommie. He'd be aft—buried to his waist maybe—but there he'd be and I'd get a good look at him. All I c'd see of his face'd be the eyes and the jaw—his eyes and jaw stickin' out—the jaw like the counter of the Nannie. But that's all a man'd want to see, them eyes and that jaw. Lord almighty! but he's a man to tie your hopes o' Heaven to, is Tommie Ohlsen in a blow. Yes, sir, the sight o' Tommie Ohlsen standin' aft on the Nannie in one of them winter gales—man, man, it's like another anchor."

"I'll bet he's a dog!" came explosively from one of the gang.

"Maybe he ain't! And did you see the walk of him?" was the sympathetic chime of another. "It made me feel seasick just to see him heave himself across the floor, and when he shot his eyes my way, why——"

"Hush, now, and lemme see"—Peter was back to work again—"What was it he said? Wait now—oh, yes, here it is. Forty thousand halibut, ten thousand—ring up, one of you, and report that—The Nannie O, Captain Tommie Ohlsen, in from Grand Banks with forty thousand halibut, ten thousand cod, and five thousand mixed fish. Got that? All right—hold on now—don't forget about a place on the railway for the Nannie to-morrow. If they asks what's the matter with her say you don't know. Captain Ohlsen was in such a hurry, say to 'em, that he forgot to say what was the matter with her."

"It will be her oakum, won't it, Peter?" queried a well-versed one from the lockers.

"Most likely—some calkin' she needs. It's gen'rally calkin' when she don't want new spars."

"But, Peter, you started to tell us what the millionnaire yachtsman gave Tommie when he came to Gloucester." Among the loungers in Crow's Nest was always one or two who could be depended upon to keep run of the plot of any story. "I heard somebody saying one day down the dock that Captain Ohlsen got a swell barometer and chronometer for some fast passage he made—was that it?"

"It was. And the best money could

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buy they were, with long inscriptions on the both of 'em."

"And has he got them now?"

"Yes, sir, he has. The glass is hangin' in the cabin of the Nannie to this day, and the chronometer's up in his dinin'-room to home, where the children has it to play with. And he cert'nly——"

"Peter," interrupted the look-out of the moment, "I think there's another vessel coming round the Point, but she ain't carrying any tops'ls like the Nannie O."

Peter hopped up. "Lord, you don't mean to say you sighted a vessel? You're right. Let me see now—where's the glasses? A fresh halibuter, ain't she? Yes—an' by the Lord, it's the Sea-Horse, George Hawley. Said he'd report the Nannie, did he? Lord, Lord, I'd give a dollar if Tommie was here now. And you're right he ain't swingin' no tops'ls. He'll come in—Hawley will—and he'll be some surprised to see the Nannie in before him. There she is layin' as quiet as if she'd never been as far away as Thatcher's in her life. Goes up on the railway every other trip she does now, the Nannie does, and she's gettin' old, some of them'll tell you—this same George Hawley one of them—but she's a pretty able vessel yet—a pretty able vessel yet—and the skipper that can drive her is Tommie Ohlsen when he wants to make a passage—which he gen'rally does about every time he swings her off for home. Wait till I light my pipe, now; there"—puff—puff. "He's cert'nly a dog—is Tommie Ohlsen—only some day he won't come home. Just a lit lee-etle too long he'll hang on some day, and Tommie Ohlsen won't come home any more. No, sir, for all his able seamanship, some day Tommie Ohlsen won't come home any more."

Puff—puff—went Peter, while the others, studying him, began to figure out the kind of a gale it would have to be when Tommy Ohlsen would fail to come home. It would need to be a gale that—indeed yes. But puff—puff—went Peter, and removing his pipe ominously he said it again, softly, looking at the stove and as if to himself,—"And some day Tommie Ohlsen won't come home any more." They hearkened to that, even as they hearkened to the gale that still raged outside, and for a time they were quieter than ever. "It would have to be the awful gale that—it cert'nly would." They all agreed to that and were downcast. But hope subdued is a buoyant thing. They had seen the man himself, and "Shucks," said one, "I'd like to see the gale that he couldn't stand off—with an able vessel under him. It never came out that ocean, I don't believe,—the gale that would send Tommie Ohlsen to the bottom—not with the Nannie O. under him—no, sir,"—and "Shucks," burst out a chorus, "that's right. Not Tommie Ohlsen—why, all Gloucester knew him—Lord, yes." And just then the sun streaming through the open port-hole of Crow's Nest added its cheerful suggestion of everlasting hope.

THE SHELL

By John B. Tabb

SILENCE—a deeper sea—
Now sunders thee,
Save from the primal tone—
Thy mother's moan.

Within her waves hadst thou
No voice as now:
A life of exile long
Hath taught thee song.

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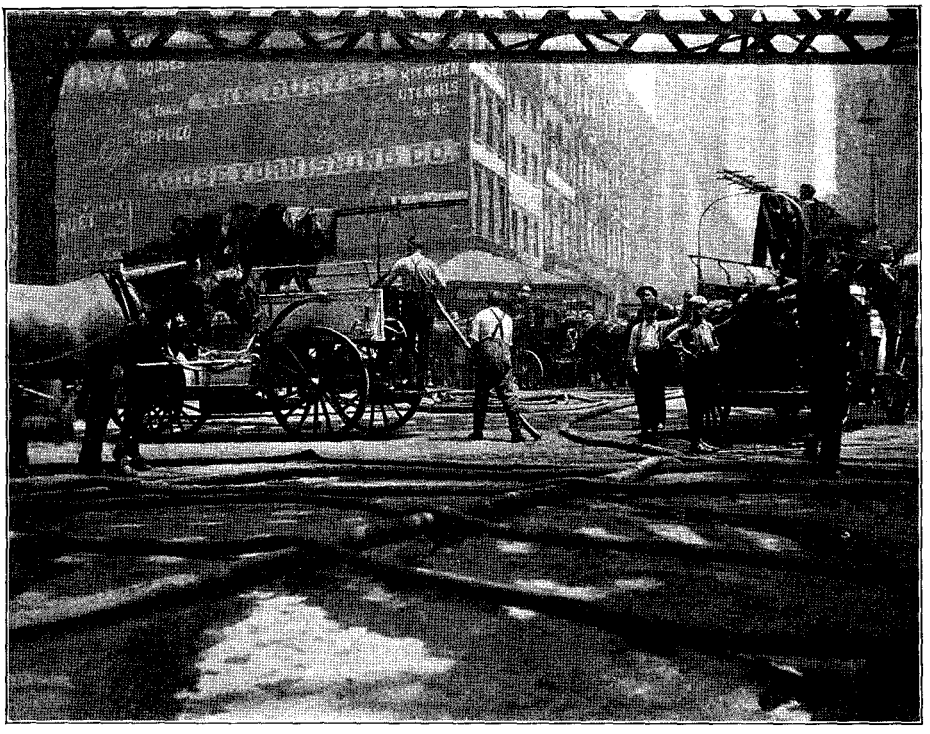

After a Fire—Uncoupling the Hose and Returning it to the Hose Cart, New York.

FIRE-FIGHTING TO-DAY—AND TO-MORROW

By Philip G. Hubert, Jr.

THE American system of fighting fire has long been considered by experts, the world over, as the most perfect in existence. Perhaps necessity, the mother of invention, has forced us to this excellence; perhaps the natural bent of the American mind, which runs to mechanical devices and machinery, has had something to do with it. The Germans and the French say that we ought to have the best fire-departments in the world, because we have more fires than any other country, and, consequently, more experience in fighting them. Our fire-force is nearly four times that of Germany or France in proportion to the population, and three times that of England. I remember listening, many years ago, at a dinner in Paris, to some extraordinary stories concerning the strange sights of the New World, as told by a perfectly serious old Frenchman, who had the stories at first-hand, so he said, and vouched for them all. Among other queer tales was one concerning the recklessness of Americans with regard to human life, and to fire. Even New York, the first city of the New World, was, according to this gentleman, a terribly dangerous place to live in. If you were not murdered, you were pretty sure to be burned alive. It was more dangerous to venture abroad in New York after dark than in Constantinople; to be specific, he knew, as a fact, that midnight-murders were so common here, that in the morning, as the business-men walked down to their offices, they kicked off the sidewalks the bodies of the unfortunates who had met death by knife or pistol-shot during the night. And as to fires, the midnight-sky was in a red glow most of the time, while people who wanted to sleep put cotton in their ears, to keep out the din of the fire-bells. I could assure my neighbors at table, that,

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Three Methods of Responding to an Alarm of Fire.

A Buffalo fire engine.
Hartford motor fire-engine "Jumbo."
A Canadian engine on runners.

so far as murders went, New York was no worse than Paris; as to fires, that was another story. To-day, we still have more fires than Paris, but during the last half-century, especially since the prohibition of wooden buildings within city-limits and the establishment of our fire-department, a fire serious enough to disturb the city is of comparatively rare occurrence. Before that time, it must be admitted, that the first curious feature of life in New York to the visitor from Europe was the number of our fires. The Frenchman or German awakened by fire-bells when in New York at once dressed himself and tried to find the fire, for such events were of vast interest in the old country, and, for the first week or two, he was likely to fill his letters home with fire-stories.

There are several reasons why our American cities should have more fires than European cities. In the first place, the wooden construction, common in earlier years, made our cities almost as vulnerable to fire as are the Chinese and Japanese towns of to-day, where fire sweeps away whole quarters almost periodically. The value of one solidly built structure as a stay to fire has been shown over and over again in the last twenty years. In the second place, our climatic conditions favor the fire-fiend. In European countries, the temperature is comparatively equable; here, we have a tropical summer and a rigorous winter. After a summer-heat that dries everything to

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tinder, we have sudden cold that calls for the lighting and driving of every fire, stove, and furnace, in order to make us comfortable, with an inevitable result, especially in the flimsy constructions so common in this country. It may also be added, that European economists mention our prosperity as a reason for our many fires: we bear, without complaint, a yearly fire-loss that, to Europeans, seems a wicked and unnecessary waste.

Mr. Simon Brentano, of New York, who for the last thirty years has made a study of fire-problems in this country and in Europe, believes that the difference in the contents of dwellings accounts partly for the many fires and their rapid headway in the United States. The average New York tenement contains more inflammable material in the way of furniture and odds-and-ends than two such buildings in France or Germany. Not only is there more material, but it is of lighter and more flimsy quality, mostly of pine-wood. A prosperous people will accumulate much unnecessary trash that makes good fuel. An American tenement will be found filled with such material in close proximity to the cook-stove, which the mistress of the apartment lights every morning with the help of the kerosene-can. In a German workman's home the furniture is scant in quantity and of hard-wood, while the stove is a ponderous affair of tiles, with a microscopic fire-pot.

Although I recently spent more than six months in Munich and three months in Dresden, I was not fortunate enough to see a fire in either place—pretty good testimony to the infrequency of such disasters. In all European cities, two features of the fire-departments I visited impressed me: First, the lighter character of the apparatus used, the engines, hose, horses, ladders, all being upon a smaller scale than we are accustomed to; secondly, the military bearing of the firemen. The size of the apparatus depends naturally upon the character of the fires it is intended to suppress. As the fires grow more frequent, the apparatus, also, grows, as has been the case in Europe, and very noticeably so in Berlin during the last ten years. The military bearing

Exhibition Drill of the San Francisco Fire Department.
Showing the use of life-lines and scaling-ladders.

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of the men is due to the intimate connection between the fire-departments and the army. Friends of mine, who have watched fires in Munich, tell me that after the company reaches a fire, the roll is called before the men are allowed to attack the blaze; and even then the men work by signals given by whistle. In Germany, France, and Russia, every fireman has been a soldier first. In Paris, the department is an army organization, the *Sapeurs-Pompiers* being regular soldiers in government employ, commanded by a colonel of the regular army. The advantages are that the men take more kindly to discipline than our firemen, and make a better appearance on parade; the disadvantages, that they lack the quick resources and initiative of our men. They are lost without a leader and the word of command. In London, as is still the case in some of our American cities, a part of the fire-department is composed of volunteers, working as an auxiliary force. The life-saving corps of London, whose apparatus is often housed in a species of booth, standing in the middle of the street, is partly of this nature. In Dublin, the volunteer department is of almost as much importance as the paid department. In Germany, besides the regular army to draw upon for officers and men, the Turn-Vereins furnish excellent material. In the small towns, the volunteer fire-force is wholly made up of members of these Vereins, who add fire-fighting to their gymnastic exercises, games, and songs.

Our American fire-houses compare favorably with those of Europe, although some of the English cities provide better accommodations in the way of gymnasiums and baths than any of our departments, unless it is that of Milwaukee. One difference between London and New York is that there the fire-stations offer living accommodation to the wives and children of the married men. Glasgow boasts of an even finer fire-house than London can show. Its headquarters fire-station, opened in 1898, is a six-story building, with a granite and marble front. The walls of the room where the engines and trucks stand are of highly polished onyx and granite. The building contains a large sitting-room, billiard-room, and gymnasium. This fire-station cost $300,000, and is, probably, the finest in the world.

There is no business in which the value of the stitch-in-time tells more than in fire-fighting. The insignificant burning of a window-curtain may in two hours become a blaze before which a thousand men and an equipment costing millions of dollars will stand helpless. Therefore, the finest record of any fire-department is likely to be found in the number of small fires put out before they became dangerous to property and life. The last printed report of our New York Fire-Department, which may be taken as typical of that in this country, shows that in 1900, out of a total of 5,135 fires, the loss, at 1,716 fires, was less than $10; at 1,334 fires the loss was between $10 and $50; at 1,074 fires the loss was between $100 and $1,000. On paper the record of an ordinary day's work by our fire-department—the extinguishing of from ten to fifteen insignificant blazes, with a loss of from $10 to $25 a piece—looks insignificant. In reality, it is one to be proud of, for it shows that the vital elements of a perfect fire-department—the ability to put out the blaze in as few seconds as possible, the ounce of prevention, has been attained. The $25-fire is not a spectacular affair, yet it is the one over which the fire-department may really take pride. The gradual decrease in the average loss per fire attests the value of its work. In 1876–1880 the average loss at important fires was $2,786; in 1896–1900 it had fallen to $876. As already said, the first aim of a perfect fire-department is to put out the fire as soon as possible; and to this end every important fire-fighting device introduced in the last thirty years has tended. First, find out where the fire is; second, get the extinguishing apparatus there as fast as possible; third, put out the fire, using any device that serves with as little loss to property as possible.

The apparatus for letting the New York Fire-Department know that a fire has broken out somewhere in its territory seems at present to be excellent, and the same system is followed in every large American city. Yet a number of suggestions for its further improvement have been made to the writer. Certainly, as compared with half a century ago, the system is perfection now. In the old days, our methods were not much better than the Chinese

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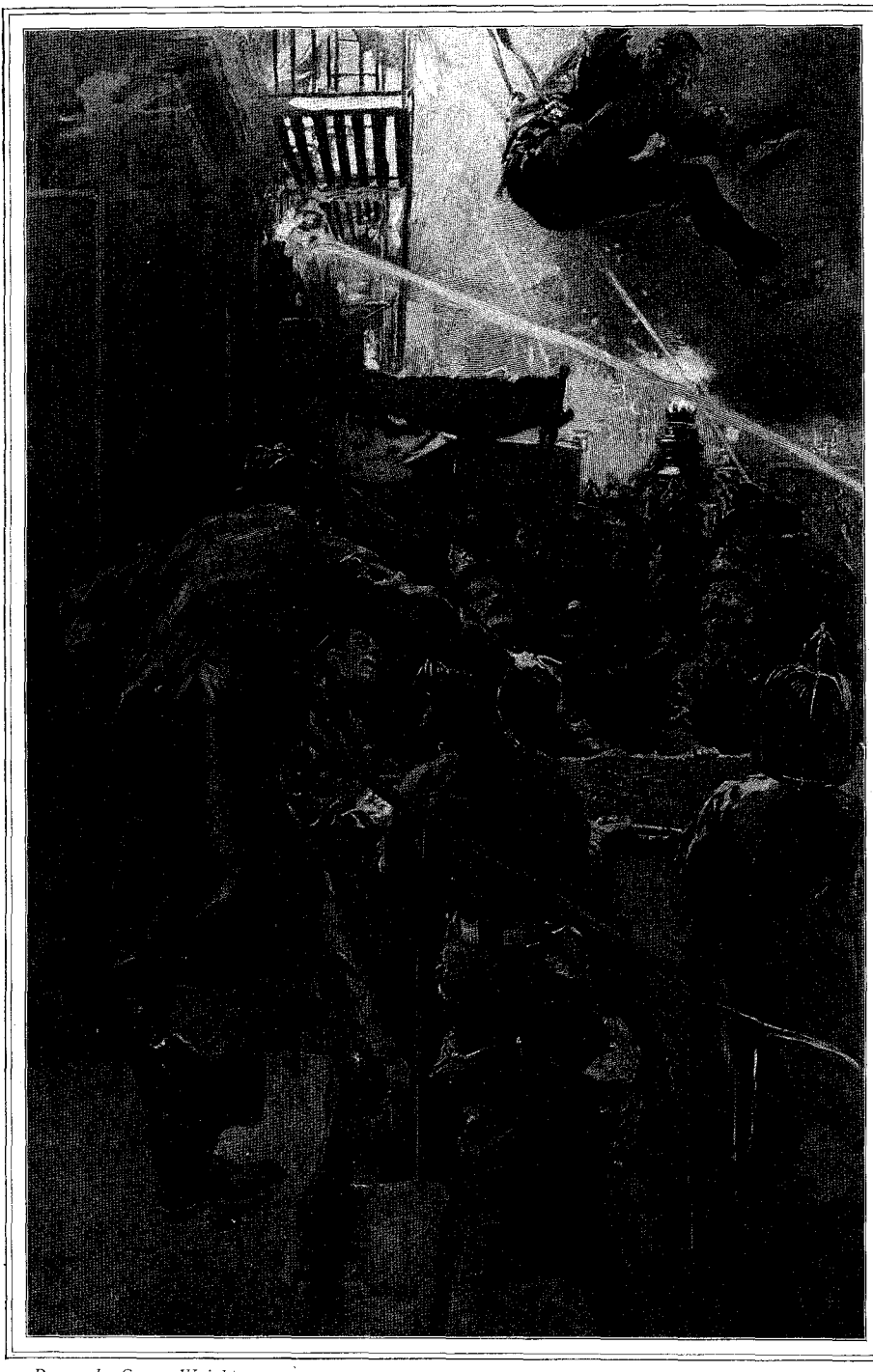

Drawn by George Wright.

Catching a man in a Fire-net.

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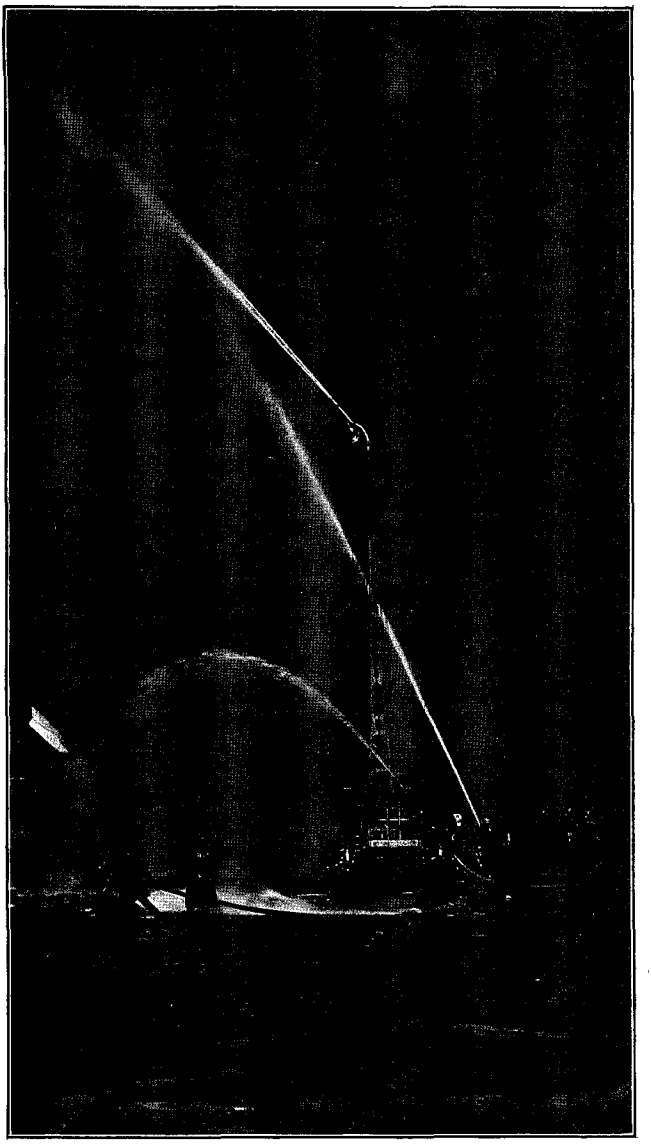
now employ—men who watch on tall towers and shout to each other the news, a sort of living, shouting cordon, along which the news travels until it reaches the firemen, who then sally forth with their pumps. With modifications, this was the system in use in New York as late as 1873. The city had eight fire-towers upon which men stood watch, scanning the horizon for suspicious smoke by day or light by night. When such was discovered, they rang the bell. Naturally, there was confusion as to the exact location of the fire, for the area covered by one tower had to be large. For instance, the district watched by the men at the Jefferson-Market Tower included practically everything west of Sixth Avenue for a mile or more. The fire-bell gave notice that there was a fire in its particular district, but the firemen had to find out exactly where. In 1873, the fire-towers were abandoned. Only one remains to-day, that in Mount Morris Park, at Fifth Avenue and 124th Street, where its bell remains as a curiosity. Electricity replaced the bells. New York now has 1,300 stations, or fire-alarm boxes, attached to lamp-posts throughout the city. Brooklyn and Queens have almost as many more, 1,230 to be exact. The directions on each box, which is painted red and is surmounted at night by a red light, are:

"Turn Handle to Right until door opens. Then pull inside Hook once and shut the door."

The opening of the box rings a large bell in the door, which alarm is intended to notify anyone in the neighborhood, especially the nearest policeman, that the box has been opened. The policeman will then make sure that this was not done out of mischief by someone who wanted to see the engines arrive, or, as recently happened, by a raw maid-servant who wanted to mail a letter. When the inside lever is pulled down and let go, it sets in motion certain clock-work that ticks out the number of the box three times in succession at headquarters in Sixty-



A Water-tower at Work, New York.

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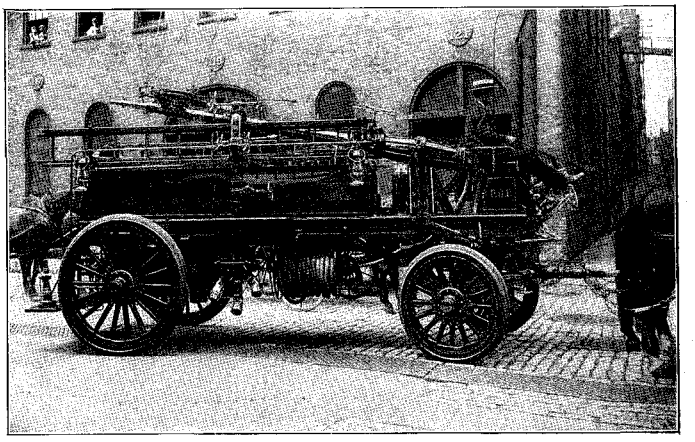
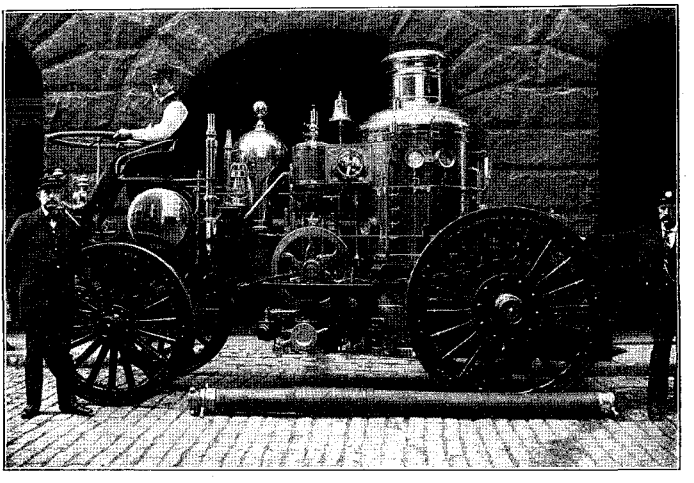
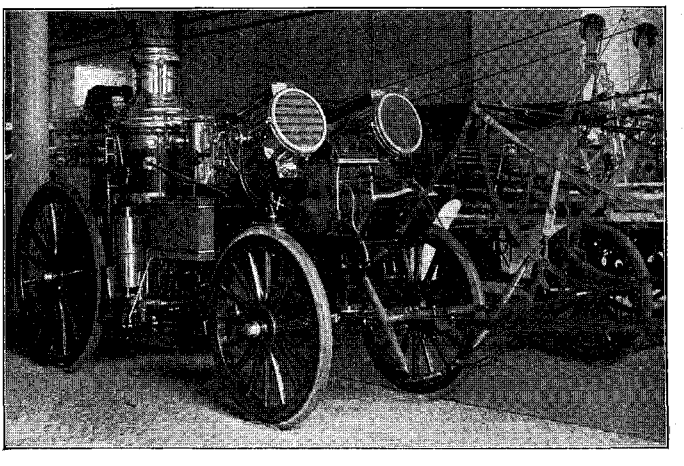
Seventh Street; not only that, but it makes a record upon a tape, showing the number of the box and the exact second at which the lever was pulled. A clerk, who sits night and day beside the head-quarter's instrument, notes the number and selects from a drawer a certain disk which, when inserted in the proper apparatus, causes the alarm to be rung in the station-houses of the district in which that fire-box is situated. The average time required to select this disk and send out the alarm is ten seconds. There are always two clerks and sometimes three in this department. Not a word is spoken. An outsider would hardly know that an alarm is going out. In order to prevent several alarms coming at the same time from people who see the same fire and run to different boxes, no two neighboring boxes are on the same circuit. In London the signal from a street-station sounds in the nearest fire-house. The objection to this has always been that the particular engine which ought to respond may be out. At head-quarters, the moment an alarm is sent out which calls away an engine, note is made of it upon a frame which shows at



Combination Turret, Hose, Chemical and Water-tower Wagon, Pittsburg, Pa.



A Pittsburg Motor Fire-engine.



Search-lights Used on a New York Fire-engine.

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a glance the sign "out" opposite that engine's number. The first thing the foreman of a company does upon getting back to his house from a fire is to signal head-quarters to that effect, when the sign "in" replaces the "out." An operator finding the "out" sign opposite the engine that should respond to a certain call can then bring the nearest "in" engine into service. The operator can send out a call that brings every engine in the city to a certain spot or only one engine. It would be manifestly absurd to call a Harlem engine to put out a $25-blaze at the Battery.

The signal from fire-head-quarters sounds, in the engine-house to which it is sent, first as a sharp tingle, ringing the signal upon a small bell, then more slowly upon a large one, in order that there may be no misunderstanding. At the first stroke of the small bell, even before the men and the horses know whether or not it is a call for them, all is orderly excitement. The chains fall down from in front of the horses, allowing them to run to their places in front of the engine or hose-trucks, the men come sliding down the brass poles from the story above, the collars are snapped around the horses' necks, and, by the time the signal stops, all is ready for a dash out-of-doors or a quiet return to quarters.

The equipment that makes possible the departure of a fire-engine, with steam up and its regular crew, from its house inside of ten seconds after the first clang of the alarm-bell, is the result of many inventions and of persistent drill. As it is essential that no time be lost in getting up steam in the engine, steam is always maintained under a pressure of from five to twenty pounds in the engine-boiler by means of a stationary boiler in the basement connected with the engine by a pipe which is disconnected automatically when the horses start off. At the same instant the fireman lights the fire under the engine-boiler with a handful of oil-waste, and by the time it has gone two blocks there is a blaze of hot coals and a head of steam to work with. Electricity drops the stall-chains in front of the horses at the same time it begins to ring the alarm. The men, who sleep with one eye open, come down the poles faster than they could tumble down any staircase.

The fire-horses—two for light engines, and three when the machines weigh more than four tons—are trained as finely as the men. They are the pets of the house and of the neighborhood. Some of them learn in a week to run to their places at the signal; others require a month's training. The lessons are simple enough. A raw horse is made to feel the whip as he hears the signal-bell. If he is an intelligent animal, the two so soon become synonymous that he starts for his place the instant the bell rings. Many horses seem to know quite as well as the men when the alarm is one that means business. They really seem to count the strokes. A story is told of one horse who, when changed from Harlem to a station near head-quarters, was wild to run when his old number sounded, and quite indifferent to the new one, which really meant business and to which he responded only under protest. The stories told in the Department about the horses are endless. Some time ago an old gray fire-horse that had been attached to an engine was transferred to the hose-truck in the same building. The two rooms were connected by an open door. One night there was an alarm. The hose-truck men were dismayed to find that their old gray had disappeared. They thought that he must have been stolen. The engine had left for the fire, and disgrace was imminent for the hose-company. Suddenly, a horse was heard kicking in the engine-stalls, next door, and although it was not the missing gray, it was quickly forced into hose-service, and the company got off in a minute late. At the fire there stood the old gray harnessed to the engine. After the excitement was all over, the mystery was explained. Upon hearing the familiar alarm the gray had trotted in next door, and, finding a strange horse in his usual place, had pushed him out of the way back into his stall. The firemen, in their hurry, had not noticed the substitution, and had harnessed the horses as they stood and left. A good fire-horse will last about six years, and will stand heat and excitement when even men are driven back.

From the desk at which I write, I often watch the engine and hose-truck of the company on my street sweep down the

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Drawn by George Wright.

Firemen Using the Scaling Ladders to get from a Window to the Roof, over the Cornice.

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narrow roadway toward Sixth Avenue and its rows of iron posts holding up the elevated road. The street slopes toward the avenue, so that the engine coming from Broadway gets a splendid impetus from the down-grade alone. The elevated posts of Sixth Avenue divide the cross-street almost in the middle, and the engine has to get around them in crossing the avenue. How the drivers accomplish this, guiding their four or five tons of ponderous machinery, hauled at the full speed of fine horses, is a constant mystery to me. The fire-engine driver who hesitates is lost. Very often there is only a choice of evils ahead of the driver—to wreck his engine or run down another vehicle—both involving possible loss of life. Only a few weeks ago, a driver ran his engine into an elevated post rather than into a carriage containing several persons. The machine was wrecked and one horse killed.

It is highly probable that the days of the fire-horse are numbered. Steam as a motive-power for fire-engines, although used in several American cities, and in many European ones, has never found favor in New York. The difficulty in getting up power quickly enough seems to be the trouble. Electricity, however, which is now used in Paris and Berlin, is pretty certain to displace the horse within the next few years. Its chief advantages are that it makes possible a quicker start than with horses, and that the same power which propels the machine through the streets can be used for the pumping-apparatus when the fire is reached. No fire is needed, thus doing away with lots of smoke and noise that add to the confusion inseparable from any fire-alarm. Another fact in favor of electricity is that if, as so often turns out, there is no fire worth talking about, or one that can be put out with an extinguisher, there is no loss of fuel and labor. At present, every engine is expected to arrive at the fire with its own fire blazing hot. The cleanliness and neatness of an engine-house that requires no boiler, handles no coal or ashes, and keeps no horses on its premises may be imagined. Heretofore, it has been objected that if the electrical apparatus gets out of order the men are helpless, and, formerly, when electricity was not so commonly used as at present, this may have had force.

The modern equipment for fire-fighting consists of engines for pumping water, hose for distributing it at the fire, various sizes and lengths being used, according to need, ladders for getting up into the buildings, life-lines, nets into which people jump if they have to. Each hose-cart also carries two chemical extinguishers, having a capacity of fifty gallons each. In the last five years an average of forty fires a year have been put out with the aid of these extinguishers alone. The ladders are of various types, from small ones, to be carried by the firemen, to the extension-ladders raised by a crank, and reaching to a height of ninety feet, or to the sixth story of an ordinary building. One of the most interesting novelties shown at the Paris Fire Congress of 1900 was an 85-foot extension-ladder from Frankfort, Germany, built on the telescopic plan, and raised by compressed air to its full height in twenty-five seconds. The scaling-ladders, used by firemen to climb up the outside of a building where ordinary ladders fail, consist of long poles into which cross-pieces or rungs are inserted, by which a man may climb. At the end of each pole is a long spike-projection, to be thrust through the window-sash. With a supply of such ladders, trained firemen can get to the top of a building in an incredibly short time. It is largely a matter of practice. In addition to all this apparatus, there must also be mentioned the water-tower, which raises a hose-nozzle to the level of the upper stories, a search-light, for use upon dark nights, and a gun, by which a rope may be sent up to the tops of buildings.

The Thames fire-boats of London are used to fight fires at long distances from the water-front, using hose and street-pipes laid for the purpose. New York is admirably situated for the introduction of some such system, but has done nothing as yet in this direction. Cleveland, Chicago, Buffalo, Milwaukee, Boston, and Philadelphia, all have a system of street-pipes, extending from the water-front to parts of the city where danger may arise. Their fire-boats, with pumps much more powerful than any street-engine, send a splendid stream of water by means of these mains to the site of the fire. Thus, their boats really do double duty; they are as efficient for land-service as for water-ser-

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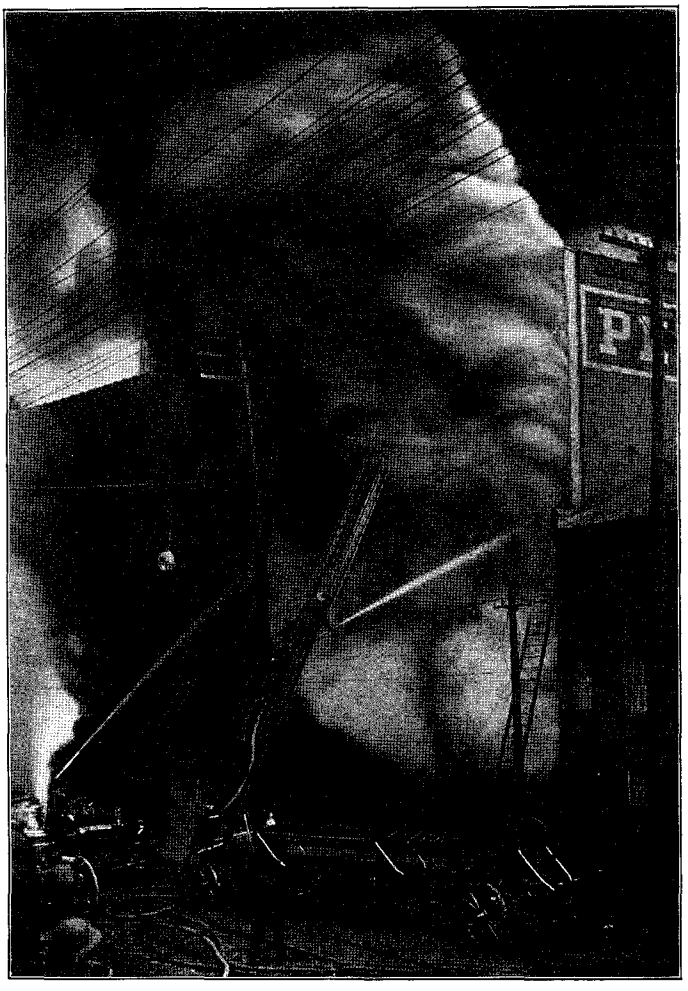

Working on a Fire from a Hook and Ladder, Pittsburg, Pa.

vice. Philadelphia has about two square miles in her most dangerous quarter protected by this system, which has been found to work admirably wherever introduced.

The time may come, said one expert fireman to me, when we shall put out fire by pushing a button from head-quarters. The scheme for having in various parts of the city huge water-towers 300 feet high, that may suddenly let loose a veritable deluge of rain over an acre of buildings, each acre having its own stand-pipe or water-tower, controlled from a central station, points in that direction. Until that day, however, the fireman will continue to be the most important part of every fire-department. New York is justly proud of its force. The stories of heroism from the records of the department make a volume in themselves. It has been said that a fireman is born, not made. At the same time, given the raw material, which has to be first-class, morally and physically, a vast deal is done by training, and some famous firemen, such as ex-Chief Bonner, who is now in the Philippines, teaching Manila how to put out fire, once told me that he considered the training-school for firemen, of which, by the way, he was the first instructor, one of the most important branches of the department. For it is here that the unfit material is weeded out. It is a trial-school as well as a training-school. The men come vouched for so far as physique

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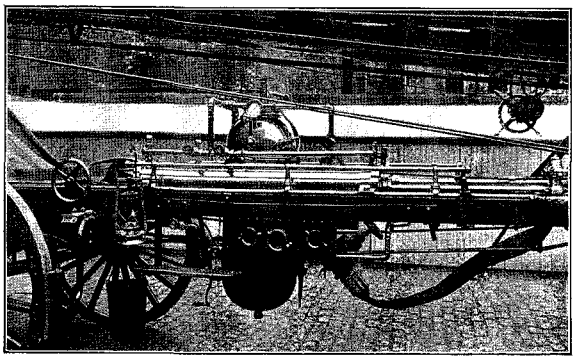

Carbonic Acid Gas Tank for Raising Water-tower, Boston.

goes, but the instructor has to find out what the man amounts to in judgment, nerve, agility, pluck. The need of the training-school became apparent when the old volunteer department went out of existence. Before that, men became firemen because they felt their vocation, so to speak. To "run with the machine" was part of the education of every man who aspired to popularity in his ward. Every young man had more or less experience as a fireman, and naturally those best fitted rose as leaders. Nowadays, we have to make our firemen, and that we turn out so few failures is proof of the excellence of the training-school.

Almost every day in the year may be seen, in the yard back of Fire Headquarters, in Sixty-seventh Street, a squad of men going through their evolutions under the eye of a sturdy fireman, Chief McAdam, who takes his task very seriously. Under his direction the raw recruits of the department find out whether they are of the stuff of which fire-fighters are made. Here they learn to go up to the top of a building with scaling-ladders, to use the life-lines, the net, the battering-ram, to raise heavy ladders, to carry hose up and down. When it is stormy, they practise in-doors, making hose-connections, and becoming familiar with the hundreds of devices a fireman must know all about before he goes on duty. One day I watched the first drill of some raw recruits. The halting, slow, awkward, often tremulous way in which most of the men got to the upper stories of the building by means of scaling-ladders, argued ill for their future. Meanwhile, Chief McAdam stood below, giving directions, and making occasional sarcastic comments as to the very dead condition in which these perspiring climbers would find the people on the top-story whom they were supposed to rescue. Ten days later, I was amazed at the change; the men did not seem to be the same, so much does practice and familiarity do. It is the same transformation that comes over any raw recruit who gets regular training in doing things the right way.

The aim of such drill, which lasts about a month before a man can enter the regular service of a company, is to make every fireman not only familiar with his duties, but an athlete in certain directions. At any moment one or more lives may depend upon his strength, agility, or power of endurance. Again, the records of the department upon this score would make a volume, and, unfortunately, such recital

Horses Coming into Harness to Complete a Hitch.
A drill of the Kansas City Fire Department.

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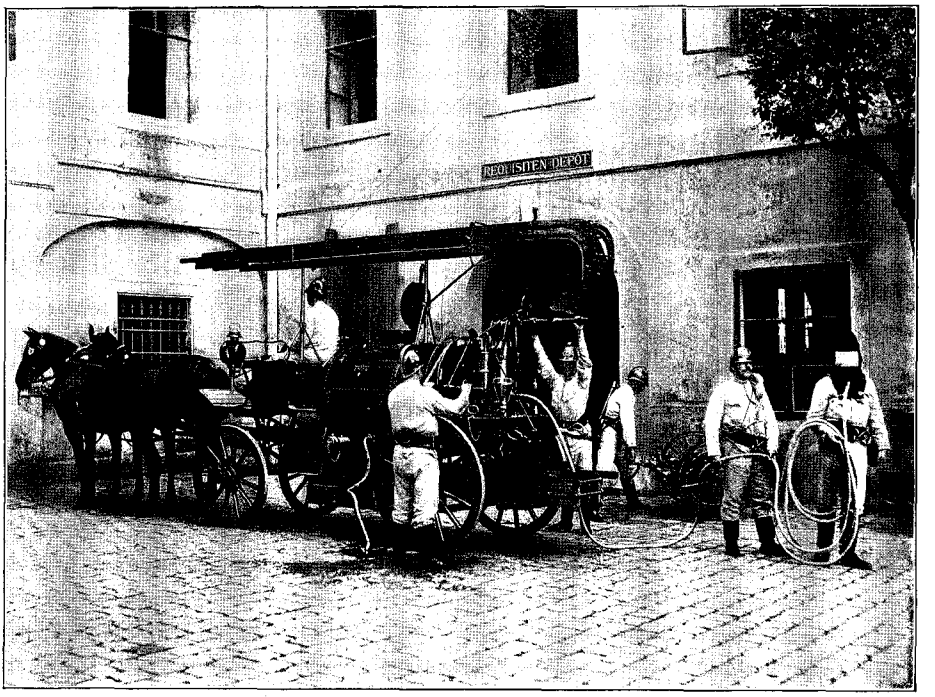
is beyond the scope of this article. One or two illustrations must suffice. The night of the Hotel Royal fire, at Fortieth Street and Sixth Avenue, some dozen years ago, Captain Vaughn, of one of the Fire Patrol companies, got to the roof of a neighboring building, and saw a man standing at a window of the hotel, one story below, and across an alleyway about eight feet



An Austrian Fire-fighting Device.
This device against smoke is a sort of diver's suit with air-pipes, in which the fireman can live in the blackest smoke so long as the air-pipe is not cut off.

wide. The room behind him was full of yellow smoke. He was perfectly cool, and, in answer to Vaughn's shouts, said that unless help came he would stay there until it got too hot and then jump, which meant death on the flagstones, five stories below. It was maddening to see a brave man, eight feet away from safety, and yet apparently in great danger. Vaughn searched the roof he was on for something in the way of a plank, but there was nothing. There was no time to go down for a ladder. Calling the three men of his company, who were on the roof with him, to hold his legs, he leaned over the edge of the roof as far as he could toward the man, but found that he could not reach him. If the man jumped across he might catch him, or he might not; perhaps, the shock would pull him (Vaughn) off the roof. The poor fellow understood the situation, and told Vaughn not to try it.

"You cannot do it, Captain," he said, quietly, "it would kill you, too. I weigh 200 pounds."

Not a word of complaint or a word of appeal. Meanwhile, the smoke was getting more stifling around them, the roar and the heat more ominous.

"I couldn't let that man die," said Vaughn, in telling the story afterward. He ordered his men, to hang on to his legs, while he allowed his body to slip down over the edge of the roof. Then he held out his hands to the man, nearly opposite. He could almost reach him, but not quite.

"When I give the word, jump for me, your hands out, and I'll catch you. Now!"

The man jumped. Vaughn caught him by the wrists, and they hung there, swinging back and forth against the brick wall.

"Now, boys," said Vaughn, to the men above him, "haul away." Then came an awful moment, that seemed like eternity.

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Strain as they might, the men could not raise the dead weight of nearly 400 pounds one inch. Neither could they let go and get more help, for they had all they could do to hang on and keep their comrade and his burden from dropping. That was the moment when the trained athlete came into play. For how many seconds more could Vaughn hold that man, dangling back and forth? It might be half-a-minute, perhaps more; then, certain death for one of them. As the man swung in and out from the wall, striving, instinctively, to find some hold on the brickwork, an idea occurred to Vaughn. Could he swing the man sideways, back and forth, like a pendulum, until he got him high enough to allow one of the men above to catch him? It was a desperate chance, but it was the only one. So he began to swing that ponderous body, which seemed to weigh a ton, slowly back and forth, higher and higher, with a growing impetus, until, with a shout, one of the men grabbed the fellow's coat, and he was hauled over the coping; then Vaughn was pulled up. For several minutes, all five men lay, panting, and almost senseless. Vaughn was taken to the hospital, and remained there for a month. Only an athlete could have saved that man's life.

Pneumatic Aërial Truck.
Made in Berlin, and used by the Pittsburg Department.

Smoke is one of the great dangers of a fireman's life. It renders a man helpless quicker than most people imagine, and it is something that no training enables a man to stand; but firemen understand better than others how to get air when it is scarce. There is usually a current of air along the floor, if anywhere, and firemen feel for it. One of the recent European devices against smoke is a sort of diver's suit with air-pipes, in which the firemen can live in the blackest smoke, so long as the air-pipe is not cut off. It is said to work well in Vienna. In New York we have tried smoke-masks, but with no success; our firemen seem to have found them in the way.

Wherever the American goes in Europe, it is with a feeling of satisfaction that he finds, in the more important cities, the adaptation of our ideas for fighting fire. Our steam fire-engines, our brass poles that bring men down from the upper stories of their station-houses, our hinged collars that snap around the horses' necks at a touch, are everywhere. At every important international exhibition of recent years, beginning even with that of Paris in 1867, American fire-engines and ladder-trucks have taken prizes. At the Paris Exposition of two years ago an American fire-team from Kansas City, fourteen men under Chief George C. Hale, carried off all the most important honors at the International Fire Congress, at which were represented America,

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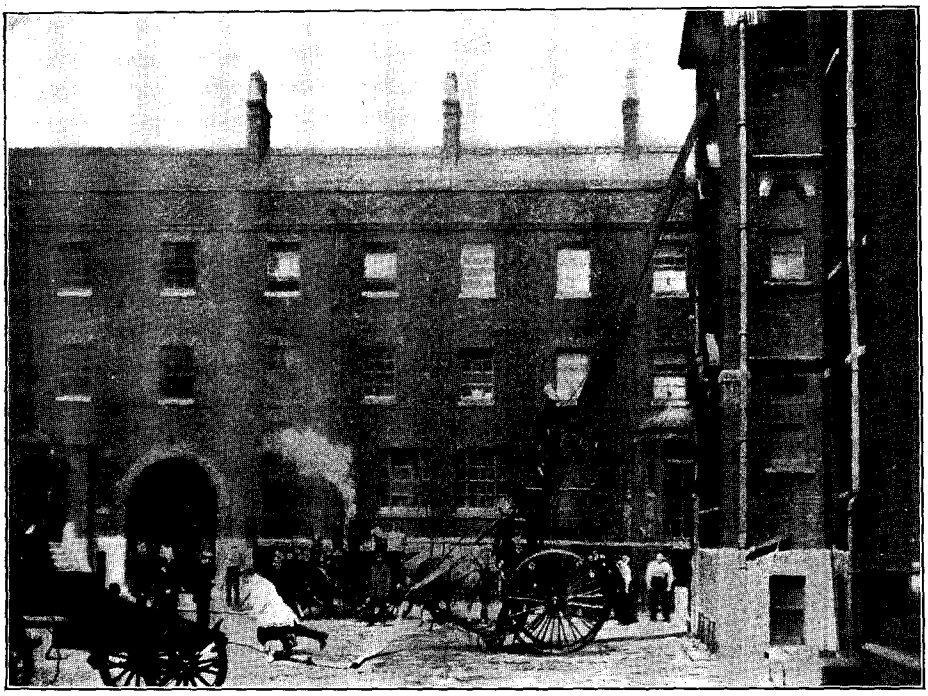

Firemen at Work, London.

France, Portugal, Holland, Norway, Belgium, Switzerland, Denmark, Italy, Germany, Turkey, England, Scotland, Wales, Ireland, New Zealand, India, Austria, Mexico, and Peru. Nearly 8,000 firemen took part in the competitions. The first contest was made with steam fire-engines, on the banks of the Seine. About 100 engines competed. The test was made from cold water in the boiler. The average time for foreign engines in getting a stream from the hose was from eight to twelve minutes. Their streams reached about half-way across the river. In five minutes and thirty seconds the American engine threw a stream that wet people on the opposite bank, a distance of 310 feet. The size of the stream was nearly double that thrown by the other engines.

For the exhibition of quick hitching, our American horses were trained to run from a distance of 200 yards, at a bugle-call, and take their places by the engine. At one test the horses ran through hoops of fire. On the tournament-grounds a temporary structure, seven stories high, had been put up as a supposed burning building. A quarter of a mile away, a temporary engine-house, with an electric gong, operated from the jury-stand, was used as a starting-point for the engines. The conditions were that the engine, hose-wagon and ladder-truck should start (the engine with twenty pounds of steam), run to the supposed burning building, take suction from a water-tank, lay out 350 feet of hose, make connection, and throw a stream of water to the fourth story; at the same time, the life-saving crew was to scale the building with ladders, make fast life-lines, and rescue one person from the seventh story and two persons from the sixth story. This done, water was to be shut off, all hose, ladders, and life-lines taken down and cleared from the building; then the men were to form in line and salute the jury. The Kansas City team's time was three minutes, forty-two seconds. The next best time was that of the Milan (Italy) team—ten minutes, twelve seconds. So marked was the superiority of our firemen over all competitors that a protest was made by some of the companies of volunteers, who said that our men were paid, professional, fire-fighting experts, and of a class apart. The protest was not allowed. The booby prize of the Congress was taken by the Turkish fire-company from Constantinople. Their engine consisted of a small pump on poles, carried on the shoulders of four men, who

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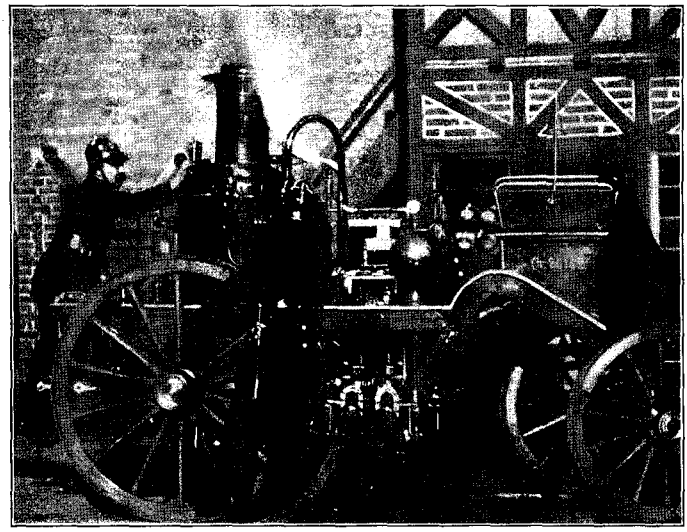
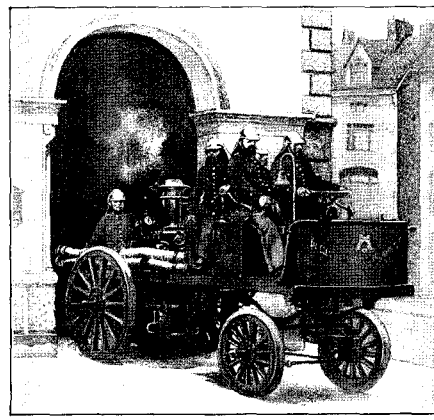


An Engine of the Berlin Fire Department.

ran with this to the fire, set it on the ground, and worked it, as we did the New York pumps of 1840, like a hand-car. The hose threw a quarter-inch stream, and the whole performance created vast amusement.

As compared with thirty years ago, when we had fire-bells, and no electrical signals, no scaling-ladders, no water-towers that enabled the firemen to throw streams of water straight into five-story windows, and no chemical-extinguishers that the firemen can carry into buildings before the hose can be connected to the hydrants, the present condition of affairs is magnificent. What are the next thirty years going to show us, and along what lines are improvements to be looked for? To get notice of fires quicker than at present seems more possible than to lower the time between station-house and the blaze. Station-boxes cost but little. There seems no good reason why there should not be one at every corner, instead of, as at present, every two or three blocks. As any New Yorker can prove for himself, it is possible to go very often half a mile in one direction without finding a fire-box. For instance, there are but two signal-boxes on Fifty-seventh Street, from river to river—one at Twelfth Avenue, and one at Seventh Avenue. We add, every year, some twenty or thirty boxes to the list, a mere drop in the bucket. To treble the number of boxes would cost but a trifle compared with the saving of one big building a year.



A Motor Fire-engine, Hanover, Germany.

Another possible improvement may be in the better instruction of the public as to the location and use of the signal-boxes. Some months ago two children were suffocated by smoke in an up-town house, because of a delay in getting the alarm. Upon investigation it was discovered that the citizen who gave the alarm ran two blocks out of the way to find a box. Those two minutes cost two lives. Again, ignorant persons, under great excitement, often bungle when it comes to opening the box, and sending the alarm. They have to wait for a policeman to do it for them. When a man's house is afire he may see the words, "Turn the handle to

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the right," and yet not know which is right or left. Printed directions are apt to fail in such moments. The law compels theatre-managers to print on their programmes a diagram showing the exits. When the cry of fire rings through the theatre the audience is expected to consult these diagrams, and find out that by turning to the right down passage A, and then to the left in passage B, a way will be found to the street. One might as well ask the audience to solve a problem in calculus. We all know that there are fire-boxes to be found every few blocks. How many of us know where is the box nearest our house, and how many have read, attentively, the directions, so as to be ready to follow them at the critical moment? Probably not one house-owner out of two, and not one servant out of five. The Fire-Department sends out, from time to time, cards giving this information, which cards are well enough so far as they go, and ought to be tacked up in some conspicuous place in every house. Would it not be possible for the department to go farther, and make sure, by periodic visits to every house, that the inmates, especially janitors and servants, and hall-boys in apartment-houses, know where are the nearest signal-boxes, and know how to send out an alarm? It is doubtful whether any means of getting the engine out of the engine-house can be devised better than the present system, which takes from five to ten seconds, so long as horses are used. But it may be possible to do better, in getting the alarm from the signal-box to the engine-house.

In addition to increasing the number of signal-boxes, various forms of automatic signals, that work when affected by heat, may be vastly improved in the future, and used in buildings not continuously occupied, such as warehouses, shops, etc. The chemical extinguishers may be improved, so as to throw larger streams of water, or of chemicals fitted to put out fire. One of the great advantages of the chemical engine, or extinguisher, is that it does its work without lavish use of water, and consequent destruction of property. The water-loss in thirty-two per cent. of our fires is more serious than the fire-loss.

The immediate improvements in fire-fighting may, therefore, be looked for in the substitution of electricity for horses, more signal-boxes, direct communication between the boxes and the fire-houses, as well as with the central-station, the greater use of chemical-extinguishers, devices for fighting smoke, and the better education of the public in using the appliances provided for sending in the alarm. It is sometimes said, that while we now have a splendid six-story fire-department, we shall soon need a thirty-story one, and the rapid increase in the height of buildings certainly points that way. What sort of apparatus the new needs will call for remains to be seen. It may be that each twenty or thirty story building ought to contain its own water-tower, to be used, either in flooding its own premises or the neighboring building, and this is already partly accomplished by the introduction of heavy stand-pipes in all buildings exceeding six stories in height. The cost of separate stationary water-towers in the down-town districts has been spoken of as against such a scheme, and yet it seems as if no expense could be too great when the value of property in such a district as lower New York is considered. The national fire-bill of this country now averages $150,000,000 a year, without reckoning the cost of insurance and the maintenance of fire-departments, two items that will add another hundred millions. Such an annual charge seems to warrant almost any expenditure in our large cities; even —as has been suggested—the building of fireproof walls at regular intervals, to make it difficult for a conflagration to extend beyond certain districts. The value of one solid, brick building, in giving firemen a chance to fight, has been so often demonstrated, as to make it rather surprising that this suggestion has not been more seriously considered. The safety of most well-constructed, so-called fire-proof buildings to-day lies largely in the ease with which a fire can be confined, thanks to stout walls and brick-floor arches. Why could not a city be divided into fire-proof quarters?

A national fire-department has been suggested as a possibility of the future. Chief Shaw, who for so many years directed London's fire-department, tried to make all the

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important English cities adopt uniform apparatus and drill, but aimed at nothing more national than that. In this country, a scheme to compel the State to provide a minimum amount of apparatus for every community within its borders has been broached in several legislatures. It often happens that the firemen of one village will refuse to succor a neighboring village which has neglected to provide itself with apparatus, although amply able to do so. The State might step in, and, by the payment of fire-bounties, make it worth while for the village-company to do its best, even for those who had contributed nothing toward its support.

SPY ROCK

By Henry van Dyke

IT must have been near Sutherland's Pond that I lost the way. For there the deserted road which I had been following through the Highlands ran out upon a meadow all abloom with purple loose-strife and golden Saint-John's-wort. The declining sun cast a glory over the lonely field, and far in the corner, nigh to the woods, there was a touch of the celestial color: blue of the sky seen between white clouds: blue of the sea shimmering through faint drifts of silver mist. The hope of finding that hue of distance and mystery embodied in a living form, the old hope of discovering the Blue Flower, rose again in my heart. But it was only for a moment, for when I came nearer I saw that the color which had caught my eye came from a multitude of closed gentians—the blossoms of which never open into perfection—growing so closely together that their blended promise had seemed like a single flower.

So I harked back again, slanting across the meadow, to find the road. But it had vanished. Wandering among the alders and clumps of gray birches, here and there I found a track that looked like it; but as I tried each one, it grew more faint and uncertain and at last came to nothing in a thicket or a marsh. While I was thus beating about the bush the sun dropped below the western rim of hills. It was necessary to make the most of the lingering light, if I did not wish to be benighted in the woods. The little village of Canterbury, which was the goal of my day's march, must lie about to the north just beyond the edge of the mountain, and in that direction I turned, pushing forward as rapidly as possible through the undergrowth.

Presently I came into a region where the trees were larger and the travelling was easier. It was not a primeval forest, but a second growth of chestnuts and poplars and maples. Through the woods there ran at intervals long lines of broken rock, covered with moss—the ruins, evidently, of ancient stone fences. The land must have been, in former days, a farm, inhabited, cultivated, the home of human hopes and desires and labors, but now relapsed into solitude and wilderness. What could the life have been among these rugged and inhospitable Highlands, on this niggard and reluctant soil? Where was the house that once sheltered the tillers of this rude corner of the earth?

Here, perhaps, in the little clearing into which I now emerged. A couple of decrepit apple-trees grew on the edge of it, and dropped their scanty and gnarled fruit to feast the squirrels. A little farther on, a straggling clump of ancient lilacs, a bewildered old bush of sweetbrier, the dark-green leaves of a cluster of tiger-lilies, long past blooming, marked the grave of the garden. And here, above this square hollow in the earth, with the remains of a crumbling chimney standing sentinel beside it, here the house must have stood. What joys, what sorrows once centred around this cold and deso-

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late hearth-stone? What children went forth like birds from this dismantled nest into the wide world? What guests found refuge——

"Take care! Stand back! There is a rattlesnake in the old cellar."

The voice, even more than the words, startled me. I drew away suddenly, and saw, behind the ruins of the chimney, a man of an aspect so striking that to this day his face and figure are as vivid in my memory as if I had seen him but yesterday.

He was dressed in black, the coat of a somewhat formal cut, a long cravat loosely knotted in his rolling collar. His head was bare, and the coal-black hair, thick and waving, was in some disorder. His face, smooth and pale, with high forehead, straight nose, and thin, sensitive lips—was it old or young? Handsome it certainly was, the face of a man of mark, a man of power. Yet there was something strange and wild about it. His dark eyes, with the fine wrinkles about them, had a look of unspeakable remoteness, and at the same time an intensity that seemed to pierce me through and through. It was as if he saw me in a dream, yet measured me, weighed me with a scrutiny as exact as it was at bottom indifferent.

But his lips were smiling, and there was no fault to be found, at least, with his manner. He had risen from the broad stone where he had evidently been sitting with his back against the chimney, and came forward to greet me.

"You will pardon the abruptness of my greeting? I thought you might not care to make acquaintance with the present tenant of this old house—at least not without an introduction."

"Certainly not," I answered, "you have done me a real kindness, which is better than the outward form of courtesy. But how is it that you stay at such close quarters with this unpleasant tenant? Have you no fear of him?"

"Not the least in the world," he answered, laughing. "I know the snakes too well, better than they know themselves. It is not likely that even an old serpent with thirteen rattles, like this one, could harm me. I know his ways. Before he could strike I should be out of reach."

"Well," said I, "it is a grim thought, at all events, that this house, once a cheerful home no doubt, should have fallen at last to be the dwelling of such a vile creature."

"Fallen!" he exclaimed. Then he repeated the word with a questioning accent—"fallen? Are you sure of that? The snake, in his way, may be quite as honest as the people who lived here before him, and not much more harmful. The farmer was a miser who robbed his mother, quarrelled with his brother, and starved his wife. What she lacked in food, she made up in drink, when she could. One of the children, a girl, was a cripple, lamed by her mother, in a fit of rage. The two boys were ne'er-do-weels who ran away from home as soon as they were old enough. One of them is serving a life-sentence in the State prison for man-slaughter. When the house burned down, some thirty years ago, the woman escaped. The man's body was found with the head crushed in—perhaps by a falling timber. The family of our friend the rattlesnake could hardly surpass that record, I think. But why should we blame them—any of them? They were only acting out their natures. To one who can see and understand, it is all perfectly simple, and interesting—immensely interesting."

It is impossible to describe the quiet eagerness, the cool glow of fervor with which he narrated this little history. It was the manner of the triumphant pathologist who lays bare some hidden seat of disease. It surprised and repelled me a little; yet it attracted me, too, for I could see how evidently he counted on my comprehension and sympathy.

"Well," said I, "it is a pitiful history. Rural life is not all peace and innocence. But how came you to know the story?"

"I? Oh, I make it my business to know a little of everything, and as much as possible of human life, not excepting the petty chronicles of the rustics around me. It is my chief pleasure. I earn my living by teaching boys. I find my satisfaction in studying men. But you are on a journey, sir, and night is falling. I must not detain you. Or perhaps you will allow me to forward you a little by serving as a guide. Which way were you going when you turned aside to look at this dismantled shrine?"

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"To Canterbury," I answered, "to find a night's, or a month's, lodging at the inn. My journey is a ramble, it has neither terminus nor time-table."

"Then let me commend to you something vastly better than the tender mercies of the Canterbury Inn. Come with me to the school on Hilltop, where I am a teacher. It is a thousand feet above the village —purer air, finer view, and pleasanter company. There is plenty of room in the house, for it is vacation-time. Master Isaac Ward is always glad to entertain guests."

There was something so sudden and unconventional about the invitation that I was reluctant to accept it; but he gave it naturally and pressed it with earnest courtesy, assuring me that it was in accordance with Master Ward's custom, that he would be much disappointed to lose the chance of talking with an interesting traveller, that he would far rather let me pay him for my lodging than have me go by, and so on—so that at last I consented.

Three minutes' walking from the deserted clearing brought us into a travelled road. It circled the breast of the mountain, and as we stepped along it in the dusk I learned something of my companion. His name was Edward Keene; he taught Latin and Greek in the Hilltop School; he had studied for the ministry, but had given it up, I gathered, on account of a certain loss of interest, or rather a diversion of interest in another direction.

"Preachers must be always trying to persuade men," he said. "But what I care about is to know men. I don't care what they do. Certainly I have no wish to interfere with them in their doings, for I doubt whether anyone can really change them. Each tree bears its own fruit, you see, and by their fruits you know them."

"What do you say to grafting? That changes the fruit, surely."

"Yes, but a grafted tree is not really one tree. It is two trees growing together. There is a double life in it, and the second life, the added life, dominates the other. The stock becomes a kind of animate soil for the graft to grow in."

Presently the road dipped into a little valley and rose again, breasting the slope of a wooded hill which thrust itself out from the steeper flank of the mountain-range. Down the hill-side a song floated to meet us—that most noble lyric of old Robert Herrick:

> Bid me to live, and I will live
> Thy Protestant to be;
> Or bid me love, and I will give
> A loving heart to thee.

It was a girl's voice, fresh and clear, with a note of tenderness in it that thrilled me. Keene's pace quickened. And soon the singer came in sight, stepping lightly down the road, a shape of slender whiteness on the background of gathering night. She was beautiful even in that dim light, with brown eyes and hair, and a face that seemed to breathe purity and trust. Yet there was a trace of anxiety in it, or so I fancied, that gave it an appealing charm.

"You have come at last, Edward," she cried, running forward and putting her hand in his. "It is late. You have been out all day; I began to be afraid."

"Not too late," he answered; "there was no need for fear, Dorothy. I am not alone, you see." And keeping her hand, he introduced me to the daughter of Master Ward.

It was easy to guess the relation between these two young people who walked beside me in the dusk. It needed no words to say that they were lovers. Yet it would have needed many words to define the sense, that came to me gradually, of something singular in the tie that bound them together. On his part there was a certain tone of half-playful condescension toward her such as one might use to a lovely child, which seemed to match but ill with her unconscious attitude of watchful care, of tender solicitude for him—almost like the manner of an elder sister. Lovers they surely were, and acknowledged lovers, for their frankness of demeanor sought no concealment; but I felt that there must be

> *A little rift within the lute,*

though neither of them might know it. Each one's thought of the other was different from the other's thought of self. There could not be a complete understanding, a perfect accord. What was

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the secret, of which each knew half, but not the other half?

Thus, with steps that kept time, but with thoughts how wide apart, we came to the door of the school. A warm flood of light poured out to greet us. The Master, an elderly, placid, comfortable man, gave me just the welcome that had been promised in his name. The supper was waiting, and the evening passed in such happy cheer that the bewilderments and misgivings of the twilight melted away, and at bedtime I dropped into the nest of sleep as one who has found a shelter among friends.

II

The Hilltop School stood on a blessed site. Lifted high above the village, it held the crest of the last gentle wave of the mountains that filled the south with crowding billows, ragged and tumultuous. Northward, the great plain lay at our feet, smiling in the sun; meadows and groves, yellow fields of harvest and green orchards, white roads and clustering towns, with here and there a little city on the bank of the mighty river which curved in a vast line of beauty toward the blue Catskill Range, fifty miles away. Lines of filmy smoke, like vanishing footprints in the air, marked the passage of railway trains across the landscape —their swift flight reduced by distance to a leisurely transition. The bright surface of the stream was furrowed by a hundred vessels; tiny rowboats creeping from shore to shore; knots of black barges following the lead of puffing tugs; sloops with languid motion tacking against the tide; white steamboats, like huge toy-houses, crowded with pygmy inhabitants, moving smoothly on their way to the great city, and disappearing suddenly as they turned into the narrows between Storm-King and the Fishkill Mountains. Down there was life, incessant, varied, restless, intricate, many-colored—down there was history, the highway of ancient voyagers since the days of Hendrik Hudson, the hunting-ground of Indian tribes, the scenes of massacre and battle, the last camp of the Army of the Revolution, the Head-quarters of Washington—down there was the home of legend and poetry, the dreamlike hills of Rip van Winkle's sleep, the cliffs and caves haunted by the Culprit Fay, the solitudes traversed by the Spy—all outspread before us, and visible as in a Claude Lorrain glass, in the tranquil lucidity of distance. And here, on the hilltop, was our own life; secluded, yet never separated from the other life; looking down upon it, yet woven of the same stuff; peaceful in circumstance, yet ever busy with its own tasks, and holding in its quiet heart all the elements of joy and sorrow and tragic consequence.

The Master was a man of most unworldly wisdom. In his youth a great traveller, he had brought home many observations, a few views, and at least one theory. To him the school was the most important of human institutions—more vital even than the home, because it held the first real experience of social contact, of free intercourse with other minds and lives coming from different households and embodying different strains of blood. "My school," said he, "is the world in miniature. If I can teach these boys to study and play together, freely and with fairness to one another, I shall make men fit to live and work together in society. What they learn matters less than how they learn it. The great thing is the bringing out of individual character so that it will find its place in social harmony."

Yet never man knew less of character in the concrete than Master Ward. To him each person represented a type—the scientific, the practical, the poetic. From each one he expected, and in each one he found, to a certain degree, the fruit of the marked quality, the obvious, the characteristic. But of the deeper character, made up of a hundred traits, colored and conditioned most vitally by something secret and in itself apparently of slight importance, he was placidly unconscious. Classes he knew. Individuals escaped him. Yet he was a most companionable man, a social solitary, a friendly hermit.

His daughter Dorothy seemed to me even more fair and appealing by daylight than when I first saw her in the dusk. There was a pure brightness in her brown eyes, a gentle dignity in her look and bearing, a soft cadence of expectant joy in her voice. She was womanly in every tone

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and motion, yet by no means weak or uncertain. Mistress of herself and of the house, she ruled her kingdom without an effort. Busied with many little cares, she bore them lightly. Her spirit overflowed into the lives around her with delicate sympathy and merry cheer. But it was in music that her nature found its widest outlet. In the lengthening evenings of late August she would play from Schumann, or Chopin, or Grieg, interpreting the vague feelings of gladness or grief which lie too deep for words. Ballads she loved, quaint old English and Scotch airs, folk-songs of Germany, "Come-all-ye's" of Ireland, Canadian *chansons*. She sang—not like an angel, but like a woman.

Of the two under-masters in the school, Edward Keene was the elder. The younger, John Graham, was his opposite in every respect. Sturdy, fair-haired, plain in the face, he was essentially an every-day man, devoted to out-of-door sports, a hard worker, a good player, and a sound sleeper. He came back to the school, from a fishing-excursion, a few days after my arrival. I liked the way in which he told of his adventures, with a little frank boasting, enough to season but not to spoil the story. I liked the way in which he took hold of his work, helping to get the school in readiness for the return of the boys in the middle of September. I liked, more than all, his attitude to Dorothy Ward. He loved her, clearly enough. When she was in the room the other people were only accidents to him. Yet there was nothing of the disappointed suitor in his bearing. He was cheerful, natural, accepting the situation, giving her the best he had to give, and gladly taking from her the frank reliance, the ready comradeship which she bestowed upon him. If he envied Keene—and how could he help it—at least he never showed a touch of jealousy or rivalry. The engagement was a fact which he took into account as something not to be changed or questioned. Keene was so much more brilliant, interesting, attractive. He answered so much more fully to the poetic side of Dorothy's nature. How could she help preferring him?

Thus the three actors in the drama stood, when I became an inmate of Hill-top, and accepted the master's invitation to undertake some of the minor classes in English, and stay on at the school indefinitely. It was my wish to see the little play — a pleasant comedy, I hoped — move forward to a happy ending. And yet—what was it that disturbed me now and then with forebodings? Something, doubtless, in the character of Keene, for he was the dominant personality. The key of the situation lay with him. He was the centre of interest. Yet he was the one who seemed not perfectly in harmony, not quite at home, as if something beckoned and urged him away.

"I am glad you are to stay," said he, "yet I wonder at it. You will find the life narrow, after all your travels. Ulysses at Ithaca—you will surely be restless to see the world again."

"If you find the life broad enough, I ought not to be cramped in it."

"Ah, but I have compensations."

"One you certainly have," said I, thinking of Dorothy, "and that one is enough to make a man happy anywhere."

"Yes, yes," he answered, quickly, "but that is not what I meant. It is not there that I look for a wider life. Love—do you think that love broadens a man's outlook? To me it seems to make him narrower—happier, perhaps, within his own little circle—but distinctly narrower. Knowledge is the only thing that broadens life, fills it with the sense of power. And love is the opposite of knowledge. Love is a kind of an illusion—a happy illusion, that is what love is. Don't you see that?"

"See it?" I cried. "I don't know what you mean. Do you mean that you don't really care for Dorothy Ward? Do you mean that what you have won in her is an illusion? If so, you are as wrong as a man can be."

"No, no," he answered, eagerly, "you know I don't mean that. I could not live without her. But love is not the only reality. There is something else, something broader, something——"

"Come away," I said, "come away, man! You are talking nonsense, treason. You are not true to yourself. You've been working too hard at your books. There's a maggot in your brain. Come out for a long walk."

That indeed was what he liked best.

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He was a magnificent walker, easy, steady, unwearying. He knew every road and lane in the valleys, every footpath and trail among the mountains. But he cared little for walking in company; one companion was the most that he could abide. And, strange to say, it was not Dorothy whom he chose for his most frequent comrade. With her he would saunter down the Black Brook path, or climb slowly to the first ridge of Storm-King. But with me he pushed out to the farthest pinnacle that overhangs the river, and down through the Lonely Heart gorge, and over the pass of the White Horse, and up to the peak of Cro' Nest, and across the rugged summit of Black Rock. At every wider outlook a strange exhilaration seemed to come upon him. His spirit glowed like a live coal in the wind. He overflowed with brilliant talk and curious stories of the villages and scattered houses that we could see from our eyries.

But it was not with me that he made his longest expeditions. They were solitary. Early on Saturday he would leave the rest of us, with some slight excuse, and start away on the mountain-road, to be gone all day. Sometimes he would not return till long after dark. Then I could see the anxious look deepen on Dorothy's face, and she would slip away down the road to meet him. But he always came back in good spirits, talkable and charming. It was the next day that the reaction came. The black fit took him. He was silent, moody, bitter. Holding himself aloof, yet never giving utterance to any irritation, he seemed half-unconsciously to resent the claims of love and friendship, as if they irked him. There was a look in his eyes as if he measured us, weighed us, analyzed us all as strangers.

Yes, even Dorothy. I have seen her go to meet him with a flower in her hand that she had plucked for him, and turn away with her lips trembling, too proud to say a word, dropping the flower on the grass. John Graham saw it, too. He waited till she was gone; then he picked up the flower and kept it.

There was nothing to take offence at, nothing on which one could lay a finger; only these singular alternations of mood which made Keene now the most delightful of friends, now an intimate stranger in the circle. The change was inexplicable. But certainly it seemed to have some connection, as cause or consequence, with his long, lonely walks.

Once, when he was absent, we spoke of his remarkable fluctuations of spirit.

The master labelled him. "He is an idealist, a dreamer. They are always uncertain."

I blamed him. "He gives way too much to his moods. He lacks self-control. He is in danger of spoiling a fine nature."

I looked at Dorothy. She defended him. "Why should he be always the same? He is too great for that. His thoughts make him restless, and sometimes he is tired. Surely you wouldn't have him act what he don't feel. Why do you want him to do that?"

"I don't know," said Graham, with a short laugh. "None of us know. But what we all want just now is music. Dorothy, will you sing for us?"

So she sang "The Coolin," and "The Days o' the Kerry Dancin'," and "The Hawthorn Tree," and "The Green Woods of Truigha," and "Flowers o' the Forest," and "*A la claire Fontaine*," until the twilight was filled with peace.

The boys came back to the school. The wheels of routine began to turn again, slowly and with a little friction at first, then smoothly and swiftly as if they had never stopped. Summer reddened into autumn; autumn bronzed into fall. The maples and poplars were bare. The oaks alone kept their rusted crimson glory, and the cloaks of spruce and hemlock on the shoulders of the hills grew dark with wintry foliage. Keene's transitions of mood became more frequent and more extreme. The gulf of isolation that divided him from us when the black days came seemed wider and more unfathomable. Dorothy and John Graham were thrown more constantly together. Keene appeared to encourage their companionship. He watched them curiously, sometimes, not as if he were jealous, but rather as if he were interested in some delicate experiment. At other times he would be singularly indifferent to everything, remote, abstracted, forgetful.

Dorothy's birthday, which fell in mid-October, was kept as a holiday. In the

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morning everyone had some little birthday gift for her, except Keene. He had forgotten the birthday entirely. The shadow of disappointment that quenched the brightness of her face was pitiful. Even he could not be blind to it. He flushed as if surprised, and hesitated a moment, evidently in conflict with himself. Then a look of shame and regret came into his eyes. He made some excuse for not going with us to the picnic, at the Black Brook Falls, with which the day was celebrated. In the afternoon, as we all sat around the camp-fire, he came swinging through the woods with his long, swift stride, and going at once to Dorothy laid a little brooch of pearl and opal in her hand.

"Will you forgive me?" he said. "I hope this is not too late. But I lost the train back from Newburg and walked home. I pray that you may never know any tears but pearls, and that there may be nothing changeable about you but the opal."

"Oh, Edward!" she cried, "how beautiful! Thank you a thousand times. But I wish you had been with us all day. We have missed you so much!"

For the rest of that day simplicity and clearness and joy came back to us. Keene was at his best, a leader of friendly merriment, a master of good-fellowship, a prince of delicate chivalry. Dorothy's loveliness unfolded like a flower in the sun.

But the Indian Summer of peace was brief. It was hardly a week before the old moods returned, darker and stranger than ever. The girl's unconcealable bewilderment, her sense of wounded loyalty and baffled anxiety, her still look of hurt and wondering tenderness, increased from day to day. John Graham's temper seemed to change, suddenly and completely. From the best humored and most careless fellow in the world, he became silent, thoughtful, irritable toward everyone except Dorothy. With Keene he was curt and impatient, avoiding him as much as possible, and when they were together, evidently struggling to keep down a deep dislike and rising anger. They had had sharp words when they were alone, I was sure, but Keene's coolness seemed to grow with Graham's heat. There was no open quarrel.

One Saturday evening, Graham came to me. "You have seen what is going on here?" he said.

"Something, at least," I answered, "and I am very sorry for it. But I don't quite understand it."

"Well, I do; and I am going to put an end to it. I am going to have it out with Ned Keene. He is breaking her heart."

"But are you the right one to take the matter up?"

"Who else is there to do it?"

"Her father."

"He sees nothing, comprehends nothing. 'Practical type—poetic type—misunderstandings sure to arise—come together after a while—each supply the other's deficiences.' Cursed folly! And the girl is so unhappy that she can't tell anyone. It shall not go on, I say. Keene is out on the road now, taking one of his infernal walks. I'm going to meet him."

"I'm afraid it will make trouble. Let me go with you."

"The trouble is made. Come if you like. I'm going now."

The night lay heavy upon the forest. Where the road dipped through the valley we could hardly see a rod ahead of us. But higher up where the way curved around the breast of the mountain, the woods were thin on the left, and on the right a sheer precipice fell away to the gorge of the brook. In the dim starlight we saw Keene striding toward us. Graham stepped out to meet him.

"Where have you been, Ned Keene?" he cried. The cry was a challenge. Keene lifted his head and stood still. Then he laughed and took a step forward.

"Taking a long walk, Jack Graham," he answered. "It was glorious. You should have been with me. But why this sudden question?"

"Because your long walk is a pretence. You are playing false. There is some woman that you go to see at West Point, at Highland Falls, who knows where?"

Keene laughed again.

"Certainly you don't know, my dear fellow; and neither do I. Since when has walking become a vice in your estimation? You seem to be in a fierce mood. What's the matter?"

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"I will tell you what's the matter. You are acting like a brute to the girl you profess to love."

"Plain words! But between friends frankness is best. Did she ask you to tell me?"

"No! You know too well she would die before she would speak. You are killing her, that is what you are doing with your devilish moods and mysteries. You must stop. Do you hear? You must give her up."

"I hear well enough, and it sounds like a word for her and two for yourself. Is that it?"

"Damn you," cried the younger man, "let the words go! we'll settle it this way"——and he sprang at the other's throat.

Keene, cool and well-braced, met him with a heavy blow in the chest. He recoiled, and I rushed between them, holding Graham back, and pleading for self-control. As we stood thus, panting and confused, on the edge of the cliff, a singing voice floated up to us from the shadows across the valley. It was Herrick's song again:

A heart as soft, a heart as kind,
A heart as sound and free
As in the whole world thou canst find,
That heart I'll give to thee.

"Come, gentlemen," I cried, "this is folly, madness. You can never deal with the matter in this way. Think of the girl who is singing down yonder. What will happen to her, what will she suffer, from scandal, from her own feelings, if either of you is killed, or even seriously hurt by the other? There must be no quarrel between you."

"Certainly," said Keene, whose poise, if shaken at all, had returned, "certainly, you are right. It is not of my seeking, nor shall I be the one to keep it up. I am willing to let it pass. It is but a small matter at most."

I turned to Graham—"And you?"

He hesitated a little, and then said, doggedly: "On one condition."

"And that is?"

"Keene must explain. He must answer my question."

"Do you accept?" I asked Keene.

"Yes, and no!" he replied. "No! to answering Graham's question. He is not the person to ask it. I wonder that he does not see the impropriety, the absurdity of his meddling at all in this affair. Besides, he could not understand my answer even if he believed it. But to the explanation, I say, Yes! I will give it, not to Graham, but to you. I make you this proposition. To-morrow is Sunday. We shall be excused from service if we tell the master that we have important business to settle together. You shall come with me on one of my long walks. I will tell you all about them. Then you can be the judge whether there is any harm in them."

"Does that satisfy you?" I said to Graham. "Yes," he answered, "that seems fair enough. I am content to leave it in that way for the present. And to make it still more fair, I want to take back what I said a while ago, and to ask Keene's pardon for it."

"Not at all," said Keene, quickly, "it was said in haste, I bear no grudge. You simply did not understand, that is all."

So we turned to go down the hill, and as we turned, Dorothy met us, coming out of the shadows.

"What are you men doing here?" she asked. "I heard your voices from below. What were you talking about?"

"We were talking," said Keene, "my dear Dorothy, we were talking—about walking—yes, that was it—about walking, and about views. The conversation was quite warm, almost a debate. Now, you know all the view-points in this region. Which do you call the best, the most satisfying, the finest prospect? But I know what you will say: the view from the little knoll in front of Hilltop. For there, when you are tired of looking far away, you can turn around and see the old school, and the linden-trees, and the garden."

"Yes," she answered gravely, "that is really the view that I love best. I would give up all the others rather than lose that."

III

THERE was a softness in the November air that brought back memories of summer, and a few belated daisies were blooming in the old clearing, as Keene and I passed by the ruins of the farm-house again early on Sunday morning. He had

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been talking ever since we started, pouring out his praise of knowledge, wide, clear, universal knowledge, as the best of life's joys, the greatest of life's achievements. The practical life was a blind, dull routine. Most men were toiling at tasks which they did not like, by rules which they did not understand. They never looked beyond the edge of their work. The philosophical life was a spider's web—filmy threads of theory spun out of the inner consciousness—it touched the world only at certain chosen points of attachment. There was nothing firm, nothing substantial in it. You could look through it like a veil and see the real world lying beyond. But the theorist saw only the web that he had spun. Knowing did not come by speculating, theorizing. Knowing came by seeing. Vision was the only real knowledge. To see the world, the whole world, as it is, to look behind the scenes, to read human life like a book, that was the glorious thing, most satisfying, divine.

Thus he had talked as we climbed the hill. Now, as we came by the place where we first met, a new eagerness sounded in his voice.

"Ever since that day I have inclined to tell you something more about myself. I felt sure you would understand. I am planning to write a book—a book of knowledge, in the true sense—a great book about human life. Not a history, not a theory, but a real view of life, its hidden motives, its secret relations. How different they are from what men dream and imagine and play that they are! How much darker, how much smaller, and therefore how much more interesting and wonderful. No one has yet written—perhaps because no one has yet conceived—such a 'Bionopsis' as I have in mind."

"But surely," said I, "you have chosen a strange place to write it—the Hilltop School, this quiet and secluded region! The stream of humanity runs very slow and slender here—it trickles. You must get out into the busy world. You must be in the full current and feel its force. You must take part in the active life of mankind in order to know it."

"A mistake!" he cried. "Action is the thing that blinds men. You remember Matthew Arnold's line:

In action's dizzying eddy whirled.

To know the world you must stand apart from it and above it; you must look down on it."

"Well, then," said I, "you will have to find some secret spring of inspiration, some point of vantage from which you can get your outlook and your insight."

He stopped short and looked me full in the face. "And that," cried he, "is precisely what I have found!"

Then he turned and pushed along the narrow trail so swiftly that I had much ado to follow him. After a few minutes we came to a little stream, flowing through a grove of hemlocks. Keene seated himself on the fallen log that served for a bridge and beckoned me to a place beside him.

"I promised to give you an explanation to-day—to take you on one of my long walks. Well, there is only one of them. It is always the same. You shall see where it leads, what it means. You shall share my secret—all the wonder and glory of it! Of course I know my conduct has seemed strange to you. Sometimes it has seemed strange even to me. I have been doubtful, troubled, almost distracted. I have been risking a great deal, in danger of losing what I value, what most men count the best thing in the world. But it could not be helped. The risk was worth while. A great discovery, the opportunity of a lifetime, yes, of an age, perhaps of many ages, came to me. I simply could not throw it away. I must use it, make the best of it, at any danger, at any cost. You shall judge for yourself whether I was right or wrong. But you must judge fairly, without haste, without prejudice. I ask you to make me one promise. You will suspend judgment, you will say nothing, you will keep my secret, until you have been with me three times at the place where I am now taking you."

By this time it was clear to me that I had to do with a case lying far outside of the common routine of life; something subtle, abnormal, hard to measure, in which a clear and careful estimate would be necessary. If Keene was laboring under some strange delusion, some disorder of mind, how could I estimate its nature or extent, without time and study, perhaps without expert advice? To wait a little would be prudent, for his sake as

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well as for others. If there was some extraordinary reality behind his mysterious hints, it would need patience and skill to test it. I gave him the promise for which he asked.

At once, as if relieved, he sprang up, and crying, "Come on, follow me!" began to make his way up the bed of the brook. It was the wildest walk that I have ever taken. He turned aside for no obstacles; swamps, masses of interlacing alders, close-woven thickets of stiff young spruces, *chevaux de frise* of dead trees where wind-falls had mowed down the forest, walls of lichen-crusted rock, landslides where heaps of broken stone were tumbled in ruinous confusion—through everything he pushed forward. I could see, here and there, the track of his former journeys: broken branches of witch-hazel and moose-wood, ferns trampled down, a faint trail across some deeper bed of moss. At mid-day we rested for a half-hour to eat lunch. But Keene ate nothing, except a little pellet of some dark green substance that he took from a little silver box in his pocket. He swallowed it hastily and, stooping his face to the spring by which we had halted, drank long and eagerly.

"An Indian trick," said he, shaking the drops of water from his face. "On a walk, food is a hindrance, a delay. But this tiny taste of bitter gum is a tonic; it spurs the courage and doubles the strength—if you are used to it. Otherwise I should not recommend you to try it. Faugh! the flavor is vile."

He rinsed his mouth again with water, and stood up, calling me to come on. The way, now tangled among the nameless peaks and ranges, bore steadily southward, rising all the time, in spite of many brief downward curves where a steep gorge must be crossed. Presently we came into a hard-wood forest, open and easy to travel. Breasting a long slope we reached the summit of a broad, smoothly rounding ridge covered with a dense growth of stunted spruce. The trees rose above our heads, about twice the height of a man, and so thick that we could not see beyond them. But, from glimpses here and there, and from the purity and lightness of the air, I judged that we were on far higher ground than any we had yet traversed, the central comb, perhaps, of the mountain-system.

A few yards ahead of us, through the crowded trunks of the dwarf forest, I saw a gray mass, like the wall of a fortress, across our path. It was a vast rock, rising from the crest of the ridge, lifting its top above the sea of foliage. At its base there were heaps of shattered stones, and deep crevices almost like caves. One side of the rock was broken by a slanting gully.

"Be careful," cried my companion, "there is a rattlers' den somewhere about here. The snakes are in their winter quarters now, almost dormant, but they can still strike if you tread on them. Step here! Give me your hand—use that point of rock—hold fast by this bush; it is firmly rooted—so! Here we are on Spy Rock! You have heard of it? I thought so. Other people have heard of it, and imagine that they have found it—five miles east of us—on a lower ridge. Others think it is a peak just back of Cro' Nest. All wrong! There is but one real Spy Rock—here! This earth holds no more perfect view-point. It is one of the rare places from which a man may see the kingdoms of the world and all the glory of them. Look!"

The prospect was indeed magnificent; it was strange what a vast enlargement of vision resulted from the slight elevation above the surrounding peaks. It was like being lifted up so that we could look over the walls. The horizon expanded as if by magic. The vast circumference of vision swept around us with a radius of a hundred miles. Mountain and meadow, forest and field, river and lake, hill and dale, village and farmland, far-off city and shimmering water—all lay open to our sight, and over all the westering sun wove a transparent robe of gem-like hues. Every feature of the landscape seemed alive, quivering, pulsating with conscious beauty. You could almost see the world breathe.

"Wonderful!" I cried. "Most wonderful! You have found a mount of vision."

"Ah," he answered, "you don't half see the wonder yet, you don't begin to appreciate it. Your eyes are new to it. You have not learned the power of far

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sight, the secret of Spy Rock. You are still shut in by the horizon."

"Do you mean to say that you can look beyond it?"

"Beyond yours—yes. And beyond any that you would dream as possible—See! Your sight reaches to that dim cloud of smoke in the south? And beneath it you can make out, perhaps, a vague blotch of shadow, or a tiny flash of brightness where the sun strikes it? New York! But I can see the great buildings, the domes, the spires, the crowded wharves, the tides of people whirling through the streets—and beyond that, the sea, with the ships coming and going! I can follow them on their courses—and beyond that—Oh! when I am on Spy Rock I can see more than other men can imagine."

For a moment, strange to say, I almost fancied I could follow him. The magnetism of his spirit imposed upon me, carried me away with him. Then sober reason told me that he was talking of impossibilities.

"Keene," said I, "you are dreaming. The view and the air have intoxicated you. This is a phantasy, a delusion!"

"It pleases you to call it so," he said, "but I only tell you my real experience. Why it should be impossible, I do not understand. There is no reason why the power of sight should not be cultivated, enlarged, expanded indefinitely."

"And the straight rays of light?" I asked. "And the curvature of the earth which makes a horizon inevitable?"

"Who knows what a ray of light is?" said he. "Who can prove that it may not be curved, under certain conditions, or refracted in some places in a way that is not possible elsewhere? I tell you there is something extraordinary about this Spy Rock. It is a seat of power—Nature's observatory. More things are visible here than anywhere else—more than I have told you yet. But come, we have little time left. For half an hour, each of us shall enjoy what he can see. Then home again to the narrower outlook, the restricted life."

The downward journey was swifter than the ascent, but no less fatiguing. By the time we reached the school, an hour after dark, I was very tired. But Keene was in one of his moods of exhilaration. He glowed like a piece of phosphorus that has been drenched with light.

Graham took the first opportunity of speaking with me alone.

"Well?" said he.

"Well!" I answered. "You were wrong. There is no treason in Keene's walks, no guilt in his moods. But there is something very strange. I cannot form a judgment yet as to what we should do. We must wait a few days. It will do no harm to be patient. Indeed, I have promised not to judge, not to speak of it, until a certain time. Are you satisfied?"

"This is a curious story," said he, "and I am puzzled by it. But I trust you, I agree to wait, though I am far from satisfied."

Our second expedition was appointed for the following Saturday. Keene was hungry for it, and I was almost as eager, desiring to penetrate as quickly as possible into the heart of the affair. Already a conviction in regard to it was pressing upon me, and I resolved to let him talk, this time, as freely as he would, without interruption or denial.

When we clambered up on Spy Rock, he was more subdued and reserved than he had been the first time. For a while he talked little, but scanned the view with wide, shining eyes. Then he began to tell me stories of the places that we could see—strange stories of domestic calamity, and social conflict, and eccentric passion, and hidden crime.

"Do you remember Hawthorne's story of 'The Minister's Black Veil?' It is the best comment on human life that ever was written. Everyone has something to hide. The surface of life is a mask. The substance of life is a secret. All humanity wears the black veil. But it is not impenetrable. No, it is transparent, if you find the right point of view. Here, on Spy Rock, I have found it. I have learned how to look through the veil. I can see, not by the light-rays only, but by the rays which are colorless, imperceptible, irresistible—the rays of the unknown quantity, which penetrate everywhere. I can see how men down in the great city are weaving their nets of selfishness and falsehood, and calling them industrial enterprises or

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political combinations. I can see how the wheels of society are moved by the hidden springs of avarice and greed and rivalry. I can see how children drink in the fables of religion, without understanding them, and how prudent men repeat them without believing them. I can see how the illusions of love appear and vanish, and how men and women swear that their dreams are eternal, even while they fade. I can see how people blind themselves and deceive each other, calling selfishness devotion, and bondage contentment. Down at Hilltop, yonder, I can see how Dorothy Ward and John Graham, without knowing it, without meaning it——"

"Stop, man!" I cried. "Stop, before you say what can never be unsaid. You know it is not true. These are nightmare visions that ride you. Not from Spy Rock nor from anywhere else can you see anything at Hilltop that is not honest and pure and loyal. Come down now and let us go home. You will see better there than here."

"I think not," said he, "but I will come. Yes, of course, I am bound to come. But let me have a few minutes here alone. Go you down along the path a little way, slowly. I will follow you in a quarter of an hour. And remember, we are to be here together once more!"

Once more! Yes, and then what must be done? How was this strange case to be dealt with so as to save all the actors, as far as possible, from needless suffering? That Keene's mind was disordered at least three of us suspected already. But to me alone was the nature and seat of the disorder known. How make the others understand it? They might easily conceive it to be something different from the fact, some actual lesion of the brain, an incurable insanity. But this it was not. As yet, at least, he was no patient for a madhouse: it would be unjust, it would probably be impossible to have him committed. But on the other hand they might take it too lightly, as the result of overwork, or perhaps of the use of some narcotic. To me it was certain that the trouble went far deeper than this. It lay in the man's moral nature, in the error of his central will. It was the working out, in abnormal form, but with essential truth, of his chosen and cherished ideal of life. Spy Rock was something more than the seat of his delusion. It was the expression of his temperament. The solitary trail that led thither was the symbol of his search for happiness—alone, forgetful of life's lowlier ties, looking down upon the world in the cold abstraction of scornful knowledge. How was such a man to be brought back to the real life whose first condition is the acceptance of a limited outlook, the willingness to live by trust as much as by sight, the power of finding joy and peace in the things that we feel are the best, even though we cannot prove them nor explain them? How could he ever bring anything but discord and sorrow to those who were bound to him?

This was what perplexed and oppressed me. I needed all the time until the next Saturday to think the question through, to decide what should be done. But the matter was taken out of my hands. After our last expedition Keene's dark mood returned upon him with sombre intensity. Dull, restless, indifferent, half-contemptuous, he seemed to withdraw into himself, observing those around him with half-veiled glances as if he had nothing better to do and yet found it a tiresome pastime. He was like a man waiting wearily at a railway station for his train. Nothing pleased him. He responded to nothing.

Graham controlled his indignation by a constant effort. A dozen times he was on the point of speaking out. But he restrained himself and played fair. Dorothy's suffering could not be hidden. Her loyalty was strained to the breaking-point. She was too tender and true for anger, but she was wounded almost beyond endurance.

Keene's restlessness increased. The intervening Thursday was Thanksgiving Day; most of the boys had gone home; the school had holiday. Early in the morning he came to me.

"Let us take our walk to-day. We have no work to do. Come! In this clear frosty air—Spy Rock will be glorious!"

"No," I answered, "this is no day for such an expedition. This is the home-day. Stay here and be happy with us all. You owe this to love and friendship. You owe it to Dorothy Ward."

"Owe it?" said he. "Speaking of debts, I think each man is his own chief

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creditor. But of course you can do as you like about to-day. To-morrow or Saturday will suit as well for our third walk."

About noon he came down from his room and went to the piano, where Dorothy was sitting. They talked together in low tones. Then she stood up, with pale face and wide-open eyes. She laid her hand on his arm.

"Do not go, Edward. For the last time I beg you to stay with us to-day."

He lifted her hand and held it for an instant. Then he bowed and let it fall.

"You will excuse me, Dorothy, I am sure. I feel the need of exercise. Absolutely I must go; good-by—until the evening."

The hours of that day passed heavily for all of us. There was a sense of disaster in the air. Something irretrievable had fallen from our circle. But no one dared to name it. Night closed in upon the house with a changing sky. All the stars were hidden. The wind whimpered and then shouted. The rain swept down in spiteful volleys, deepening at last into a fierce, steady discharge. Nine o'clock, ten o'clock passed, and Keene did not return. By midnight we were certain that some accident had befallen him.

It was impossible to go up into the mountains in that pitch-darkness of furious tempest. But we could send down to the village for men to organize a search-party and to bring the doctor. At daybreak we set out—some of the men going with the master along Black Brook, others in different directions to make sure of a complete search—Graham and the doctor and I following the secret trail that I knew only too well. Dorothy insisted that she must go. She would hear no denial, declaring that it would be worse for her, alone at home, than if we took her with us.

It was incredible how the path seemed to lengthen. Graham watched the girl's every step, helping her over the difficult places, pushing aside the tangled branches, his eyes resting upon her as frankly, as steadily as a mother looks at her child. In single file we marched through the gray morning, clearing cold after the storm, and the silence was seldom broken, for we had little heart to talk.

At last we came to the high, lonely ridge, the dwarf forest, the huge, couchant bulk of Spy Rock. There, on the back of it, with his right arm hanging over the edge, was the outline of Edward Keene's form. It was as if some monster had seized him and flung him over its shoulder to carry away.

We called to him, but there was no answer. The doctor climbed up with me, and we hurried to the spot where he was lying. His face was turned to the sky, his eyes blindly staring; there was no pulse, no breath; he was already cold in death. His right hand and arm, the side of his neck and face were horribly swollen and livid. The doctor stooped down and examined the hand carefully. "See!" he cried, pointing to a tiny mark on the wrist, like the prick of a pin, "a rattlesnake has struck him. He must have fairly put his hand upon it, perhaps in the dark, when he was climbing. And look, what is this?"

He picked up a flat silver box, that lay open on the rock. There were two olive-green pellets of a resinous paste in it. He lifted it to his face, and drew a long breath.

"Yes," he said, "it is Gunjah, the most powerful form of Hashish, the narcotic hemp of India. Poor fellow, it saved him from frightful agony. He died in a dream."

"You are right," I said, "in a dream, and for a dream."

We covered his face, and climbed down the rock. Dorothy and Graham were waiting below. He had put his coat around her. She was shivering a little. There were tear-marks on her face.

"Well," I said, "you must know it. We have lost him."

"Ah!" said the girl, "I lost him long ago."

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THE LITTLE WHITE BIRD

OR, ADVENTURES IN KENSINGTON GARDENS

BY J. M. BARRIE

XIII

THE GRAND TOUR OF THE GARDENS

YOU must see for yourselves that it will be difficult to follow our adventures unless you are familiar with the Kensington Gardens, as they now became known to David. They are in London, where the King lives, and you go to them every day unless you are looking decidedly flushed, but no one has ever been in the whole of the Gardens, because it is so soon time to turn back. The reason it is soon time to turn back is that you sleep from twelve to one. If your mother was not so sure that you sleep from twelve to one, you could most likely see the whole of them.

The Gardens are bounded on one side by a never-ending line of omnibuses, over which Irene has such authority that if she holds up her finger to any one of them it stops immediately. She then crosses with you in safety to the other side. There are more gates to the Gardens than one gate, but that is the one you go in at, and before you go in you speak to the lady with the balloons, who sits just outside. This is as near to being inside as she may venture, because, if she were to let go her hold of the railings for one moment, the balloons would lift her up, and she would be flown away. She sits very squat, for the balloons are always tugging at her, and the strain has given her quite a red face. Once she was a new one, because the old one had let go, and David was very sorry for the old one, but as she did let go, he wished he had been there to see.

The Gardens are a tremendous big place, with millions and hundreds of trees, and first you come to the Figs, but you scorn to loiter there, for the Figs is the resort of superior little persons, who are forbidden to mix with the commonalty, and is so named, according to legend, because they dress in full fig. These dainty ones are themselves contemptuously called Figs by David and other heroes, and you have a key to the manners and customs of this dandiacal section of the Gardens when I tell you that cricket is called crickets here. Occasionally a rebel Fig climbs over the fence into the world, and such a one was Miss Mabel Grey, of whom I shall tell you when we come to Miss Mabel Grey's gate. She was the only really celebrated Fig.

We are now in the Broad Walk, and it is as much bigger than the other walks as your father is bigger than you. David wondered if it began little, and grew and grew, till it was quite grown up, and whether the other walks are its babies, and he drew a picture, which diverted him very much, of the Broad Walk giving a tiny walk an airing in a perambulator. In the Broad Walk you meet all the people who are worth knowing, and there is usually a grown-up with them to prevent their going on the damp grass, and to make them stand disgraced at the corner of a seat if they have been mad-dog or Mary-Annish. To be Mary-Annish is to behave like a girl, whimpering because nurse wont carry you, or simpering with your thumb in your mouth, and it is a hateful quality, but to be mad-dog is to kick out at everything, and there is some satisfaction in that.

If I were to point out all the notable places as we pass up the Broad Walk, it would be time to turn back before we reach them, and I simply wave my stick at Cecco's Tree, that memorable spot where a boy called Cecco lost his penny, and, looking for it, found twopence. There has been a good deal of excavation going on there ever since. Farther up the walk is the little, wooden house in which Marmaduke Perry hid. There is no more awful story of the Gardens by day than this of Marmaduke Perry, who had been Mary-Annish three days in succession, and

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was sentenced to appear in the Broad Walk, dressed in his sister's clothes. He hid in the little wooden house, and refused to emerge until they brought him knicker-bockers with pockets.

You now try to go to the Round Pond, but nurses hate it, because they are not really manly, and they make you look the other way, at the Big Penny and the Baby's Palace. She was the most celebrated baby of the Ga[illegible]os, and lived in the palace all alone, w[illegible]er so many dolls, so people rang the bell, and up she got out of her bed, though it was past six o'clock, and she lighted a candle and opened the door in her nighty, and then they all cried with great rejoicings, "Hail, Queen of England!" What puzzled David most was how she knew where the matches were kept. The Big Penny is a statue about her.

Next we come to the Hump, which is the part of the Broad Walk where all the big races are run, and even though you had no intention of running you do run when you come to the Hump, it is such a fascinating, slide-down kind of place. Often you stop when you have run about half-way down it, and then you are lost, but there is another little wooden house near here, called the Lost House, and so you tell the man that you are lost and then he finds you. It is glorious fun racing down the Hump, but you can't do it on windy days because then you are not there, but the fallen leaves do it instead of you. There is almost nothing that has such a keen sense of fun as a fallen leaf.

From the Hump we can see the gate that is called after Miss Mabel Grey, the Fig I promised to tell you about. There were always two nurses with her, or else one mother and one nurse, and for a long time she was a pattern-child who always coughed off the table and said, "How do you do?" to other Figs, and the only game she played at was flinging a ball gracefully and letting the nurse bring it back to her. Then one day she tired of it all and went mad-dog, and, first, to show that she really was mad-dog, she unloosened both her boot-laces and put out her tongue east, west, north, and south. She then flung her sash into a puddle and danced on it till dirty water was squirted over her frock, after which she climbed the fence and had a series of incredible adventures, one of the least of which was that she kicked off both her boots. At last she came to the gate that is now called after her, out at which she ran into streets David and I have never been in though we have heard them roaring, and still she ran on and would never again have been heard of had not her mother jumped into a bus and thus overtaken her. It all happened, I should say, long ago, and this is not the Mabel Grey whom David knows.

Returning up the Broad Walk we have on our right the Baby Walk, which is so full of perambulators that you could cross from side to side stepping on babies, but the nurses won't let you do it. From this walk a passage called Bunting's Thumb, because it is that length, leads into Picnic Street, where there are real kettles, and chestnut-blossom falls into your mug as you are drinking. Quite common children picnic here also, and the blossom falls into their mugs just the same.

Next comes St. Govor's Well, which was full of water when Malcolm the Bold fell into it. He was his mother's favorite, and he let her put her arm round his neck in public because she was a widow, but he was also partial to adventures and liked to play with a chimney-sweep who had killed a good many bears. The sweep's name was Sooty, and one day when they were playing near the well, Malcolm fell in and would have been drowned had not Sooty dived in and rescued him, and the water had washed Sooty clean and he now stood revealed as Malcolm's long-lost father. So Malcolm would not let his mother put her arm round his neck any more.

Between the well and the Round Pond are the cricket-pitches, and frequently the choosing of sides exhausts so much time that there is scarcely any cricket. Everybody wants to bat first, and as soon as he is out he bowls unless you are the better wrestler, and while you are wrestling with him the fielders have scattered to play at something else. The gardens are noted for two kinds of cricket: boy cricket, which is real cricket with a bat, and girl cricket, which is with a racquet and the

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governess. Girls can't really play cricket, and when you are watching their futile efforts you make funny sounds at them. Nevertheless, there was a very disagreeable incident one day when some forward girls challenged David's team, and a disturbing creature called Angela Clare sent down so many yorkers that—However, instead of telling you the result of that regrettable match I shall pass on hurriedly to the Round Pond, which is the wheel that keeps all the Gardens going.

It is round because it is in the very middle of the Gardens, and when you are come to it you never want to go any farther. You can't be good all the time at the Round Pond, however much you try. You can be good in the Broad Walk all the time, but not at the Round Pond, and the reason is that you forget, and, when you remember, you are so wet that you may as well be wetter. There are men who sail boats on the Round Pond, such big boats that they bring them in barrows and sometimes in perambulators, and then the baby has to walk. The bow-legged children in the Gardens are these who had to walk too soon because their father needed the perambulator.

You always want to have a yacht to sail on the Round Pond, and in the end your uncle gives you one; and to carry it to the Pond the first day is splendid, also to talk about it to boys who have no uncle is splendid, but soon you like to leave it at home. For the sweetest craft that slips her moorings in the Round Pond is what is called a stick-boat, because she is rather like a stick until she is in the water and you are holding the string. Then as you walk round, pulling her, you see little men running about her deck, and sails rise magically and catch the breeze and you put in on dirty nights at snug harbors which are unknown to the lordly yachts. Night passes in a twink, and again your rakish craft noses for the wind, whales spout, you glide over buried cities, and have brushes with pirates and cast anchor on coral isles. You are a solitary boy while all this is taking place, for two boys together cannot adventure far upon the Round Pond, and though you may talk to yourself throughout the voyage, giving orders and executing them with dispatch, you know not, when it is time to go home, where you have been nor what swelled your sails; your treasure-trove is all locked away in your hold, so to speak, which will be opened, perhaps, by another little boy many years afterward.

But those yachts have nothing in their hold. Does anyone return to this haunt of his youth because of the yachts that used to sail it? Oh, no. It is the stick-boat that is freighted with memories. The yachts are toys, their owner a fresh-water mariner, they can cross and recross a pond only while the stick-boat goes to sea. You yachtsmen with your wands, who think we are all there to gaze on you, your ships are only accidents of this place, and were they all to be boarded and sunk by the ducks the real business of the Round Pond would be carried on as usual.

Paths from everywhere crowd like children to the pond. Some of them are ordinary paths, which have a rail on each side, and are made by men with their coats off, but others are vagrants, wide at one spot and at another so narrow that you can stand astride them. They are called paths that have made themselves, and David did wish he could see them doing it. But, like all the most wonderful things that happen in the Gardens, it is done, we concluded, at night after the gates are closed. We have also decided that the paths make themselves because it is their only chance of getting to the Round Pond.

One of these gypsy paths comes from the place where the sheep get their hair cut. When David shed his curls at the hair-dresser's, I am told, he said good-by to them without a tremor, though Mary has never been quite the same bright creature since, so he despises the sheep as they run from their shearer and calls out tauntingly, "Cowardy, cowardy custard!" But when the man grips them between his legs David shakes a fist at him for using such big scissors. Another startling moment is when the man turns back the grimy wool from the sheeps' shoulders and they look suddenly like ladies in the stalls of a theatre. The sheep are so frightened by the shearing that it makes them quite white and thin, and as soon as they are set free they

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begin to nibble the grass at once, quite anxiously, as if they feared that they would never be worth eating. David wonders whether they know each other now that they are so different, and if it makes them fight with the wrong ones. They are great fighters, and thus so unlike country sheep that every year they give Porthos a shock. He can make a field of country sheep fly by merely announcing his approach, but these town sheep come toward him with no promise of gentle entertainment, and then a light from last year breaks upon Porthos. He cannot with dignity retreat, but he stops and looks about him as if lost in admiration of the scenery, and presently he strolls away with a fine indifference and a glint at me from the corner of his eye.

The Serpentine begins near here. It is a lovely lake, and there is a drowned forest at the bottom of it. If you peer over the edge you can see the trees all growing upside down, and they say that at night there are also drowned stars in it. If so, Peter Pan sees them when he is sailing across the lake in the Thrush's Nest. A small part only of the Serpentine is in the Gardens, for soon it passes beneath a bridge to far away where the island is on which all the birds are born that become baby boys and girls. No one who is human, except Peter Pan (and he is only half human), can land on the island, but you may write what you want (boy or girl, dark or fair) on a piece of paper, and then twist it into the shape of a boat and slip it into the water, and it reaches Peter Pan's island after dark.

We are on the way home now, though, of course, it is all pretence that we can go to so many of the places in one day. I should have had to be carrying David long ago and resting on every seat like old Mr. Salford. That was what we called him, because he always talked to us of a lovely place called Salford where he had been born. He was a crab-apple of an old gentleman who wandered all day in the gardens from seat to seat trying to fall in with somebody who was acquainted with the town of Salford, and when we had known him for a year or more we actually did meet another aged solitary who had once spent Saturday to Monday in Salford. He was meek and timid and carried his address inside his hat, and whatever part of London he was in search of he always went to the General Post-office first as a starting-point. Him we carried in triumph to our other friend, with the story of that Saturday to Monday, and never shall I forget the gloating joy with which Mr. Salford leapt at him. They have been cronies ever since, and I notice that Mr. Salford, who naturally does most of the talking, keeps tight grip of the other old man's coat.

The two last places before you come to our gate are the Dog's Cemetery and the chaffinch's nest, but we pretend not to know what the Dog's Cemetery is, as Porthos is always with us. The nest is very sad. It is quite white, and the way we found it was wonderful. We were having another look among the bushes for David's lost worsted ball, and instead of the ball we found a lovely nest made of the worsted, and containing four eggs, with scratches on them very like David's handwriting, so we think they must have been the mother's love-letters to the little ones inside. Every day we were in the gardens we paid a call at the nest, taking care that no cruel boy should see us, and we dropped crumbs, and soon the bird knew us as friends, and sat in the nest looking at us kindly with her shoulders hunched up. But one day when we went, there were only two eggs in the nest, and the next time there were none. The saddest part of it was that the poor little chaffinch fluttered about the bushes, looking so reproachfully at us that we knew she thought we had done it, and though David tried to explain to her, it was so long since he had spoken the bird-language that I fear she did not understand. He and I left the Gardens that day with our knuckles in our eyes.

XIV

PETER PAN

IF you ask your mother whether she knew about Peter Pan when she was a little girl she will say, "Why, of course I did, child," and if you ask her whether he rode on a goat in those days she will say, "What a foolish question to ask; certainly

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he did." Then if you ask your grandmother whether she knew about Peter Pan when she was a little girl, she also says, "Why, of course I did, child," but if you ask her whether he rode on a goat in those days, she says she never heard of his having a goat. Perhaps she has forgotten, just as she sometimes forgets your name and calls you Mildred, which is your mother's name. Still, she could hardly forget such an important thing as the goat. Therefore there was no goat when your grandmother was a little girl. This shows that, in telling the story of Peter Pan, to begin with the goat (as most people do) is as silly as to put on your jacket before your vest.

Of course, it also shows that Peter is ever so old, but he is really always the same age, so that does not matter in the least. His age is one week, and though he was born so long ago he has never had a birthday, nor is there the slightest chance of his ever having one. The reason is that he escaped from being a human when he was seven days' old; he escaped by the window and flew back to the Kensington Gardens.

If you think he was the only baby who ever wanted to escape, it shows how completely you have forgotten your own young days. When David heard this story first he was quite certain that he had never tried to escape, but I told him to think back hard, pressing his hands to his temples, and when he had done this hard, and even harder, he distinctly remembered a youthful desire to return to the tree-tops, and with that memory came others, as that he had lain in bed planning to escape as soon as his mother was asleep, and how she had once caught him half-way up the chimney. All children could have such recollections if they would press their hands hard to their temples, for, having been birds before they were human, they are naturally a little wild during the first few weeks, and very itchy at the shoulders, where their wings used to be. So David tells me.

I ought to mention here that the following is our way with a story: First, I tell it to him, and then he tells it to me, the understanding being that it is quite a different story; and then I retell it with his additions, and so we go on until no one could say whether it is more his story or mine. In this story of Peter Pan, for instance, the bald narrative and most of the moral reflections are mine, though not all, for this boy can be a stern moralist, but the interesting bits about the ways and customs of babies in the bird-stage are mostly reminiscences of David's, recalled by pressing his hands to his temples and thinking hard.

Well, Peter Pan got out by the window, which had no bars. Standing on the ledge, he could see trees far away, which were doubtless the Kensington Gardens, and the moment he saw them he entirely forgot that he was now a little boy in a night-gown, and away he flew, right over the houses to the Gardens. It is wonderful that he could fly without wings, but the place itched tremendously, and perhaps we could all fly if we were as dead-confident-sure of our capacity to do it as was bold Peter Pan that evening.

He alighted gayly on the open sward, between the Baby's Palace and the Serpentine, and the first thing he did was to lie on his back and kick. He was quite unaware already that he had ever been human, and thought he was a bird, even in appearance, just the same as in his early days, and when he tried to catch a fly he did not understand that the reason he missed it was because he had attempted to seize it with his hand, which, of course, a bird never does. He saw, however, that it must be passed Lock-out Time, for there were a good many fairies about, all too busy to notice him; they were getting breakfast ready, milking their cows, drawing water, and so on, and the sight of the water-pails made him thirsty, so he flew over to the Round Pond to have a drink. He stooped, and dipped his beak in the pond; he thought it was his beak, but, of course, it was only his nose, and, therefore, very little water came up, and that not so refreshing as usual, so next he tried a puddle, and he fell flop into it. When a real bird falls in flop, he spreads out his feathers and pecks them dry, but Peter could not remember what was the thing to do, and he decided, rather sulkily, to go to sleep on the weeping beech in the Baby Walk.

At first he found some difficulty in balancing himself on a branch, but presently he

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remembered the way, and fell asleep. He awoke long before morning, shivering, and saying to himself, "I never was out in such a cold night;" he had really been out in colder nights when he was a bird, but, of course, as everybody knows, what seems a warm night to a bird is a cold night to a boy in a night-gown. Peter also felt strangely uncomfortable, as if his head was stuffy, he heard loud noises that made him look round sharply, though they were really himself sneezing. There was something he wanted very much, but, though he knew he wanted it, he could not think what it was. What he wanted so much was his mother to blow his nose, but that never struck him, so he decided to appeal to the fairies for enlightenment. They are reputed to know a good deal.

There were two of them strolling along the Baby Walk, with their arms round each other's waists, and he hopped down to address them. The fairies have their tiffs with the birds, but they usually give a civil answer to a civil question, and he was quite angry when these two ran away the moment they saw him. Another was lolling on a garden-chair, reading a postage-stamp which some human had let fall, and when he heard Peter's voice he popped in alarm behind a tulip.

To Peter's bewilderment he discovered that every fairy he met fled from him. A band of workmen, who were sawing down a toadstool, rushed away, leaving their tools behind them. A milkmaid turned her pail upside down and hid in it. Soon the Gardens were in an uproar. Crowds of fairies were running this way and that, asking each other stoutly, who was afraid, lights were extinguished, doors barricaded, and from the grounds of Queen Mab's palace came the rubadub of drums, showing that the royal guard had been called out. A regiment of Lancers came charging down the Broad Walk, armed with holly-leaves, with which they jog the enemy horribly in passing. Peter heard the little people crying everywhere that there was a human in the Gardens after Lock-out Time, but he never thought for a moment that he was the human. He was feeling stuffier and stuffier, and more and more wistful to learn what he wanted done to his nose, but he pursued them with the vital question in vain; the timid creatures ran from him, and even the Lancers, when he approached them up the Hump, turned swiftly into a side-walk, on the pretence that they saw him there.

Despairing of the fairies, he resolved to consult the birds, but now he remembered, as an odd thing, that all the birds on the weeping-beech had flown away when he alighted on it, and though that had not troubled him at the time, he saw its meaning now. Every living thing was shunning him. Poor little Peter Pan, he sat down and cried, and even then he did not know that, for a bird, he was sitting on his wrong part. It is a blessing that he did not know, for otherwise he would have lost faith in his power to fly, and the moment you doubt whether you can fly, you cease forever to be able to do it. The reason birds can fly and we can't is simply that they have perfect faith, for to have faith is to have wings.

Now, except by flying, no one can reach the island in the Serpentine, for the boats of humans are forbidden to land there, and there are stakes round it, standing up in the water, on each of which a bird-sentinel sits by day and night. It was to the island that Peter now flew to put his strange case before old Solomon Caw, and he alighted on it with relief, much heartened to find himself at last at home, as the birds call the island. All of them were asleep, including the sentinels, except Solomon, who was wide awake on one side, and he listened quietly to Peter's adventures, and then told him their true meaning.

"Look at your night-gown, if you don't believe me," Solomon said, and with staring eyes Peter looked at his night-gown, and then at the sleeping birds. Not one of them wore anything.

"How many of your toes are thumbs?" said Solomon a little cruelly, and Peter saw, to his consternation, that all his toes were fingers. The shock was so great that it drove away his cold.

"Ruffle your feathers," said that grim old Solomon, and Peter tried most desperately hard to ruffle his feathers, but he had none. Then he rose up, quaking, and for the first time since he stood on the window-ledge, he remembered a lady who had been very fond of him.

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"I think I shall go back to mother," he said timidly.

"Good-by," replied Solomon Caw with a queer look.

But Peter hesitated. "Why don't you go?" the old one asked politely.

"I suppose," said Peter huskily, "I suppose I can still fly?"

You see, he had lost faith.

"Poor little half-and-half," said Solomon, who was not really hard-hearted, "you will never be able to fly again, not even on windy days. You must live here on the island always."

"And never even go to the Kensington Gardens?" Peter asked tragically.

"How could you get across?" said Solomon. He promised very kindly, however, to teach Peter as many of the bird ways as could be learned by one of such an awkward shape.

"Then I sha'n't be exactly a human?" Peter asked.

"No."

"Nor exactly a bird?"

"No."

"What shall I be?"

"You will be a Betwixt-and-Between," Solomon said, and certainly he was a wise old fellow, for that is exactly how it turned out.

The birds on the island never got used to him. His oddities tickled them every day, as if they were quite new, though it was really the birds that were new. They came out of the eggs daily, and laughed at him at once, then off they soon flew to be humans, and other birds came out of other eggs, and so it went on forever. The crafty mother-birds, when they tired of sitting on their eggs, used to get the young ones to break their shells a day before the right time by whispering to them that now was their chance to see Peter washing or drinking or eating. Thousands gathered round him daily to watch him do these things, just as you watch the peacocks, and they screamed with delight when he lifted the crusts they flung him with his hands instead of in the usual way with the mouth. All his food was brought to him from the Gardens at Solomon's orders by the birds. He would not eat worms or insects (which they thought very silly of him), so they brought him bread in their beaks. Thus, when you cry out, "Greedy! Greedy!" to the bird that flies away with the big crust, you know now that you ought not to do this, for he is very likely taking it to Peter Pan.

Peter wore no night-gown now. You see, the birds were always begging him for bits of it to line their nests with, and, being very good-natured, he could not refuse, so by Solomon's advice he had hidden what was left of it. But, though he was now quite naked, you must not think that he was cold or unhappy. He was usually very happy and gay, and the reason was that Solomon had kept his promise and taught him many of the bird ways. To be easily pleased, for instance, and always to be really doing something, and to think that whatever he was doing was a thing of vast importance. Peter became very clever at helping the birds to build their nests; soon he could build better than a wood-pigeon, and nearly as well as a blackbird, though never did he satisfy the finches, and he made nice, little water-troughs near the nests and dug up worms for the young ones with his fingers. He also became very learned in bird-lore, and knew an east-wind from a west-wind by its smell, and he could see the grass growing and hear the insects walking about inside the tree-trunks. But the best thing Solomon had done was to teach him to have a glad heart. All birds have glad hearts unless you rob their nests, and so as they were the only kind of heart Solomon knew about, it was easy to him to teach Peter how to have one.

Peter's heart was so glad that he felt he must sing all day long, just as the birds sing for joy, but, being partly human, he needed an instrument, so he made a pipe of reeds, and he used to sit by the shore of the island of an evening, practising the sough of the wind and the ripple of the water, and catching handfuls of the shine of the moon, and he put them all in his pipe and played them so beautifully that even the birds were deceived, and they would say to each other, "Was that a fish leaping in the water or was it Peter playing leaping fish on his pipe?" and sometimes he played the birth of birds, and then the mothers would turn round in their nests to see whether they had laid an egg. If you are a child of the Gardens you must know the chestnut-tree near

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the bridge, which comes out in flower first of all the chestnuts, but perhaps you have not heard why this tree leads the way. It is because Peter wearies for summer and plays that it has come, and the chestnut being so near, hears him and is cheated.

But as Peter sat by the shore tootling divinely on his pipe he sometimes fell into sad thoughts and then the music became sad also, and the reason of all this sadness was that he could not reach the Gardens, though he could see them through the arch of the bridge. He knew he could never be a real human again, and scarcely wanted to be one, but oh, how he longed to play as other children play, and of course there is no such lovely place to play in as the Gardens. The birds brought him news of how boys and girls play, and wistful tears started in Peter's eyes.

Perhaps you wonder why he did not swim across. The reason was that he could not swim. He wanted to know how to swim, but no one on the island knew the way except the ducks, and they are so stupid. They were quite willing to teach him, but all they could say about it was, "You sit down on the top of the water in this way, and then you kick out like that." Peter tried it often, but always before he could kick out he sank. What he really needed to know was how you sit on the water without sinking, and they said it was quite impossible to explain such an easy thing as that. Occasionally swans touched on the island, and he would give them all his day's food and then ask them how they sat on the water, but as soon as he had no more to give them the hateful things hissed at him and sailed away.

Once he really thought he had discovered a way of reaching the Gardens. A wonderful white thing, like a runaway newspaper, floated high over the island and then tumbled, rolling over and over after the manner of a bird that has broken its wing. Peter was so frightened that he hid, but the birds told him it was only a kite, and what a kite is, and that it must have tugged its string out of a boy's hand, and soared away. After that they laughed at Peter for being so fond of the kite, he loved it so much that he even slept with one hand on it, and I think this was pathetic and pretty, for the reason he loved it was because it had belonged to a real boy.

To the birds this was a very poor reason, but the older ones felt grateful to him at this time because he had nursed a number of fledglings through the German measles, and they offered to show him how birds fly a kite. So six of them took the end of the string in their beaks and flew away with it; and to his amazement it flew after them and went even higher than they.

Peter screamed out, "Do it again!" and with great good-nature they did it several times, and always instead of thanking them he cried, "Do it again!" which shows that even now he had not quite forgotten what it was to be a boy.

At last, with a grand design burning within his brave heart, he begged them to do it once more with him clinging to the tail, and now a hundred flew off with the string, and Peter clung to the tail, meaning to drop off when he was over the Gardens. But the kite broke to pieces in the air, and he would have drowned in the Serpentine had he not caught hold of two indignant swans and made them carry him to the island. After this the birds said that they would help him no more in his mad enterprise.

Nevertheless, Peter did reach the Gardens at last by the help of Shelley's boat, as I am now to tell you.

XV

THE THRUSH'S NEST

SHELLEY was a young gentleman and as grown-up as he need ever expect to be. He was a poet; and they are never exactly grown-up. They are people who despise money except what you need for to-day, and he had all that and five pounds over. So, when he was walking in the Kensington Gardens, he made a paper boat of his bank-note, and sent it sailing on the Serpentine.

It reached the island at night: and the look-out brought it to Solomon Caw, who thought at first that it was the usual thing, a message from a lady, saying she

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would be obliged if he could let her have a good one. They always ask for the best one he has, and if he likes the letter he sends one from Class A; but if it ruffles him he sends very funny ones indeed. Sometimes he sends none at all, and at another time he sends a nestful; it all depends on the mood you catch him in. He likes you to leave it all to him, and if you mention particularly that you hope he will see his way to making it *a boy this time*, he is almost sure to send another girl. And whether you are a lady or only a little boy who wants a baby-sister, always take pains to write your address clearly. You can't think what a lot of babies Solomon has sent to the wrong house.

Shelley's boat, when opened, completely puzzled Solomon, and he took counsel of his assistants, who having walked over it twice, first with their toes pointed out, and then with their toes pointed in, decided that it came from some greedy person who wanted five. They thought this because there was a large five printed on it. "Preposterous!" cried Solomon in a rage, and he presented it to Peter; anything useless which drifted upon the island was usually given to Peter as a play-thing.

But he did not play with his precious bank-note, for he knew what it was at once, having been very observant during the week when he was an ordinary boy. With so much money, he reflected, he could surely at last contrive to reach the Gardens, and he considered all the possible ways, and decided (wisely, I think) to choose the best way. But, first, he had to tell the birds of the value of Shelley's boat; and though they were too honest to demand it back, he saw that they were galled, and they cast such black looks at Solomon, who was rather vain of his cleverness, that he flew away to the end of the island, and sat there very depressed with his head buried in his wings. Now Peter knew that unless Solomon was on your side, you never got anything done for you in the island, so he followed him and tried to hearten him.

Nor was this all that Peter did to gain the powerful old fellow's good will. You must know that Solomon had no intention of remaining in office all his life. He looked forward to retiring by-and-by, and devoting his green old age to a life of pleasure on a certain yew-stump in the Figs which had taken his fancy, and for years he had been quietly filling his stocking. It was a stocking belonging to some bathing person which had been cast upon the island, and at the time I speak of it contained a hundred and eighty crumbs, thirty-four nuts, sixteen crusts, a pen-wiper and a boot-lace. When his stocking was full, Solomon calculated that he would be able to retire on a competency. Peter now gave him a pound. He cut it off his bank-note with a sharp stick.

This made Solomon his friend for ever, and after the two had consulted together they called a meeting of the thrushes. You will see presently why thrushes only were invited.

The scheme to be put before them was really Peter's, but Solomon did most of the talking, because he soon became irritable if other people talked. He began by saying that he had been much impressed by the superior ingenuity shown by the thrushes in nest-building, and this put them into good-humor at once, as it was meant to do; for all the quarrels between birds are about the best way of building nests. Other birds, said Solomon, omitted to line their nests with mud, and as a result they did not hold water. Here he cocked his head as if he had used an unanswerable argument; but, unfortunately, a Mrs. Finch had come to the meeting uninvited, and she squeaked out, "We don't build nests to hold water, but to hold eggs," and then the thrushes stopped cheering, and Solomon was so perplexed that he took several sips of water.

"Consider," he said at last, "how warm the mud makes the nest."

"Consider," cried Mrs. Finch, "that when water gets into the nest it remains there and your little ones are drowned."

The thrushes begged Solomon with a look to say something crushing in reply to this, but again he was perplexed.

"Try another drink," suggested Mrs. Finch pertly. Kate was her name, and all Kates are saucy.

Solomon did try another drink, and it inspired him. "If," said he, "a finch's

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nest is placed on the Serpentine it fills and breaks to pieces, but a thrush's nest is still as dry as the cup of a swan's back."

How the thrushes applauded! Now they knew why they lined their nests with mud, and when Mrs. Finch called out, "We don't place our nests on the Serpentine," they did what they should have done at first: chased her from the meeting. After this it was most orderly. What they had been brought together to hear, said Solomon, was this: their young friend, Peter Pan, as they well knew, wanted very much to be able to cross to the Gardens, and he now proposed, with their help, to build a boat.

At this the thrushes began to fidget, which made Peter tremble for his scheme.

Solomon explained hastily that what he meant was not one of the cumbrous boats that humans use; the proposed boat was to be simply a thrush's nest large enough to hold Peter.

But still, to Peter's agony, the thrushes were sulky. "We are very busy people," they grumbled, "and this would be a big job."

"Quite so," said Solomon, "and, of course, Peter would not allow you to work for nothing. You must remember that he is now in comfortable circumstances, and he will pay you such wages as you have never been paid before. Peter Pan authorizes me to say that you shall all be paid sixpence a day."

Then all the thrushes hopped for joy, and that very day was begun the celebrated Building of the Boat. All their ordinary business fell into arrears. It was the time of year when they should have been pairing, but not a thrush's nest was built except this big one, and so Solomon soon ran short of thrushes with which to supply the demand from the mainland. The stout, rather greedy children, who look so well in perambulators but get puffed easily when they walk, were all young thrushes once, and ladies often ask specially for them. What do you think Solomon did? He sent over to the housetops for a lot of sparrows and ordered them to lay their eggs in old thrushes' nests and sent their young to the ladies and swore they were all thrushes! It was known afterward on the island as the Sparrows' Year, and so, when you meet, as you doubtless sometimes do, grown-up people who puff and blow as if they thought themselves bigger than they are, very likely they belong to that year. You ask them.

Peter was a just master, and paid his work-people every evening. They stood in rows on the branches, waiting politely while he cut the paper sixpences out of his bank-note, and presently he called the roll, and then each bird, as the names were mentioned, flew down and got sixpence. It must have been a fine sight.

And at last, after months of labor, the boat was finished. Oh, the deportment of Peter as he saw it growing more and more like a great thrush's nest! From the very beginning of the building of it he slept by its side, and often woke up to say sweet things to it, and after it was lined with mud and the mud had dried he always slept in it. He sleeps in his nest still, and has a fascinating way of curling round in it, for it is just large enough to hold him comfortably when he curls round like a kitten. It is brown inside, of course, but outside it is mostly green, being woven of grass and twigs, and when these wither or snap the walls are thatched afresh. There are also a few feathers here and there, which came off the thrushes while they were building.

The other birds were extremely jealous and said that the boat would not balance on the water, but it lay most beautifully steady; they said the water would come into it, but no water came into it. Next they said that Peter had no oars, and this caused the thrushes to look at each other in dismay, but Peter replied that he had no need of oars, for he had a sail, and with such a proud, happy face he produced a sail which he had fashioned out of his night-gown, and though it was still rather like a night-gown it made a lovely sail. And that night, the moon being full, and all the birds asleep, he did enter his coracle (as Master Francis Pretty would have said) and depart out of the island. And first, he knew not why, he looked upward, with his hands clasped, and from that moment his eyes were pinned to the west.

He had promised the thrushes to begin by making short voyages, with them to his

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guides, but far away he saw the Kensington Gardens beckoning to him beneath the bridge, and he could not wait. His face was flushed, but he never looked back; there was an exultation in his little breast that drove out fear. Was Peter the least gallant of the English mariners who have sailed westward to meet the Unknown?

At first, his boat turned round and round, and he was driven back to the place of his starting, whereupon he shortened sail, by removing one of the sleeves, and was forthwith carried backward by a contrary breeze, to his no small peril. He now let go the sail, with the result that he was drifted toward the far shore, where are black shadows he knew not the dangers of, but suspected them, and so once more hoisted his night-gown and went roomer of the shadows until he caught a favoring wind, which bore him westward, but at so great a speed that he was like to be broke against the bridge. Which, having avoided, he passed under the bridge and came, to his great rejoicing, within full sight of the delectable Gardens. But having tried to cast anchor, which was a stone at the end of a piece of the kite-string, he found no bottom, and was fain to hold off, seeking for moorage, and, feeling his way, he buffeted against a sunken reef that cast him overboard by the greatness of the shock, and he was near to being drowned, but clambered back into the vessel. There now arose a mighty storm, accompanied by roaring of waters, such as he had never heard the like, and he was tossed this way and that, and his hands so numbed with the cold that he could not close them. Having escaped the danger of which, he was mercifully carried into a small bay, where his boat rode at peace.

Nevertheless, he was not yet in safety; for, on pretending to disembark, he found a multitude of small people drawn up on the shore to contest his landing, and shouting shrilly to him to be off, for it was long past Lock-out Time. This, with much brandishing of their holly-leaves, and also a company of them carried an arrow which some boy had left in the Gardens, and this they were prepared to use as a battering-ram.

Then Peter, who knew them for the fairies, called out that he was not an ordinary human and had no desire to do them displeasure, but to be their friend; nevertheless, having found a jolly harbor, he was in no temper to draw off therefrom, and he warned them if they sought to mischief him to stand to their harms.

So saying, he boldly leapt ashore, and they gathered around him with intent to slay him, but there then arose a great cry among the women, and it was because they had now observed that his sail was a baby's night-gown. Whereupon, they straightway loved him, and grieved that their laps were too small, the which I cannot explain, except by saying that such is the way of women. The men-fairies now sheathed their weapons on observing the behavior of their women, on whose intelligence they set great store, and they led him civilly to their queen, who conferred upon him the courtesy of the Gardens after Lock-out Time, and henceforth Peter could go whither he chose, and the fairies had orders to put him in comfort.

Such was his first voyage to the Gardens, and you may gather from the antiquity of the language that it took place a long time ago. But Peter never grows any older, and if we could be watching for him under the bridge to-night (but, of course, we can't), I daresay we should see him hoisting his night-gown and sailing toward us in the Thrush's Nest; or he might be paddling. When he sails, he sits down, but he stands up to paddle. I shall tell you presently how he got his paddle.

Long before the time for the opening of the gates comes he steals back to the island, for people must not see him (he is not so human as all that), but this gives him hours for play, and he plays exactly as real children play. At least he thinks so, and it is one of the pathetic things about him that he often plays quite wrongly.

You see, he had no one to tell him how children really play, for the fairies were all more or less in hiding until dusk, and so know nothing, and though the birds pretended that they could tell him a great deal, when the time for telling came, it was wonderful how little they really knew. They told him the truth about hide-and-seek, and he often plays it by himself, but even the ducks on the Round Pond could not explain to him what it is that makes the pond so fascinating to boys. Every

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night the ducks have forgotten all the events of the day, except the number of pieces of bun thrown to them. They are gloomy creatures, and say that buns are not what they were in their young days.

So Peter had to find out many things for himself. He often played ships at the Round Pond, but his ship was only a hoop which he had found on the grass. Of course, he had never seen a hoop, and he wondered what you play at with them, and decided that you play at pretending they are boats. This hoop always sank at once, but he waded in for it, and sometimes he dragged it gleefully round the rim of the pond, and he was quite proud to think that he had discovered what boys do with hoops.

Another time, when he found a child's pail, he thought it was for sitting in, and he sat so hard in it that he could scarcely get out of it. Also he found a balloon. It was bobbing about on the Hump, quite as if it was having a game by itself, and he caught it after an exciting chase. But he thought it was a ball, and Jenny Wren had told him that boys kick balls, so he kicked it; and after that he could not find it anywhere.

Perhaps the most surprising thing he found was a perambulator. It was under a lime-tree, near the entrance to the Fairy Queen's Winter Palace (which is within the circle of the seven Spanish chestnuts), and Peter approached it warily, for the birds had never mentioned such things to him. Lest it was alive, he addressed it politely, and then, as it gave no answer, he went nearer and felt it cautiously. He gave it a little push, and it ran from him, which made him think it must be alive after all; but, as it had run from him, he was not afraid. So he stretched out his hand to pull it to him, but this time it ran at him, and he was so alarmed that he leapt the railing and scudded away to his boat. You must not think, however, that he was a coward, for he came back next night with a crust in one hand and a stick in the other, but the perambulator had gone, and he never saw another one. I have promised to tell you also about his paddle. It was a child's spade which he had found near St. Govor's Well, and he thought it was a paddle.

Do you pity Peter Pan for making these mistakes? If so, I think it rather silly of you. What I mean is that, of course, one must pity him now and then, but to pity him all the time would be impertinence. He thought he had the most splendid time in the Gardens, and to think you have it is almost quite as good as really to have it. He played without ceasing, while you often waste time by being mad dog or Mary-Annish. He could be neither of these things, for he had never heard of them, but do you think he is to be pitied for that?

Oh, he was merry. He was as much merrier than you, for instance, as you are merrier than your father. Sometimes he fell, like a spinning-top, from sheer merriment. Have you seen a grey-hound leaping the fences of the Gardens? That is how Peter leaps them.

And think of the music of his pipe. Gentlemen who walk home at night write to the papers to say they heard a nightingale in the Gardens, but it is really Peter's pipe they hear. Of course, he had no mother—at least, what use was she to him? You can be sorry for him for that, but don't be too sorry, for the next thing I mean to tell you is how he revisited her. It was the fairies who gave him the chance.

XVI

LOCK-OUT TIME

IT is frightfully difficult to know much about the fairies, and almost the only thing known for certain is that there are fairies wherever there are children. Long ago children were forbidden the Gardens, and at that time there was not a fairy in the place; then the children were admitted, and the fairies came trooping in that very evening. They can't resist following the children, but you seldom see them, partly because they live in the daytime behind the railings, where you are not allowed to go, and also partly because they are so cunning. They are not a bit cunning after Lock-out, but until Lock-out, my word!

When you were a bird you knew the fairies pretty well, and you remember a good deal about them in your babyhood,

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which it is a great pity you can't write down, for gradually you forget, and I have heard of children who declared that they had never once seen a fairy. Very likely, if they said this in the Kensington Gardens, they were standing looking at a fairy all the time. The reason they were cheated was that she pretended to be something else. This is one of their best tricks. They usually pretend to be flowers, because the court sits in the Fairies' Basin, and there are so many flowers there, and all along the Baby Walk, that a flower is the thing least likely to attract attention. They dress exactly like flowers, and change with the seasons, putting on white when lilies are in and blue for blue-bells, and so on. They like crocus and hyacinth time best of all, as they are partial to a bit of color, but tulips (except white ones, which are the fairy-cradles) they consider garish, and they sometimes put off dressing like tulips for days, so that the beginning of the tulip weeks is almost the best time to catch them.

When they think you are not looking they skip along pretty lively, but if you look and they fear there is no time to hide, they stand quite still, pretending to be flowers. Then, after you have passed without knowing that they were fairies, they rush home and tell their mothers they have had such an adventure. The Fairy Basin, you remember, is all covered with ground-ivy (from which they make their castor-oil), with flowers growing in it here and there. Most of them really are flowers, but some of them are fairies. You never can be sure of them, but a good plan is to walk by looking the other way, and then turn round sharply. Another good plan, which David and I sometimes follow, is to stare them down. After a long time they can't help winking, and then you know for certain that they are fairies.

There are also numbers of them along the Baby Walk, which is a famous gentle place, as spots frequented by fairies are called. Once twenty-four of them had an extraordinary adventure. They were a girls' school out for a walk with the governess, and all wearing hyacinth gowns, when she suddenly put her finger to her mouth, and then they all stood still on an empty bed and pretended to be hyacinths. Unfortunately, what the governess had heard was two gardeners coming to plant new flowers in that very bed. They were wheeling a handcart with the flowers in it, and were quite surprised to find the bed occupied. "Pity to lift them hyacinths," said the one man. "Duke's orders," replied the other, and, having emptied the cart, they dug up the boarding-school and put the poor, terrified things in it in five rows. Of course, neither the governess nor the girls dare let on that they were fairies, so they were carted far away to a potting-shed, out of which they escaped in the night without their shoes, but there was a great row about it among the parents, and the school was ruined.

As for their houses, it is no use looking for them, because they are the exact opposite of our houses. You can see our houses by day but you can't see them by dark. Well, you can see their houses by dark, but you can't see them by day, for they are the color of night, and I never heard of anyone yet who could see night in the day-time. This does not mean that they are black, for night has its colors just as day has, but ever so much brighter. Their blues and reds and greens are like ours with a light behind them. The palace is entirely built of many-colored glasses, and is quite the loveliest of all royal residences, but the queen sometimes complains because the common people will peep in to see what she is doing. They are very inquisitive folk, and press quite hard against the glass, and that is why their noses are mostly snubby. The streets are miles long and very twisty, and have paths on each side made of bright worsted. The birds used to steal the worsted for their nests, but a policeman has been appointed to hold on at the other end.

One of the great differences between the fairies and us is that they never do anything useful. When the first baby laughed for the first time, his laugh broke into a million pieces, and they all went skipping about. That was the beginning of fairies. They look tremendously busy, you know, as if they had not a moment to spare, but if you were to ask them what they are doing, they could not tell you in the least. They are frightfully ignorant, and everything they do is make-believe. They have a postman, but he

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never calls except at Christmas with his little box, and though they have beautiful schools, nothing is taught in them; the youngest child being chief person is always elected mistress, and when she has called the roll, they all go out for a walk and never come back. It is a very noticeable thing that, in fairy families, the youngest is always chief person, and usually becomes a prince or princess; and children remember this, and think it must be so among humans also, and that is why they are often made uneasy when they come upon their mother furtively putting new frills on the basinette.

You have probably observed that your baby-sister wants to do all sorts of things that your mother and her nurse want her not to do: to stand up at sitting-down time, and to sit down at standing-up time, for instance, or to wake up when she should fall asleep, or to crawl on the floor when she is wearing her best frock, and so on, and perhaps you put this down to naughtiness. But it is not; it simply means that she is doing as she has seen the fairies do; she begins by following their ways, and it takes about two years to get her into the human ways. Her fits of passion, which are awful to behold, and are usually called teething, are no such thing; they are her natural exasperation, because we don't understand her, though she is talking an intelligible language. She is talking fairy. The reason mothers and nurses know what her remarks mean, before other people know, as that "Guch" means "Give it to me at once," while "Wa" is "Why do you wear such a funny hat?" is because, mixing so much with babies, they have picked up a little of the fairy language.

Of late David has been thinking back hard about the fairy tongue, with his hands clutching his temples, and he has remembered a number of their phrases which I shall tell you some day if I don't forget. He had heard them in the days when he was a thrush, and though I suggest to him that perhaps it is really bird-language he is remembering, he says not, for these phrases are about fun and adventures, and the birds talked of nothing but nest-building. He distinctly remembers that the birds used to go from spot to spot like ladies at shop windows, looking at the different nests and saying, "Not my color, my dear," and "How would that do with a soft lining?" and "But will it wear?" and "What hideous trimming!" and so on.

The fairies are exquisite dancers, and that is why one of the first things the baby does is to sign to you to dance to him and then to cry when you do it. They hold their great balls in the open air, in what is called a fairy-ring. For weeks afterward you can see the ring on the grass. It is not there when they begin, but they make it by waltzing round and round. Sometimes you will find mushrooms inside the ring, and these are fairy-chairs that the servants have forgotten to clear away. The chairs and the rings are the only tell-tale marks these little people leave behind them, and they would remove even these were they not so fond of dancing that they toe it till the very moment of the opening of the gates. David and I once found a fairy-ring quite warm.

But there is also a way of finding out about the ball before it takes place. You know the boards which tell at what time the Gardens are to close to-day. Well, these tricky fairies sometimes slyly change the board on a ball night, so that it says the gardens are to close at 6.30, for instance, instead of at 7. This enables them to get begun half an hour earlier.

If on such a night we could remain behind in the Gardens, as the famous Baba did, we might see delicious sights, hundreds of lovely fairies hasting to the ball, the married ones wearing their wedding-rings round their waists, the gentlemen, all in uniform, holding up the ladies' trains, and linkmen running in front carrying winter cherries, which are the fairy-lanterns, the cloak-room where they put on their silver slippers and get a ticket for their wraps, the flowers streaming up from the Baby Walk to look on, and always welcome because they can lend a pin, the supper-table, with Queen Mab at the head of it, and behind her chair the Lord Chamberlain, who carries a dandelion on which he blows when Her Majesty wants to know the time.

The table-cloth varies according to the seasons, and in May it is made of chest-

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nut-blossom. The way the fairy-servants do is this: The men, scores of them, climb up the trees and shake the branches, and the blossom falls like snow. Then the lady servants sweep it together by whisking their skirts until it is exactly like a table-cloth, and that is how they get their table-cloth.

They have real glasses and real wine of three kinds, namely, blackthorn wine, berberris wine, and cowslip wine, and the queen pours out, but the bottles are so heavy that she just pretends to pour out. There is bread and butter, to begin with, of the size of a threepenny bit; and cakes to end with, and they are so small that they have no crumbs. The fairies sit round on mushrooms, and at first they are very well-behaved and always cough off the table, and so on, but after a bit they are not so well-behaved and stick their fingers into the butter, which is got from the roots of old trees, and the really horrid ones crawl over the table-cloth chasing sugar or other delicacies with their tongues. When the Queen sees them doing this she signs to the servants to wash up and put away, and then everybody adjourns to the dance, the Queen walking in front while the Lord Chamberlain walks behind her, carrying two little pots, one of which contains the juice of wall-flower and the other the juice of Solomon's Seals. Wall-flower juice is good for reviving dancers who fall to the ground in a fit, and Solomon's Seals juice is for bruises. They bruise very easily, and when Peter plays faster and faster they foot it till they fall down in fits. For, as you know without my telling you, Peter Pan is the fairies' orchestra. He sits in the middle of the ring, and they would never dream of having a smart dance nowadays without him. "P. P." is written on the corner of the invitation-cards sent out by all really good families. They are grateful little people, too, and at the princess's coming-of-age ball (they come of age on their second birthday and have a birthday every month) they gave him the wish of his heart.

The way it was done was this. The Queen ordered him to kneel, and then said that for playing so beautifully she would give him the wish of his heart. Then they all gathered round Peter to hear what was the wish of his heart, but for a long time he hesitated, not being certain what it was himself.

"If I chose to go back to mother," he asked at last, "could you give me that wish?"

Now this question vexed them, for were he to return to his mother they should lose his music, so the Queen tilted her nose contemptuously and said, "Pooh, ask for a much bigger wish than that."

"Is that quite a little wish?" he inquired.

"As little as this," the Queen answered, putting her hands near each other.

"What size is a big wish?" he asked.

She measured it off on her skirt, and it was a very handsome length.

Then Peter reflected, and said, "Well, then, I think I shall have two little wishes instead of one big one."

Of course, the fairies had to agree, though his cleverness rather shocked them, and he said that his first wish was to go to his mother, but with the right to return to the Gardens if he found her disappointing. His second wish he would hold in reserve.

They tried to dissuade him, and even put obstacles in the way.

"I can give you the power to fly to her house," the Queen said, "but I can't open the door for you."

"The window I flew out at will be open," Peter said confidently. "Mother always keeps it open in the hope that I may fly back."

"How do you know?" they asked, quite surprised, and, really, Peter could not explain how he knew.

"I just do know," he said.

So as he persisted in his wish, they had to grant it. The way they gave him power to fly was this: They all tickled him on the shoulder, and soon he felt a funny itching in that part, and then up he rose higher and higher and flew away out of the Gardens and over the house-tops.

It was so delicious that instead of flying straight to his old home he skimmed away over St. Paul's to the Crystal Palace and back by the river and Regent's Park, and by the time he reached his mother's window he had quite made up his mind that his second wish should be to become a bird.

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The window was wide open, just as he knew it would be, and in he fluttered, and there was his mother lying asleep. Peter alighted softly on the wooden rail at the foot of the bed and had a good look at her. She lay with her head on her hand, and the hollow in the pillow was like a nest lined with her brown, wavy hair. He remembered, though he had long forgotten it, that she always gave her hair a holiday at night. How sweet the frills of her night-gown were. He was very glad she was such a pretty mother.

But she looked sad, and he knew why she looked sad. One of her arms moved as if it wanted to go round something, and he knew what it wanted to go round.

"Oh, mother," said Peter to himself, "if you just knew who is sitting on the rail at the foot of the bed."

Very gently he patted the little mound that her feet made, and he could see by her face that she liked it. He knew he had but to say "Mother" ever so softly, and she would wake up. They always wake up at once if it is you that says their name. Then she would give such a joyous cry and squeeze him tight. How nice that would be to him, but oh, how exquisitely delicious it would be to her. That, I am afraid, is how Peter regarded it. In returning to his mother he never doubted that he was giving her the greatest treat a woman can have. Nothing can be more splendid, he thought, than to have a little boy of your own. How proud of him they are; and very right and proper, too.

But why does Peter sit so long on the rail, why does he not tell his mother that he has come back?

I quite shrink from the truth, which is that he sat there in two minds. Sometimes he looked longingly at his mother, and sometimes he looked longingly at the window. Certainly it would be pleasant to be her boy again, but, on the other hand, what times those had been in the Gardens! Was he so sure that he would enjoy wearing clothes again? He popped off the bed and opened some drawers to have a look at his old garments. They were still there, but he could not remember how you put them on. The socks, for instance, were they worn on the hands or on the feet? He was about to try one of them on his hand, when he had a great adventure. Perhaps the drawer had creaked; at any rate, his mother woke up, for he heard her say "Peter," as if it was the most lovely word in the language. He remained sitting on the floor and held his breath, wondering how she knew that he had come back. If she said "Peter" again, he meant to cry "Mother" and run to her. But she spoke no more, she made little moans only, and when next he peeped at her she was once more asleep, with tears on her face.

It made Peter very miserable, and what do you think was the first thing he did? Sitting on the rail at the foot of the bed, he played a beautiful lullaby to his mother on his pipe. He had made it up himself out of the way she said "Peter," and he never stopped playing until she looked happy.

He thought this so clever of him that he could scarcely resist wakening her to hear her say, "Oh, Peter, how exquisitely you play." However, as she now seemed comfortable, he again cast looks at the window. You must not think that he meditated flying away and never coming back. He had quite decided to be his mother's boy, but hesitated about beginning to-night. It was the second wish which troubled him. He no longer meant to make it a wish to be a bird, but not to ask for a second wish seemed wasteful, and, of course, he could not ask for it without returning to the fairies. Also, if he put off asking for his wish too long it might go bad. He asked himself if he had not been hard-hearted to fly away without saying good-by to Solomon. "I should like awfully to sail in my boat just once more," he said wistfully to his sleeping mother. He quite argued with her as if she could hear him. "It would be so splendid to tell the birds of this adventure," he said coaxingly. "I promise to come back," he said solemnly and meant it, too, for he had decided that his second wish was to be his first one over again.

And in the end, you know, he flew away. Twice he came back from the window, wanting to kiss his mother, but he feared the delight of it might waken her, so at last he played her a lovely kiss on his pipe, and then he flew back to the Gardens.

Many nights and even months passed

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before he asked the fairies for his second wish; and I am not sure that I quite know why he delayed so long. One reason was that he had so many good-byes to say, not only to his particular friends, but to a hundred favorite spots. Then he had his last sail, and his very last sail, and his last sail of all, and so on. Again, a number of farewell feasts were given in his honor; and another comfortable reason was that, after all, there was no hurry, for his mother would never weary of waiting for him. This last reason displeased old Solomon, for it was an encouragement to the birds to procrastinate. Solomon had several excellent mottoes for keeping them at their work, such as "Never put off laying to-day, because you can lay to-morrow," and "In this world there are no second chances," and yet here was Peter gayly putting off and none the worse for it. The birds pointed this out to each other, and fell into lazy habits.

But, mind you, though Peter was so slow in going back to his mother, he was quite decided to go back. The best proof of this was his caution with the fairies. They were most anxious that he should remain in the Gardens to play to them, and to bring this to pass they tried to trick him into making such a remark as "I wish the grass was not so wet," and some of them danced out of time in the hope that he might cry, "I do wish you would keep time!" Then they would have said that this was his second wish. But he smoked their design, and though on occasions he began, "I wish—" he always stopped in time. So when at last he said to them bravely, "I wish now to go back to mother for ever and always," they had to tickle his shoulders and let him go.

He went in a hurry in the end because he had dreamt that his mother was crying, and he knew what was the great thing she cried for, and that a hug from her splendid Peter would quickly make her to smile. Oh, he felt sure of it, and so eager was he to be nestling in her arms that this time he flew straight to the window, which was always to be open for him.

But the window was closed, and there were iron bars on it, and peering inside he saw his mother sleeping peacefully with her arm round another little boy.

Peter called, "Mother! mother!" but she heard him not; in vain he beat his little limbs against the iron bars. He had to fly back, sobbing, to the Gardens, and he never saw his dear again. What a glorious boy he had meant to be to her. Ah, Peter, we who have made the great mistake, how differently we should all act at the second chance. But Solomon was right; there is no second chance, not for most of us. When we reach the window it is Lock-out Time. The iron bars are up for life.

XVII

AN INTERLOPER

DAVID and I had a tremendous adventure. It was this, he passed the night with me. We had often talked of it as a possible thing, and at last Mary consented to our having it.

The adventure began with David's coming to me at the unwonted hour of six P.M., carrying what looked like a packet of sandwiches, but proved to be his requisites for the night done up in a neat paper parcel. We were both so excited that, at the moment of greeting, neither of us could be apposite to the occasion in words, so we communicated our feelings by signs; as thus, David half sat down in a place where there was no chair, which is his favorite preparation for being emphatic, and is borrowed, I think, from the frogs, and we then made the extraordinary faces which mean, "What a tremendous adventure!"

We were to do all the important things precisely as they are done every evening at his own home, and so I am in a puzzle to know how it was such an adventure to David. But I have now said enough to show you what an adventure it was to me.

For a little while we played with my two medals, and, with the delicacy of a sleeping companion, David abstained on this occasion from asking why one of them was not a Victoria Cross. He is very troubled because I never won the Victoria Cross, for it lowers his status in the Gardens. He never says in the Gardens that I won it, but he fights any boy

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of his year who says I didn't. Their fighting consists of challenging each other.

At twenty-five past six I turned on the hot water in the bath, and covertly swallowed a small glass of brandy. I then said, "Half past six; time for little boys to be in bed." I said it in the matter-of-fact voice of one made free of the company of parents, as if I had said it often before, and would have to say it often again, and as if there was nothing particularly delicious to me in hearing myself say it. I tried to say it in that way.

And David was deceived. To my exceeding joy he stamped his little foot, and was so naughty that, in gratitude, I gave him five minutes with a match-box. Matches, which he drops on the floor when lighted, are the greatest treat you can give David; indeed, I think his private heaven is a place with a roaring bonfire.

Then I placed my hand carelessly on his shoulder, like one a trifle bored by the dull routine of putting my little boys to bed, and conducted him to the night nursery, which had lately been my private chamber. There was an extra bed in it to-night, very near my own, but differently shaped, and scarcely less conspicuous was the new mantel-shelf ornament: a tumbler of milk, with a biscuit on top of it, and a chocolate riding on the biscuit. To enter the room without seeing the tumbler at once was impossible. I had tried it several times, and David saw and promptly did his frog business, the while, with an indescribable emotion, I produced a night-light from my pocket and planted it in a saucer on the wash-stand.

David watched my arrangements with distasteful levity, but anon made a noble amend by abruptly offering me his foot as if he had no longer use for it, and I knew by intuition that he expected me to take off his boots. I took them off with all the coolness of an old hand, and then I placed him on my knee and removed his blouse. This was a delightful experience, but I think I remained wonderfully calm until I came somewhat too suddenly to his little braces, which agitated me profoundly.

I cannot proceed in public with the disrobing of David.

Soon the night nursery was in darkness, but for the glimmer from the night-light, and very still save when the door creaked as a man peered in at the little figure on the bed. However softly I opened the door, an inch at a time, his bright eyes turned to me at once, and he always made the face which means, "What a tremendous adventure!"

"Are you never to fall asleep, David?" I always said.

"When are you coming to bed?" he always replied, very brave but in a whisper, as if he feared the bears and wolves might have him. When little boys are in bed there is nothing between them and bears and wolves but the night-light.

I returned to my chair to think, and at last he fell asleep with his face to the wall, but even then I stood many times at the door, listening.

Long after I had gone to bed a sudden silence filled the chamber, and I knew that David had awaked. I lay motionless, and, after what seemed a long time of waiting, a little far-away voice said in a cautious whisper, "Irene!"

"You are sleeping with me to-night, you know, David," I said.

"I didn't know," he replied, a little troubled but trying not to be a nuisance.

"You remember you are with me?" I asked.

After a moment's hesitation he replied, "I nearly remember," and presently he added very gratefully, as if to some angel who had whispered to him, "I remember now."

I think he had nigh fallen asleep again when he stirred and said, "Is it going on now?"

"What?"

"The adventure."

"Yes, David."

Perhaps this disturbed him, for by and by I had to inquire, "You are not frightened, are you?"

"Am I not?" he answered politely, and I knew his hand was groping in the darkness, so I put out mine and he held on tightly to one finger.

"I am not frightened now," he whispered.

"And there is nothing else you want?"

"Is there not?" he again asked politely.

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"Are you sure there's not?" he added.

"What can it be, David?"

"I don't take up very much room," the far-away voice said.

"Why, David," said I, sitting up, "do you want to come into my bed?"

"Mother said I wasn't to want it unless you wanted it first," he squeaked.

"It is what I have been wanting all the time," said I, and then without more ado the little white figure rose and flung itself at me. For the rest of the night he lay on me and across me, and sometimes his feet were at the bottom of the bed and sometimes on the pillow, but he always retained possession of my finger, and occasionally he woke me to say that he was sleeping with me. I had not a good night. I lay thinking.

Of this little boy, who, in the midst of his play while I undressed him, had suddenly buried his head on my knees.

Of the woman who had been for him who could be sufficiently daring.

Of David's dripping little form in the bath, and how when I essayed to catch him he had slipped from my arms like a trout.

Of how I had stood by the open door listening to his sweet breathing, had stood so long that I forgot his name and called him Timothy.

(To be concluded.)

BY DAMASCUS GATE

By George Meason Whicher

OFT-TIMES when the days are bitter, and the pulse of life is low,
And the wheels of toil in their dusty course drive heavily and slow,
When the meaning of all is blurred, and the joy of seeking palls,
Oft-times in my desert places a miracle befalls.
Is it a trick o' the blood, a clearing clot in the brain?
Sudden the flood of being flows free in my veins again.
Some far-off shower unguessed has filled the choking stream;
Some rift in the gray horizon let through a crimson beam.
Once more for me the sky is blue; I quaff the wine of the air,
And taste the fierce tang of the sea, and find the wild-rose fair;
Once more I walk the allotted round with unreluctant feet,
And daily bread has savor, and love and labor are sweet.

O! once in centuries olden, before Damascus Gate,
Journeyed one with holden eyes and a dreary heart of hate;
When a glory shone round about him, and in one wondrous hour
He had passed from death into life. Then knowledge and grace and power,
And a new word filled his lips; and joy and courage and love
Were born henceforth in his heart with the vision that fell from above.
And still when days are bitter, and life is clogged with care,
And the heart is salt with unshed tears and leaden with despair,
An angel stirs the stagnant pool, and lo! there is healing there.
Once more my song is loosened, and life and labor are sweet;
Once more in the tangled weft the pattern shines complete;
And I know that the self-same grace on my soul has been outpoured:
My spirit, by Damascus Gate, has heard the voice of her Lord.

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AMONG LONDON WAGE-EARNERS

By Walter A. Wyckoff

II

THE present prosperity of Great Britain is perhaps without a parallel in her history. It has been the fashion to represent her as falling into economic decay, and Englishmen have themselves fostered the illusion to serve some desired end. I have found it highly diverting to watch this process operating from the opposite poles of social policy. An opponent of organized labor turns the threatened danger into a weapon of attack upon trades-unionism, while a stanch trades-unionist erects it into a bogey with which to frighten the British public into a sense of the necessity of technical education. Each of them has his tongue in his cheek while he speaks of Great Britain's industrial decline. The demonstrable truth, as it seems to me, is that Great Britain's commercial loss is a relative one as compared, for example, with the recent commercial gains of the United States and of Germany, and that her own progress in wealth and in commercial strength is an absolute one, as measured by the increase in the assessment for the income-tax, and the sums passing through the clearing-house, and the amount of paid-up capital in stock companies, and the tonnage in steam-shipping, and the volume of business of cotton factories, and the output of coal mines, and the production of pig iron, and the deposits of savings banks, and the capital of coöperative societies, and the funds of trades-unions, and even the income from foreign and colonial investments. These are matters which are reducible to statements in the terms of the coin of the realm. A fact less capable of precise statement, but quite as convincing as testimony to her present prosperity and to its wide incidence, is the practical disappearance from Great Britain of the problem of the unemployed. When under existing conditions of competitive production and a proletariat struggling for the means of subsistence, there ceases to be an unemployed class in the usual sense, one may rest assured that the commercial prosperity for the time being is indisputably real. At all times he is a rash man who becomes prophetic of industrial changes.

Whatever the outcome of the rivalry upon which Great Britain has entered, certainly she has begun the struggle with huge store of wealth and with a reserve of industrial strength which is likely to stand her in good stead. The competitor who counts upon her weakness is sure of a rude awakening. How far the wage-earners of Great Britain are prepared for the fortunes of the new commercial warfare is largely a speculative question—interesting as most speculative questions are interesting, and capable of as many answers as there are points of view. Undoubtedly there is serious lack in England of opportunities of technical education for wage-earners and others, and undoubtedly trades-unions of a certain type are seriously reactionary and obstructive in policy. And yet, adaptation to new conditions can be swift when seen to be necessary, and it would be difficult to prove any loss of intelligence or energy or physical stamina among British workers.

Indeed, the very change in the social problem of England, as affecting the working classes, is itself an indication of progress among wage-earners. Apart from the larger question of a possible reorganization of industry with a view to a totally different distribution of wealth, the immediate practical problem for the reformers of a generation ago lay in the facts of degradation of masses of the working population "in crime and black ignorance and in foul conditions of existence, in a life purely animal, forsaken of God and man." No one who knows the proletarian quarters which have spread about London, which lie dense to the east and north and south and have all but met to the west in encircling the imperial city, will deny the existence of such conditions still. But he will recognize them as exceptional and as nowhere characteristic of regions where wage-earners live in large numbers.

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They are conditions which of necessity are disappearing as light and air are let into dark places. A new set of conditions have taken their place, and a new problem confronts the practical reformer. No longer mainly a problem of a criminal, ignorant, degraded population, it is now mainly the problem of a respectable, intelligent working population, which throngs the industrial centres and spreads with startling rapidity over outlying territory and yet is always overcrowded. If the sanitary laws of England were to be enforced, a million of the population of London alone would be turned houseless into the streets. And yet this is simply a statement of one of the physical phases of the problem. Those who know the new city type, this race of city-bred wage-earners, packed in overcrowded houses, tell us that "among them there is patience in misfortune, a persistent cheerfulness, family affection, and neighborly helpfulness, but that for them the spiritual world, whether in Nature, in Art, or in definite Religion, has vanished." It is our present purpose to get a general idea of how the millions of London wage-earners are housed and some of the effects upon them of the circumstances of their present home life.

In dealing with present conditions, which in many particulars are deplorable, one cannot be too often reminded of the substantial progress which has been made in the past generation or more, and of the change in the essential character of the problem. Forty years ago one would have found in any proletarian quarter of London a far lower standard of comfort than now. It is still possible to discover whole families occupying but one room each, but then it was far from exceptional, while the present common instances of two-and-three-room tenements were comparatively rare among certain classes of workers. In the best of the older tenements there were no cooking-ranges, and water had all to be carried by hand from the ground floor. Inadequate as are the means of transportation now, there were almost none then, no underground railways with their workingmen's trains, and no trams, only a few cheap omnibuses at best. There were no free libraries, and no board-schools, nor any of the varied amusements which are now offered to the people, and scarcely a hint of the open breathing-spaces which have done much to mitigate the congestion of the newer dwelling-places of the working poor. If sanitary measures are now but imperfectly enforced, there were few such measures then, and fewer were enforcible, while instead of the knowledge of sanitary matters which is now general among the people, there was then gross ignorance. And, for all the greater needs of the time, there were fewer means of meeting them, fewer hospitals and convalescent homes, and many of the present appliances for drainage were then not even known. In consequence, it is not possible for even the most abandoned slum of the London of to-day to be so insanitary and degraded a place as was many an average region during the early sixties. And with the disappearance of much of the environment which fostered it, there has gone much of the brute savagery which throve in those reeking streets.

But if an insanitary and savage London has largely disappeared, an overcrowded London remains as a most urgent problem of the hour, and one charged with the interests of the working-classes. The causes for this condition of overcrowding are not far to seek. During the past ten years the population of London has increased by nearly a million. An inevitable result of such an increase in the population has been a growing demand for dwellings, a demand which the most active building operations would find it difficult to supply. But the demand is not simply a demand for dwellings; it is a demand for dwellings near, or measurably near, the places of work. Consequently the rentals of such houses was certain to rise, and with the rising rentals there has been a contraction of living space on the part of many workmen's families. We therefore find families that had been living in three rooms beginning to adapt themselves to two, and finally to one. The latest census returns are somewhat appalling in their bearing upon this fact. They show that there are now in London 150,000 tenements of one room, and that, moreover, 2,000 of these contain "six or more inmates." More than 12,000 per-

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sons living in 2,000 rooms is a fact, when really grasped, to give all needed importance to the housing problem of London, especially when enforced by the further fact that a whole million of the population are living under conditions which are confessedly insanitary.

A similar state of overcrowding is produced in East London throughout the Jewish quarter, and where the Jews are encroaching upon territory hitherto occupied by Gentiles in a manner that I have already indicated. A rental is offered by the prospective Jewish tenant far in advance of that already paid by the occupant; and when the Jew has gained admission, he reimburses himself by taking in lodgers. The system of sub-letting to lodgers is carried in London to an incredible length among both Jews and Gentiles. It may mean, in its mildest form, the letting to lodgers of one of the two or three rooms of a tenement, while the family live in what is left; it is quite as likely to mean the admission to the one room already occupied by a family, of two, three, and even more lodgers. There are instances in which the children are compelled to sleep under the beds, while the beds are let to strangers, and there are even cases in which the beds of these appalling tenements are hired by shifts of lodgers, one having possession from ten in the evening until six in the morning, another from six until two in the afternoon, and a third from two until ten at night. Like the beds of the changing shifts of the wretched victims of the early factory system in England, these beds of wage-earners in the England of to-day are "never allowed to cool."

It must not be supposed that the overcrowding exists merely among the submerged of London or at worst among the irregularly employed and the ill-paid wage-earners, such as "casuals" and unskilled laborers and the workers in sweatshops. A peculiarity of the present problem and one which gives to it much of its unique character is the fact that many respectable families of highly paid artisans are seriously cramped in their accommodation and that the no-less respectable families of regular laborers are frequently so overcrowded that they are without the necessary living space for decency and health. It is not at all uncommon in the proletarian quarters of London to find cases of sober, industrious, workingmen with good employment, quite able to pay for decent homes for their families, and yet unable to find them. And when, under such circumstances a man sees his children infected with the diseases bred of overcrowding and morally contaminated by its indecencies, his bitterness is not unnatural.

Another cause of congestion in certain parts of London is the demolition in connection with improvement schemes, and the erection of public buildings, and the construction of railway lines and stations. It is a part of the irony of the situation that the very remedies which are applied to the evil at one point result in its intensification at another. Incidentally it performs this service, that it goes to show an advantage in a municipal treatment of the difficulty as compared with the work of private enterprise. Inevitably much hardship accompanies the application of almost any scheme of improved rehousing. The insanitary area is entirely cleared and the surface works rearranged before any rebuilding takes place, and this necessarily involves the displacement of the former tenants, who, at least until the improvements are complete, must be rehoused in quarters already crowded. To local authorities carrying out an improvement scheme, permission is granted to provide accommodation for the dislodged tenants on lands owned by the authorities or on any suitable lands purchased by them for the purpose. The standing example of this procedure is that which was furnished by the London County Council itself. Some years ago the Council purchased the awful labyrinth of filth and crime between Shoreditch and Bethnal Green, known as "The Jago." Upon this site was erected the Boundary estate. But the very carrying into effect of a scheme of so great improvement involved much hardship to the tenants and the danger of merely shifting the site of congestion without effecting a positive remedy. There were nearly 6,000 people crowded in The Jago, every room within it contained on an average 2¼ persons, and there were 107 rooms which had five or more inhabitants each. Moreover,

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some of the vital statistics of the region were suggestive. The general death-rate in Bethnal Green during the latter eighties was 22.8 in the thousand, which is a high average. For the whole of London it stood at 18.4, but in The Jago it was 40 in the thousand between the years 1886 and 1888, and in the year 1889 it rose to 40.13.

The problem was to clear this area, crowded by a population of 6,000 nearly, and rebuild it, providing under sanitary conditions for an equal number of tenants as far as possible, and yet providing suitable quarters in the meanwhile for the persons to be displaced. Accordingly the County Council decided to clear the area by sections. Three sections were made, the first containing 1,860 inhabitants, the second 2,049, and the third 1,810. But 143 persons had to be removed at once from Sections II. and III. to relieve an impossible condition, and these added to the dwellers in Section I. made a population of 2,000 to be immediately provided for.

For this purpose the Council "proposed to utilize vacant accommodation in the neighborhood (roughly speaking within half a mile of the area) to the extent of 1,500 persons; and to acquire a site in Goldsmith Row, Shoreditch, for the erection of dwellings to accommodate the remaining 500." The result was that an area containing 730 houses, of which 652 were occupied wholly or partly by persons of the laboring-classes, an area of narrow streets and courts, the widest being 28 feet in breadth, where the general death-rate was 40 in the thousand, and infant mortality 252 to every thousand births, was transformed into a dwelling and working region with open public gardens at the centre, and an avenue 60 feet wide connecting them with Shoreditch, High Street, while other main streets are 50 and the subsidiary streets 40 feet wide, with block dwellings fronting them either four or five stories high according to the width of the street.

It is the pitiful inadequacy of such work, even at the best, that impresses one in relation to the actual need. While a million of the working-poor of London are miserably overcrowded, relief is provided for a few thousand. Before the formation of the London County Council in the spring of 1889 the responsibility of dealing with the housing question was vested in the Metropolitan Board of Works, which came into existence in 1855. Until 1851 there had been no legislation dealing directly with the housing of the working-classes. There were certain sanitary laws which had been under the administration of the old Commission of Sewers, but there were no sanitary laws having special reference to the needs of the most congested quarters of the city. These began to take shape in Lord Shaftesbury's Acts of 1851. But even then no power was conferred upon the Commission of Sewers to deal with the conditions of overcrowding, and none was conferred upon the Board until the first of Cross's Acts was passed in 1875. Then for the first time a London administrative body had power to deal with one of the city's most urgent needs, and the power was somewhat extended in 1879 by Torrens's Act, which enabled the Board "to enforce, to some extent, action on the part of vestries and district boards." But in the fourteen years from 1875 to 1889, when the Board was superseded by the Council, it had displaced 29,151, and rehoused 27,780, of the hundreds of thousands of the overcrowded of London, while the Council during the years 1889-1900, in operations carried on under the Housing Acts, displaced 7,845 persons and provided accommodation for 6,956. At that time dwellings were in course of erection for 4,956, and 8,339 were soon to be displaced, for whose accommodation additional dwellings were almost immediately commenced.

To the chance observer the thronging thousands of overcrowded London are not easily classified. One readily recognizes certain types, as the casuals and tramps and abandoned women, the flotsam and jetsam generally of a city population which are not widely unlike wherever met. But this carries one but a little way in knowing a city full of industrious workers of all manner of antecedents, and ranging from fourteen years to old age and engaged in nearly every conceivable industry. There is little, any longer, in the dress of the English working-people, as in the case of the working-classes in

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America, to give them a distinctive stamp. The factory girl is a type apart and the costermonger and the Jew of the sweat-shops, and one imagines that one distinguishes roughly between skilled and unskilled workmen, and certainly between criminals and honest workers, until experience suggests a difficulty. On Whitechapel, High Street, I stopped one Saturday afternoon to ask my way of a Bobby, a blue-eyed, clear-skinned, country-bred young officer with a figure that did credit to his fitness for his calling. In thanking him I quite unnecessarily remarked on the orderliness of the quarter and the high respectability of the people. "Yes," he replied, "the place is orderly enough, but you can't always be sure about the people you see here." His voice lowered significantly as he added: "Within thirty feet of where we're standing there's three of the cleverest pickpockets in all London."

We were near the entrance to the Aldgate Station of the Underground, and I could distinguish nothing in the moving crowd about us that suggested characters other than a mixed working population in holiday dress. But for those who, from long study of the working-classes of London, have come to know their life and labor, there are ready standards of classification. None is simpler than that of wages. Among those employed with reasonable regularity throughout the year and year after year is a vast army of London workers, forming the majority of heads of families, whose wages vary from twenty to thirty shillings a week. These are the unskilled laborers and laborers but little skilled, whose dwellings reach for hundreds of miles along monotonous streets. Two rooms as a rule, three rooms at the best, constitute the home. Nothing could exceed the monotony of the outer setting of the life, the endless rows of houses all exactly similar, the streets endless in number and endlessly alike. And, as if intended to fit this outward monotony, there is the weary round of life itself with work for the wage-earners beginning at six and lasting until six, with intervals for breakfast and dinner.

Saturday brings a half-holiday and Sunday a day of rest, but the monotony which deeply stamps the life and work leaves its imprint as by a strange necessity upon the play and rest. The recreation of Saturday afternoon is always much the same, and for multitudes it means little else than the public-house and the music-hall, while Sunday, with a regularity that hardly varies, means the luxury of a long sleep and a late breakfast, and a leisurely reading of the Sunday papers, and a saunter to the public-house for the one-o'clock opening, and the gluttonous Sunday dinner at three, and the public-house again at six. And with it all there is no privacy, no power to withdraw from the maddening sameness of existence, and none of the restful quiet of the country, but instead the depressing stillness as of a deserted town.

Another class, made up of skilled workmen and small clerks whose wages range from thirty to forty shillings a week, is distinguished from the former in its way of living largely, by the fact that the home with them consists generally of four rooms instead of two or three. And this fourth room is a "parlor," which has a peculiar sacredness among the English working-classes who can attain to its possession and a significance which is interesting. The family with a parlor is in a social category quite distinct from the family without one. Not only does a social distinction become manifest at this point, but one begins to have vision of a class-difference which is curious and unexpected. There is not the solidarity among English wage-earners that one would look for in a proletariat so long established and so well organized. Any advance in the scale of living among English workers is almost certain to be accompanied by the adoption of the standards and ideals of the next higher social order. Their proletarian sympathies weaken and they take on the views and sympathies of the lower middle-class. One can trace the change very clearly in the history, for example, of a family of English mill operatives. As the family income grows with the growth of the children and their advancement in work until it reaches the point of four or even five pounds a week, the whole habit of life changes gradually in the direction of middle-class respectability. The parlor is an early step with its air of sanctity and its decorations of wax-flowers and antimacas-

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sars, and possibly with even a piano. A not unlikely further step is an interest in chapel, and a not uncommon culminating glory of the new-found respectability is a five-guinea trip to Switzerland for some member of the family under the guidance of Messrs. Cook & Son.

For scores of thousands of London workers the securing of even the relative immunity from overcrowding which is implied in three-and-four-room tenements is at the cost of living at long distances from their work. And not only is the distance great from the outlying areas to the industrial centres of the town, but, owing to the inadequacy of the present means of transportation in the city, the time required for going to and fro is long. It must be remembered that as much time is needed for crossing London from north to south or from east to west as in going by rail from Paddington to Oxford, for example, or from Victoria Station to Brighton. From Charing Cross as a centre, industrial London spreads out for fifteen miles in every direction, and multitudes of the workers who have been dishoused by improvement schemes or driven by rising rents from tenements near their work must find new homes in the suburban regions. Here, in this outer fringe of London, there spring up like fungi over night the worst of jerry-built houses to meet the new demand, and in an incredibly short time these are overcrowded and the new housing areas quickly degraded to what have been called "sylvan slums," which have come to be known as the worst quarters of London, and to present one of the most serious features of the housing problem.

To render it possible for the London wage-earners to live at a distance from their work, as much as a dozen or fifteen miles, there has been put into operation a system of workmen's trains, inaugurated by the Metropolitan Board of Works, but brought to its present degree of efficiency chiefly by the agency of the London County Council. The railways entering London now send in to their various termini a series of early trains, starting, some of them, as early as half-past four in the morning and continuing to run until eight and affording transportation at a low rate to wage-earners living at a distance from their work. If, however, there are any portions of the housing problem which this provision has served to solve, it has also created new problems, such as the overcrowding of the suburban regions and the really terrible hardships to which many who must use the workmen's trains are exposed. Work for the vast majority of those entering London by these trains begins at the same hour, but not all can enter the city by the same train, so that in order to be in good time at their work many must take the earlier trains. There is scarcely a more pitiful sight to be seen in London than that of girls and women and young children huddled together in the various stations or walking wearily through silent streets in the gray dawn, in all the changing horrors of London weather, waiting for their working places to open—spending in this exhausting manner the time that should be spent at rest. If there is to be decentralization, there should be decentralization of industry as well as of population. If the industries move to the suburbs, the best of the workers will follow them there as well as the poorest paid; and if the sylvan slums do not wholly disappear, certainly the misery now caused by the long journeys to the shops and home again will go with the necessity which causes it.

The efforts of the Metropolitan Board and of the County Council to deal with the most insanitary and congested quarters and to rebuild them in such a manner as to afford decent and even attractive homes to the overcrowded working-classes of London are by no means solitary examples in the city. There are scores of improvement schemes dating from the provisions made by the American philanthropist, Mr. George Peabody, and including plans carried out, with varying success, by private individuals and charitable organizations and even joint-stock companies. Two of the most recent and successful of these will serve as examples. One is intended to make provision for unmarried men who are homeless in London, and the other furnishes tenements for families. I have mentioned the fact called attention to by Sir Walter Besant, that in the whole of East London, a city of 2,000,000 people, there are no hotels. Those who are strangers within its gates must find shelter in the licensed lodging-houses or in the

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home of some family willing to accept them. It was the deplorable condition of the cheap lodging-houses, "doss-houses," so-called, and their baleful influence upon the large numbers of young workingmen going up to London in search of employment, that suggested the necessity of a remedy. An eminently practical reform was undertaken ten years ago by Lord Rowton. It took the form of inaugurating a series of "Poor Men's Hotels," which have come to be known as Rowton Houses. The first of these, situated at Vauxhall, was opened in 1893. It provided for men without families all the elements of decency and much comfort in lodgings which yet were cheap. The experiment was highly successful, and the first Rowton House at Vauxhall was quickly followed by a second, which was opened at King's Cross Road in 1895, and this by a third, opened at Newington Butts in 1897. The last one to be opened is on Hammersmith Road, W., near the Hammersmith Station, and plans have been prepared for a fifth Rowton House, the largest so far attempted and which is to be situated in the Whitechapel region. The four houses so far constructed provide accommodation for 2,757 lodgers at the rate of sixpence a night. and so successful has been the experiment and so admirably has it been conducted as a business enterprise that, as an incorporated business, as it now is, under the name of Rowton Houses, Limited, it pays an annual dividend of five per cent.

Each lodger receives a generous return for his sixpence. It procures for him primarily a clean bed in a clean cubicle, which is all his own for the night, and which has a window opening to the outer air under his own control. But the house affords many other privileges which become available to the lodger upon the payment of his fee. There is a smoking-room furnished with teak tables and seats and with wooden easy-chairs, which are arranged around the three large open fireplaces of the room, where, on winter days, fires are kept burning. The walls are built with a high dado of cream-and-chocolate-tinted glazed brickwork, with plastering above tinted to a shade of terra-cotta and relieved by pictures. A similar room, but larger, is the reading-room, also furnished in teak and provided with easy chairs about open fire-places and with pictures hanging on the terra-cotta walls above glazed brick dado. Here there are, in addition, bookcases in polished teak, containing books which the lodgers may borrow by applying to the superintendent. There are dining-rooms besides, where nearly five hundred men may dine at once at long lines of teak tables supported by cast-iron standards. Near at hand are the kitchen and scullery and larder and service lobbies and stores, all so conducted that the lodgers may have their food served to them cooked, if they so desire, or uncooked, if they wish to cook it themselves in the lodgers' scullery, which is placed between the two dining-rooms and fully provided with all the needed facilities for cooking. A mere catalogue of the further equipment of a Rowton House is a long one, for there is a shop stocked with goods to meet the varied requirements of lodgers, and locker-rooms containing a locker for every cubicle, and a smoking-lounge open to the air on one side but covered with a sheltering roof and fitted up with seats, and a barber's shop, and lavatories, all in glazed brickwork and furnished with scores of basins of white enamelled fireclay provided with brass taps for hot and cold water. And then there are bath-rooms, and a "feet-washing-room," and a dressing-room, where lodgers may change their clothes during hours when access is not permitted to the cubicles. A lodgers' washhouse provides a place where the men may wash their clothes, while two rooms adjoining the lavatory are fitted up as workshops for shoemakers and tailors.

Nothing could be more complete, and it would be difficult to desire a better shelter for workingmen who have gone up to town to find employment or a more practical protection from the temptations of the public-house and the degrading associations of the ordinary cheap lodgings, while, as an eminent distinction, is the further fact that it pays—conducted as a business enterprise it yields a good return.

None of the perplexing questions as to the facilities provided to idle men to live in comfort at the expense of little work, or of the encouragement held out to hard-pressed married men to desert their fami-

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lies and take refuge in so complete a home, are raised by the further type of improvement scheme, such as the Guinness Trust, of which Lord Rowton is also chairman of the Board of Trustees. The Trust is the outcome of an original gift of £200,000 (one million dollars) made by Sir E. C. Guinness, Bart., the present Lord Iveagh, for the purpose of "ameliorating the condition of the poorer classes of the working-population of London and of their modes and manner of living by the provision of improved dwellings." Eight sets of Guinness Houses have arisen from this gift in quarters of London so widely scattered as Walworth and Chelsea, and Bethnal Green and Lambeth, and Fulham Palace Road, Hammersmith. Here are the newest and largest dwellings, which embody the best results of the experience gained from the seven earlier experiments. There, in four large parallel block-buildings built of brick, and three smaller ones, are tenements for 364 families, ranging from one room to four-room tenements, whose rentals vary from 2*s.* 6*d.* to 6*s.* 6*d.* (from about 60 cents to about $1.60) a week. Not merely do these rentals secure the rooms, but they include chimney-sweeping and the free use of Venetian blinds and baths and laundries and the club-room and hot-water supplies.

Between the buildings are open areas 160 feet long by 50 wide which form the playgrounds. They are paved with granolithic and perfectly drained, and their bareness is relieved by flowers and shrubs, while garden-seats are provided at intervals, and in each area a shelter furnished with seats where the tenants may gather when it rains.

It is difficult to exaggerate the perfection of the equipment of these buildings as one sees them under the guidance of an expert in the management of model tenements. The general features are apparent enough: the attractive character of the buildings themselves and the open playgrounds for the children, safe from the street traffic, and the flood of sunlight and of sunlit air that fills the areas and pours into every passage and room. But there are many points that would escape the casual observer, such as the arrangements for ventilating, even when the windows are closed, and the fanlights over the tenement-doors so placed as to secure a thorough draught from the spacious staircases and lobbies, and the height of the dados of white tiles along the staircases and landings, calculated to a nicety so that groping hands will not soil the walls, and the close range in every living-room fitted with a removable oven, and the food cupboard with its ventilating bricks. On every staircase-landing, moreover, is a laundry fitted with a boiler and glazed-ware washing-troughs. Each tenant on the landing has exclusive use of the laundry one day in the week, and there is a drying-room where a very high temperature is permanently maintained for the purpose of drying the tenants' clothes. The club-room, supplied with newspapers and games, kept open free to the tenants every evening, suggested some counter attractions to the public-house, and I was much impressed by the coal store beneath the club-room for the sale of coal to tenants. The coal is contracted for at wholesale summer prices and sold in retail quantities practically at cost.

The happiest provision of all is the fact that only families are admitted as tenants, and none whose wages exceed an average of 20 shillings a week. In this manner the advantages of these buildings are reserved for the very poor, who most need them, and whose overcrowding in so many parts of London presents the most serious phases of the present problem. There is the further fact that, under careful management, the buildings yield a gross income of four per cent. Of this, three per cent. becomes a building fund for the further construction of Guinness Houses, and one per cent. a sinking fund with a view to renewing each house at the end of a hundred years.

The evils which result to London wage-earners in consequence of overcrowding are incalculable, but there is this much of encouragement to be drawn from existing conditions—that these evils are not now disregarded and so allowed to intensify as in the past, but are daily growing an increasing concern to the whole nation, and the object of remedial measures, both on the part of the authorities and of private individuals, and all conducted with a view to providing not a palliation, but a solution of the present problem.

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THE POINT OF VIEW

IN order to take the measure of himself every man, after a lapse of years, ought to revisit the scenes of his youth. In his native village everything is reminiscent of those hopes, purposes, and beliefs in his powers and possibilities which combine into that springboard from which the boy leaps into the life of the man. Now he is able to estimate correctly the value of that impulse — its fulfilment, measure of success or failure. This is a salutary, if perhaps melancholy, exercise.

The Uplifting of Beggary.

But such visit of retrospection is not wholly personal. It records also those changes in the community which reflect the more permanent aspects of the social progress or deflection in our national life, as cities with their more variable alien elements cannot do. A certain vanity led me back to Auburn—loveliest village of the plain. Those personal considerations which the word vanity implies were soon satisfied. But that is another story writ large doubtless in the mind of many another man, but which no man is tempted to dwell publicly upon.

It was interesting, however, to note the changes in the town, its municipal temper as manifested in its public buildings, the domestication of natural gas, and the æsthetic raiment of the place as contrasted with the modest appearance of the place I had known. My friend Magnus pointed out all this to me with honest pride. The electric-cars took us to an outlying park adorned with rustic bridges, an artificial lake, a Chinese pagoda where soft drinks were sold, and a templed rest house where a mechanical organ gave classic concerts and condescended to dance music in the evenings.

"The Electric Road Company gave us this park," Magnus explained, "and as an investment it pays handsomely in extra fares."

"More dividends, eh, Magnus?"

"Well, not mine," he answered. "It is a Cleveland Corporation. We sold out the gas plant to it, and now Cleveland lights the town and runs the cars. At present they're negotiating for the natural-gas contract, and I think the deal will go through."

"And the dividends go to Cleveland?" I queried.

"Yes, naturally," Magnus answered, without comment.

At the farther end of the town was another pleasure-ground with an artesian well and fountain. "The water-works people did this. They had to have the tract, and they have trebled the outlay in the rise in the property," and Magnus pointed to the rows of tasteful cottages and newly opened streets. It was a cheering illustration of municipal enterprise. "This isn't the old town affair"—thus Magnus checked my enthusiasm. "An Eastern concern is responsible. In that triangle," he continued, "the veterans took steps for a soldier's monument, but they heard that Charley Smart—you knew he is now president of the Consolidated Canneries—was wanting to do something for Auburn, and if properly approached would give us a monument, so the project on the part of the veterans has been dropped. "Now here"—Magnus's eyes sparkled with triumph—"this is the site of the new Library. We get $75,000."

"Lightning struck you too?"

"O, we bared our heads. I headed the petition."

Magnus, hat in hand was a new conception, for Magnus was a president of a bank, director in I know not how many companies. "Yes, we're getting on," he continued. "J. D. Merchant—he is since your time, but you've heard of him—he engineered that big corner in oats; pulled out a couple of millions. Well, Merchant is likely to give us a new Masonic Temple and Opera House combined."

I mildly suggested a Temple of Justice. "Court-house is a little shabby," Magnus said, "but county is too poor, farmers grumbling now over taxes. The First Church is closed, or I'd show you the new organ Ben Beasley has put in, but there's the new Y. M. C. A. building given by the Skinner girls. It's out of sight."

"Tom Skinner's girls?"

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"Yes, they're making up for the old man's delinquencies handsomely. The next generation will want to canonize the old pirate."

Thus Magnus passed from gift to gift. There was satiety in all this civic munificence. The rebellious mind threw off all these splendors and harked back to the little village and its humble achievements. There were Firemen's Fairs, when new uniforms or trumpets were needed. When the brass band was organized the whole town saw to the getting of shining tubas and trombones amid much feasting and gayety. Every public event was an exercise of fraternal feeling. Rich and poor shared in every enterprise, and from out these how many, many sweet ties and precious memories. There seemed to me something almost brutal in corporations and gorged millionnaires putting their hands in their pockets and tossing out parks, fountains, and erections of stone and iron, without feeling, without sentiment, as one might throw pennies to children in the street.

But more important—what of the town itself amid this shower of benefits? Is the municipal spirit of sturdier fibre than that of the individual? Can it retain its virility and independence when the need of exertion and responsibility is lessened? May not in time a town extend an open palm as easily as the vagabond on a crossing? These queries left me cold and sad toward the enthusiasm of my friend. I am neither philosopher nor sociologist, but my forebodings are unhappily echoed in that modern parallel of those knights and barons of the Middle Ages who, when brought under Christianity and pricked by conscience, restored to the people in splendid gifts of churches and public works.

"Yet," says the author of the "Principles of Western Civilization," "the crudity and barbarity of this principle which has projected itself into modern economic processes remains visible even under these circumstances. "The deterioration likely to be produced by charity to the individual is well-known, even under the most carefully guided circumstances. There is no reason to expect that the same result can be ultimately avoided in the case of charity to the public or the State on a large scale." "It is not a healthy state in which enormous sums of wealth and capital are devoted to public purposes under such conditions of private charity, however well maintained." "It is easy to conceive to what a state of profound public and private deterioration and even degradation such practices might lead if continued on a large scale for several generations."

The Extinction of the Newspaper.

M. JULES VERNE makes the extraordinary prediction, in the course of an interview in the London *Daily Mail*, that in fifty or a hundred years from now novels and romances will be extinct, "at all events in volume form," as they will be "supplanted altogether by the daily newspaper." M. Verne adds: "As historic records the world will file its newspapers. Newspaper writers have learnt to color every-day events so well that to read them will give posterity a truer picture than the historic or descriptive novel could do." It is in its way a curious coincidence that some American librarians have been recently aroused to serious anxiety lest in fifty or a hundred years from now the newspaper of to-day may suffer literal extinction, owing to the perishable character of the "wood-pulp" paper on which it is printed. To save the historic record for posterity it has been suggested that representative papers be invited to print, for library filing, a special duplicate edition on durable paper. With proper discrimination in choosing papers as representative, should the suggestion be adopted, posterity may be spared the excessive use of "yellow" in coloring every-day events that distorts the truth of their depiction.

In certain aspects the extinction of the newspaper of to-day as "material" for "the historian of the future," can be contemplated by many of us, its victims, not only with equanimity but even with grim satisfaction. That the cheapness of what is printed should be more than matched by the cheapness of the paper on which it is printed, so that the record, such as it is, must blur and crumble under time's withering touch, seems an exceptional case of fitting the punishment to the crime. For incidentally it is interesting to note something which has escaped general attention in the discussion of the sensational newspaper, that society is indebted to the invention of "wood pulp" for the "expansion of modern journalism" as we know it in America. The lavish waste of paper in headlines, pictures, space writing, and full-page advertisements would have been obviously out of the question had paper continued to cost the twelve cents a pound, approximate-

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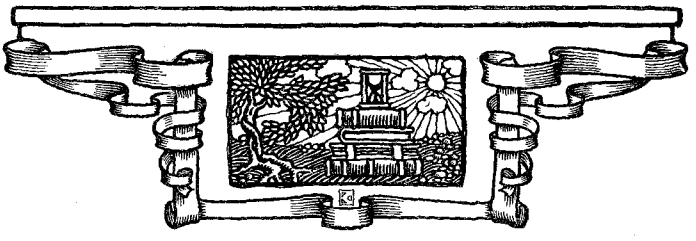
ly, which it cost in the early '70's, when the use of "wood-pulp" first became general, instead of the two cents a pound, approximately, which it costs to-day. It is the cheapness of the paper that makes it possible for the publisher of a metropolitan journal to put 150 tons of "wood-pulp" into a single Sunday issue, an issue which if printed in a continuous sheet of the average size would measure in length something like 3,000 miles of padding and worse.

Yet one cannot, from the stand-point of future history-writing, reckon the value of the newspaper of to-day in terms of the unwieldy bulk of its materials. And despite garish coloring and distorted perspective the daily newspaper does reflect life and make history in a sense that is true of it alone; all the more, perhaps, for the exaggerated emphasis it puts upon news as news and for the often absurd category of its classification. Partly because of its success and partly because of its imperfections, its methods have come to obsess the periodical press to a surprising extent. Evident witness of this is given by the carefully prepared paragraphs of news summary, a now familiar feature of the weekly paper, largely displacing the editorial in importance. These news-summary paragraphs are extended to the occasional monthly, while the ordinary monthly magazine of miscellaneous aim surrenders an increasing space to contemporaneous subjects and to the reports and comments of men who have seen important happenings, or who have been themselves a part of them. Novel and highly useful as all this "material" will prove to the historian of the future, embarrassing in its riches and long accessible (since the periodical press, weekly and monthly, is printed on durable paper) it yet cannot take the place of the daily newspaper's first-hand impressions. These have a characteristic freshness, crude but realistic, that the other must lack, a quality that counts for much in determining values in a picture. As the historian of to-day, seeking what is vital in the past, turns from records, documents, and state papers to gossipy letters and diaries—even though biased and malicious—so the historian of the future might turn from the most judicial of chronicles and the most painstaking of recollections to the spicy first reports as they appeared on the yellowest page of a "yellow" journal.

Looked at on another side, the extinction of the daily newspaper would be the extinction of a distinguishing feature of the life of to-day. Responsibility for its sensationalism cannot, in historical retrospect, be wholly thrust on publishers and editors as panderers to depraved public appetite; for the appetite itself is there, a fact to be taken into account. In too many ways to be all of them noted or even recognized, our peculiar type of journalism has shaped our evolution, socially and politically. Whatever may be its degeneracy or its future development, the daily newspaper of to-day is unique, *sui generis*, differentiating. For this reason it alone can tell its own story to posterity's investigating student of our time.



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THE FIELD OF ART

THE LOUVRE

(Second article, see plans in September number.)

WE now reach the great reconstruction of the years 1900, 1901, and 1902; the Hall of Rubens, the Hall of Van Dyck, the five halls of French furniture, and the Rothschild legacy with the resulting new arrangement of the collection of drawings by the great masters. As for the plan of transforming the Hall of the States-General (Salle des États, see Fig. 2) into a gallery, especially arranged and decorated to set off the series of paintings by Rubens illustrating the life of Marie de Médicis, the idea was originally that of M. Roujon, Director of Fine Arts, and of M. Redon, architect in charge of the Louvre. It required all the energy of their artistic faith to prevent the Salle des États from being turned into ordinary museum-galleries. The architect has known how to utilize the too great width of the very large room by arranging, on each side of the central space, eight cabinets, lighted by windows and fit for small paintings. It is impossible to praise too highly the skill and taste which the architect has shown in solving the problem before him. Thanks to the arrangement of the hall, with sixteen cabinets adjoining, it was possible to remove from the Great Gallery, not only the Rubens pictures, but many other canvases of the Flemish school, and of the greater part of those of the Dutch school.

Three of the sixteen cabinets have been appropriated to the Flemish and Dutch paintings of the Lacase Collection. These are shown in the best possible conditions of lighting and arrangement; and their removal has left in the Salle Lacase valuable space, which has been utilized to show much more favorably the French paintings of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, which can now be better seen and more easily studied. There are also certain paintings of small dimensions which are much better shown in the new cabinets than in the Salon Carré, where they were before the spring of 1900. Among these are the famous pictures, "Les Pélerins d'Emmaüs," by Rembrandt, and "La Vierge au Donateur," by Jan van Eyck.

The Hall of Van Dyck, through which the visitor reaches the Hall of Rubens, is one of the most beautiful rooms of the museum. The portrait of Charles I., which, before 1890, had been hung very high in the Salon Carré, now can be seen in its full importance. It occupies the end of the hall farthest from the entrance, where it has a perfect light, and can be well seen. On its right and on its left are the two magnificent portraits of unknown personages, the pictures which are called in the catalogue, *Portraits d'un homme et d'un enfant; Portraits d'une dame et de sa fille.* In the angles opposite, are the noble portraits by Philippe de Champaigne, the Louis Treize and the Richelieu.

Another change, of equal consequence, has been carried out in another part of the palace. M. Émile Molinier, conservator of the objects of art of the Louvre, had been charged with the organization of the retrospective exhibition in the "Petit Palais," in Paris, in 1900. At the close of the exhibition he was able to obtain the permission of the national authorities to keep back from the different ministries of State, and from the Garde Meuble,* the masterpieces of tapestry, woodwork in furniture, bronze, and ceramic wares, which, during six months, had excited the admiration of all visitors. He was authorized to arrange all of this, which belonged to the State, in the five halls of the Louvre, which had been occupied before by the drawings of great masters. (See Fig. 2, the northwest corner of the Cour du Louvre.) These marvels of art, which have been hidden away until now, in comparatively unknown storehouses, and have been moved about too often on the occasion of ministerial festivities, exposed to accidents of all sorts, will now be safely preserved in a place fit for their reception and easy examination by students. This new Musée du Mobilier Français was opened to the public on May 20, 1901. The first hall is consecrated to the pieces which date from the reign of Louis Quatorze. Here are to be noted especially those two great wardrobes, made by Boulle, adorned with incrustations of tortoise-shell on a ground of copper. There are here also the two cabinets, made

* Le Mobilier National, called popularly the Garde Meuble, contains a magnificent collection of tapestries, furniture, and the like, the property of the nation. This collection has been moved four times: the last time to the buildings on the Quai, immediately adjoining the Champ de Mars. Even now, after the removal from it of the pieces alluded to by Mr. Sandier, the collection is of great importance for students.

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by the same master, the doors of which are adorned with a bas-relief of gilded bronze, often reproduced at that epoch—representing Louis Quatorze, in heroic costume, crowned with laurel, the sword in one hand, and the club of Hercules in the other. The walls are hung with superb Gobelin tapestries. The floor of this hall, and of the following halls, is covered with a series of carpets of *La Savonnerie*, forming a set which had been intended for the Gallery of Apollo, but which, fortunately, were never put to use, and which have come down to our time in all their brilliancy.*

In the following hall there have been brought together the fine things which remain to us from the reign of Louis XV.: Console-tables, chests of drawers, seats, tables, and especially secretaries and writing-desks of all sorts. Among these last pieces the most beautiful is the writing-table of Louis XV.: previously exhibited in the Gallery of Apollo. It is the masterpiece of Oëben, grandfather of the painter Eugène Delacroix. The walls have been hung with tapestries designed by Boucher, with Van Loo's portrait of the Queen Marie Leczynska, and Latour's pastel-portrait of Madame de Pompadour. Busts and statuettes have been placed in the room, among others "l'Enfant à la Cage," by Pigalle, and Gillet's celebrated statue of Love,† on the pedestal of which are engraved these lines:

Qui que tu sois, voici ton maître,
L'est, le fut ou le doit être.

In this hall are found also some remarkable pieces of the soft porcelain of Sèvres, dating from the epoch when Madame de Pompadour was, so to speak, the directress of the establishment.

In leaving the second hall to enter the three others, which are devoted to the *Style Louis XVI.*, we pass, suddenly and without transition, from the reign of the curve to the reign of the straight line. If the resources of the maker remain the same—marquetry, chased and chiselled bronze, panels of lacquer brought from China and Japan—the composition and the design are different. They gain in delicacy that which they lose in richness, in fancy, and in freedom. In the third hall we find the superb chests of drawers of Bennemann, comparable for splendor to the writing-table of Louis XV., above-named, and another of very curious form and style, dating from the time of the Directory, and adorned with ceramic medallions of Wedgewood-ware.

The most interesting feature of the fourth hall is an alcove occupied by a bedstead of gilded wood, with curtains of Lyons silk, with a screen, a chair, a little piece of furniture in marquetry of the kind called the Coiffeuse, and a superb work-table by Reisener; all of which belonged to Marie Antoinette. In the fifth hall, the most elegant and most precious piece is the celebrated little writing-table which once belonged to Marie Antoinette, made by Weisweiller, and finished in chiselled and gilded bronze, with top of Japanese lacquer. The walls of these last-named halls are, like the others, hung with tapestries of the Gobelins and of Beauvais, from drawings, and from paintings of Watteau, Boucher, Fragonard, and other artists of the time. The chimney-pieces are adorned with clocks and candelabra; the glass-cases are filled with Sèvres porcelains and with Chinese and Japanese works of art, richly mounted in gilded bronze of European workmanship. All these little objects, the indispensable complement of a rich *mobilier*, call up in each one of these halls the spirit of the epoch for which it stands.

The opening of the rooms in which are installed the collection of drawings—and the Rothschild collection mentioned above—took place on February 24, 1902. In the first hall are to be seen the exact and conscientious drawings of the early Italians. The works of Filippo Lippi attract attention. There are two magnificent drawings by Mantegna (the "Judgment of Solomon," and "Judith with the Head of Holofernes"); and two portraits of old men by Lorenzo di Credi. The second hall contains the works of the great masters of the sixteenth century; fifteen drawings by Leonardo da Vinci, thirty by Raphael, twelve by Michelangelo. Among them is an Annunciation in Raphael's first manner, in which the Virgin and the Angel are framed by a delicate architectural composition, drawn in perspective, with a careful treatment, and a geometrical accuracy previously unknown. In the third hall are the drawings of Fra Bartolommeo, Andre adel Sarto, and Correggio. In the fourth hall we find the Vene-

* These carpets are laid upon a platform of slight rise above the floor of the gallery, and are enclosed by a light cord held by stanchions. Some of the most splendid pieces of furniture are placed upon the carpets so as to utilize space, and also show both carpet and furniture to the best advantage.

† This has been ascribed to J. P. A. Tassaert, even the published photographs bearing that artist's name, and Gonse, in La Sculpture Française, speaks of the statue as by Tassaert.

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tians—Titian, Paul Veronese, and Tintoretto; and an album of the work of Tiepolo. Among the drawings by Titian is a beautiful sketch of the martyrdom of St. Peter, the *chef-d'œuvre* which was burned in the church of SS. Giovanni e Paolo, Venice.* The precision and conscientiousness of drawing which captivates us in the first and second halls disappears in the third and fourth. The drawings which are shown in these last are rather studies for pictures, freely drawn on a sheet of paper, in the search for a composition, whereas in the first named we find finished and definite works, such as the portraits by Lorenzo di Credi, and studies showing great knowledge and carried far toward completion, such as those of Leonardo da Vinci and of Raphael, and especially that "Christ on the Cross" in which Michelangelo has redrawn the arms more than twenty times before being able to satisfy himself. The fifth and sixth halls are occupied by the Flemish school—Roger Van der Weyden and Van Eyck, Van Dyck, and Rubens. There is to be noted a curious drawing by Rubens after Burgkmair. The seventh hall is almost entirely devoted to Rembrandt. In the eighth hall, larger and higher than the others, are grouped the pastels of the French masters of the close of the eighteenth century. In the ninth hall are the ancient German masters—Schöngauer, Holbein, and Dürer. Of Dürer we have a magnificent Christ; and certain landscapes in water-color, which give an exact idea of the German landscape of his time, with its villages and its *burgs* (fortified manor houses) on their hilltops.

In the tenth hall are all the carved ivories of the museum.† Here are the "Descent from the Cross" of the thirteenth century, the "Virgin and Child," a delicious statuette of the fourteenth century, decorated with gold and with precious stones, and which comes to the museum from the Sainte-Chapelle; and that amazing Italian work of the fourteenth century, a retable given to the Abbey of Poissy by the Duc de Berri, brother of Charles V. In the same hall is one of the most magnificent Flemish tapestries of the sixteenth century, Christ appearing to Mary Magdalen. Nothing could be more delicate and more charming than this Magdalen, or rather this princess in her splendid dress of the Renaissance.

The eleventh hall contains drawings by the French masters of the sixteenth century; portraits by Clouet and Daniel de Monstier; drawings by Jean Goujon, Jean Cousin, and Lagneau; and, in the middle of the room, in a glass case, an album of Jacques Callot. In the twelfth hall are placed the drawings of Poussin, Lenain, Coypel, Lesueur, Jouvenet; pastels by Lebrun, and his design for the *Galerie des Glaces* of the palace at Versailles. Finally, in the thirteenth hall we find the charming works of the masters of the eighteenth century—Boucher, Watteau, Gravelot, Greuze, Chardin.

If now we wish to follow up the study of French masters, in the way of drawings on paper, we can return to the eleventh hall, from which opens a door into a cabinet, where are brought together the inimitable drawings and pastels of Prudhon. Connecting with this piece is a long narrow gallery, in which are hung the drawings of the masters of the nineteenth century—David, Géricault, Ingres, a sketch by Eugène Delacroix for the ceiling of the Gallery of Apollo, and drawings by Regnault, Jacquemart, and Alphonse de Neuville.

After these fifteen halls of drawings we find the hall reserved for the legacy of Baron Adolphe de Rothschild. It may be confessed that a certain disappointment is felt in visiting this collection. Of the ninety-two pieces which compose it certain ones only are works of art; the others are rather to be called curiosities. To note especially the works of art, we should place in the first line a statuette of stone, a metre high, representing St. Catherine of Alexandria, Burgundian work of the close of the fifteenth century; then another statuette of St. Catherine, German sculpture in wood of the same epoch; and, finally, a marble bas-relief, representing the Virgin and Child, the work of Agostino di Duccio, a master not hitherto represented in the collections of the Louvre. Among the pieces of metal work we notice a Virgin in silver gilt of German workmanship; a Spanish reliquary, of the fifteenth century, flanked by two graceful figures of angels with expanded wings; an ivory figure of St. Sebastian; a Spanish crozier of the sixteenth century, entirely in rock crystal and silver gilt, and, finally, an unexampled piece, the reliquary of

* The picture was known by the name San Pietro Martire. The saint is not the apostle, but a Dominican who was murdered in the thirteenth century. Two of the chapels of SS. Giovanni e Paolo were burned in 1867, and this Titian, as well as a magnificent Bellini, was destroyed.

† It is probable that this applies only to those of European work.

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the true cross, which formerly belonged to the Abbey of Floresse, a Flemish work of 1254, in which we cannot too much admire the beautiful figures which support the relic.

Besides these masterpieces of art, there is too large a proportion of pieces such as are called above "curiosities." There is, for instance, a Flemish rosary of boxwood, where each bead is carved with several groups of personages not exceeding a centimetre in height; another made of oval beads of agate, each about two centimetres long, and opening lengthwise, in such a way as to show the scenes of the Passion, wrought in high relief, in enamelled gold; and a little casket of boxwood, four centimetres long, covered with microscopic figures.

The collection, valued at several millions of francs, would gain if removed from the neighborhood, which it cannot endure, of the masterpieces of art which surround it now. Those simple sheets of paper upon which Raphael, Holbein, and Delacroix have recorded their thoughts will always attract us more than rich material and marvels of patient workmanship.

Following this rapid review of the history of the Louvre Museum, let us say a few words of the plans formed by the Administration, and which it is hoped may be realized in the near future. In the first place, there must be brought about the removal of the Ministry of the Colonies, which now occupies the Pavillon de Flore, and that part of the great gallery which is included between that Pavillon and the new Hall of Rubens.* The day when the museum shall get possession of those parts of the building, the door at the western end of the Hall of Rubens will open into what is known as the Galérie des Gardes, which is 100 metres long, and which leads in a direct line to the Pavillon de Flore. Here will be opened another great entrance to the Louvre, connecting with the upper story by the great staircase named after the architect Lefuel, and celebrated for its ceiling, painted by Cabanel. When this is effected, that which has been done already for foreign schools, may then be done for a great part of the French school, which is much too crowded in the two galleries of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and the Salon des Sept Cheminées (see Fig. 2). It is intended to organize a Salon Chardin, a Salon Boucher, a Salon Watteau, in which the paintings of these masters may be shown with surroundings in the spirit of their time and their personality. In a very short space of time it will be necessary to house, in a locality worthy of its value and artistic interest, the celebrated Thomy-Thierry collection, which has been bequeathed to the Louvre, of which it will form one of the most attractive galleries. Each one of the masters of the French school of the years from 1830–1860 is represented in it by a series of twelve canvases, chosen from among the most perfect examples. To this is to be added, also, a complete series of the bronzes of Barye.

From what has been said, it is easy to conclude that the museum, will soon need the whole of the palace, and that not only the Ministry of the Colonies, but also the Ministry of Finance must be lodged elsewhere. But as the space occupied is enlarged, the cost of keeping up the museum, with its increased staff of officials, must grow steadily, and the State would soon find itself forced to abandon the attempt to support these immense galleries, if it had not given in 1895, *la personalité civile** to the national museums, those of the Louvre, the Luxembourg, Versailles, and St. Germain-en-Laye. Their revenue, amounting to more than 400,000 francs, is made up as follows: The subvention of the State, which is fixed at 160,000 francs; the receipts of the chalcographie; the receipts of the atelier of casts, and especially the income of the capital realized from the sale of a part of the diamonds of the Crown, which forms a fund for the support of the museums. In spite of this, the Louvre may not have in its treasury the resources necessary at the moment when an important sale takes place. To guard against this danger, there has been founded, at Paris, an association, "La Société des amis du Louvre," whose purpose is to help the museum to the possession of works of great importance, and worthy to appear in its galleries. Already, on different occasions, this association has been of great aid to the museum.

ALEXANDRE SANDIER.

* So on the upper floor: but on the ground-floor this ministry occupies a larger space, and the museum controls no part of the great gallery westward of the Hall of Greco-Roman antiquities (see Fig. 1, No. 2).

* In granting to National museums *la personalité civile*, the State gives them the right to possess, to buy, and to sell, like any individual enjoying civil rights. The Louvre, then, may act like a private person, it may have its property and its income, and may dispose of these according to the opportunities which offer, as it could not do before 1895. (Note furnished by Mr. Sandier.)

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Drawn by Howard Chandler Christy.

THE CREATURE . . . . SOARED OVER IT LIKE A BIRD.

—"Harry of England," page 534.

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